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THE STRAINS OF THE BRITISH MUSES.

BEING,

A SELECT VARIETY

Of elegant and interresting ESSAYS, TALES, FABLES, SONGS, ODES, ELEGIES, PASTORALS, FAMILIAR EPISTLES, CELEBRATED PASSAGES &c.

Collected from the Works of

SHAKESPEARE,
MILTON,
DRYDEN,
POPE,
ADDISON,
SWIFT,
YOUNG,
THOMSON,
GAY,
PARNEL,
MOORE,
WARTON,
AKENSIDE,
WOTY,
GRAY,
MASON,
GOLDSMITH,
FINGAL, &c.

Together with some plain rules for the construction of English Verse, and a catalogue of the Words that agree in sound to serve as rhymes.

Intended for the use of Foreigners abroad, who learn the english Language, and wish to become acquainted with the productions of the best english Poets.

By PH. PEPIN.

GOTTINGEN.

Printed for the Widow VANDENHOEK.

1779.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

PREFACE.

England, has not only produced many eminent proſe writers, but has likewiſe given birth to poets, whoſe works reflect honour on their own great talents, and add glory to the nation to which they owe their origine. Among the latter, it can boaſt of a SHAKESPEARE and a MILTON, two ſuperior original geniuſſes, the one a dramatic, the other an epic poet; who for bold irregular figures, fertility of invention, harmony of numbers, and noble ſublimity, may be ranked among the firſt candidates for literary fame that have yet appeared in any age or nation whatſoever.

Beſides theſe rare and incomparable geniuſſes, ſhe can reckon many others in her liſt of poets, that have acquired a general, eſtabliſhed reputation; who have cultivated the muſes, each in his way, with peculiar merit and ſucceſs, and in a high degree diſtinguiſh'd themſelves by extenſive knowledge, a fine taſte, and poetical enthuſiaſm. The chief of theſe are POPE, DRYDEN, SWIFT, PRIOR, YOUNG, ADDISON, GAY, THOMSON GOLDSMITH, AKENSIDE, MASON, PARNEL, MOORE, COLLINS, &c. whoſe productions abound with all the ornaments of verſification and deep reflection; with elegant and brilliant thoughts, lively deſcriptions, beautiful diction, and enchanting harmony.

As to the language, in which theſe authors have written, it is well adapted to expreſs the ſeveral ſtyles

of poetry, in all their pleaſing variations of compoſition and taſte. It is ſtrong, nervous, comprehenſive, poliſhed, and melodious; equally fit for painting ſerious and ſplendid objects, as proper for tracing out thoſe, which require a tender and ſimple colouring.

Of the many compilations that have been publiſhed at different tiues in this country, for foreigners who apply to the engliſh language, I know but of one only which is properly poetical, and that is the ſecond volume of ENGLISH MISCELLANIES, publiſhed ſome years ago by the late MR. TOMSON of GOTTINGEN. But MR. TOMSON'S Miſcellany, has been found upon tryal, not to be ſo compleat as a work of this nature requires. * It is more than half filled with entire pieces of the dramatic kind, of which the old *party* play of the NONJUROR is one; and the remaining articles are too few in number, and too little diverſified, to give a curious enquirer into our poetry much ſatisfaction or entertainment.

In the following ſheets, the editor has ſupplied the deficiencies of MR. T's compilation; as far as the limits of a ſmall volume would allow. His materials are more numerous, and the ſubjects and ſtyle of the poems in much greater variety. They conſiſt of copious extracts from the works of each of our moſt approved authors, intermixed with copies of verſes, ſcenes

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* See the Preface to Vermiſchte Aufſätze in Engliſcher Proſe.

ſcenes of plays, and ſuch other fugitive pieces, as he judged were poſſeſſed of wit, ſentiment, or poetical merit.

To make the work of more extenſive uſe, he has collected and prefixed a few plain rules for the conſtruction of engliſh verſe, illuſtrated with accented examples of each kind, and a liſt of the words, that agreeing in ſound are employed as rhymes. With theſe helps, the ingenious foreigner will eaſily comprehend what conſtitutes engliſh numbers and harmony, and when he knows thus much, will read a poem with infinitely more propriety and pleaſure.

The liſt of words, if carefully attended to, will beſides prove a uſeful guide to engliſh pronunciation. It exemplifies orthographically, the ſound of one word by that of another; a method I have always found to be the moſt expeditious and agreeable, of teaching this formidable part of our language. When the learner is apprized, by a glance of his eye, that *Light* is articulated like *bite*; *blow*, like *foe*; *dearth*, like *birth*; *cough* like *off*; &c. he will become a tolerable maſter of the orthoepy, without burthening his memory with dry rules or tedious obſervations.

In a country where the works of a MILTON, POPE, YOUNG, AKENSIDE, or a THOMSON, though admired, are not in every hand, nor always to be had, this little ſelection will it is preſumed, meet with a favourable reception. The reader has here

ſpecimens of the capital performances of each of theſe celebrated writers; ſuch as PARADISE LOST, NIGHT THOUGHTS, THE SEASONS, and PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION; together with THE RAPE OF THE LOCK, ELOISA to ABELARD, and FABLES of GAY; ODES of DRYDEN, MASON, WARTON, and WOTY; the ELEGIES of MOORE, TICKELL, and GREY; &c. poems which, for elegance, correctneſs, harmony, decoration and invention, are the beſt finiſhed pieces in their ſeveral kinds in the engliſh language.

It is from ſuch ſamples of britiſh poetry as above, that the ingenious foreigner will be enabled to form a juſt eſtimate of the engliſh language, and of the taſte and genius of the nation for this branch of Science.

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§. I.

Of the Structure of engliſh Verſe.

The engliſh Language having abundance of monoſyllables, and but few terminations to increaſe the length of its nouns and verbs, there can be no great variety or change of poetical feet in engliſh verſification. The *Iambie*, *) or a ſhort ſyllable followed by a long one, is the moſt frequent foot that occurs in our poetry; and this always governs the eight and ten ſyllable verſes, which conſiſt, the firſt of four and the latter of five ſhort and long ſyllables, alternately following each other. But this order in the ſucceſſion of long and ſhort ſyllables, is ſometimes judiciouſly interrupted, by ſubſtituting one foot for another; whereby an agreeable variety is added to the harmony of the numbers, and the ear relieved from a tedious monotony. Thus,

— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —
Favour at court I've often read
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —
Intoxicates the wiſeſt head.

— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —
Midas, we are in ſtory told
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to gold:
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —
He chipt his bread; the pieces round
— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground. *Swift.*

— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —
Hail,

---

*) The poetical feet of the antients may be repreſented as follows. An *Iambie*, conſiſts of a ſhort ſyllable placed before a long one thus

— ⏑ — — ⏑ — ⏑ —
Hail, holy Light! offſpring of Heav'n firſt born,
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — — ⏑ — ⏑
Or of th'eternal coeternal beam. *Milton.*

The chief things to be obſerved in the conſtruction of engliſh Verſe, are, the *Accent*, the *Emphaſis*, the *Pauſe*, and the *Metre*, or *Meaſure*.

In grammar, the time, whether long or ſhort, which a ſyllable takes in pronouncing, is called its *Quantity*; and in each language, this length or ſhortneſs of its ſyllables, is determined by ſome eſtabliſhed rules adapted to the idiom. But the manner of ſcanning words in the antient tongues, ſometimes attempted in modern languages, cannot be applied to meaſure engliſh ſyllables, whoſe *quantity* is conſtantly regulated by the *accent*, be the vowels in the ſyllables apparently in themſelves either long or ſhort.

What we call *accent*, is a certain *ſtreſs* of the voice, more or leſs ſtrong, laid on ſome ſyllable in every word of two or more ſyllables, to give it a preferable length in ſpeaking or reading; as upon *con*, in *conflict*; *mo*, in *motion*; *perb*, in *ſuperb*; *part*, in *impart*; *po*, in *oppoſers*; *ma* in *majeſty*; *ta*, in *exultation*; &c. dividing each word thus into its proper number of ſtrong and weak ſyllables

Words of two ſyllables, have one long and one ſhort — ⏑ ⏑ — ſyllable; as Spotleſs; Renown; &c. Thoſe of three ſyllables, have one long and two ſhort; as, ⏑ — ⏑ Sequeſter'd, — ⏑ ⏑ deſperate, &c. But in ſome ſituations, they may have two ſtrong or long ſyllables.

Oh

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thus; ⏑ — Supreme, ⏑ — Record. A *Trochee*, of a long ſyllable before a ſhort one; as, — ⏑ Muſic, — ⏑ Noble. A *Dactyl*, of a long ſyllable before two ſhort ones; as — ⏑ ⏑ Liberal, — ⏑ ⏑ Terrible, An *Anapeſt*, of two ſhort ſyllables or words before a long one; as, ⏑ ⏑ — Reprimand, ⏑ ⏑ — 'tis decreed, ⏑ ⏑ — up and went. N. B. This ⏑ mark denotes a ſhort, and this — a long ſyllable.

Oh darkneſs! each extreme degree
Is reconcil'd alone to thee.

Words of four ſyllables or more, have two *accents* or long Feet in poetry, though in common they have but one.

Or what the captivating charms
Of Stella's lilly colour'd arms.

As to monoſyllables, they have no *accent* to increaſe or diminiſh their meaſure, ſo that they are ſtrong or weak, according as they happen to be placed; or as they are more or leſs emphatical in ſenſe. In the following verſes, the words of one ſyllable which are long, and require a *preſſure* of the voice, have an *accent* or mark over them. *)

To build, to plant, whatever you intend;
To rear the column, or the arch to bend;
To ſwell the terras, or to ſink the grot,
In all let nature never be forgot. See p. 436

And again.

The ſuff'ring eye inverted nature ſees;
Trees cut to ſtatues, ſtatues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a ſummer-houſe that knows no ſhade. *Pope.*

The articles *a* or *an*, and *the*, very rarely admit of any *ſtreſs* of the voice, being ſounded ſhort and quick; as,

And maim *a* work without *the* ſkill to carve,
Than that *a* whole Society ſhould ſtarve.

Sidney, *the* darling of Arcadia's ſwains!
Sidney *the* terror of *the* martial plains.

The ſigns of the caſes, and of the tenſes, are uſually ſhort too; as are likewiſe thoſe ſyllables which are added to

---

* When the vowel is long in the word, this ' daſh is put over it; when ſhort, this ˘: but both one and the other afterwards denote the long ſyllable, in the accented words that have more than one ſyllable.

to the end of nouns and verbs by declenſion, compariſon, or conjugation; as, *Church*, *churches*; *Black*, *blacker*, *blackeſt*; *Vote*, *voted*, *voting*.

Emphaſis, is an *elevation* or *force* of the voice, neceſſary when repeating thoſe parts of a ſentence or verſe which have a ſtrong meaning, and the author intended ſhould be pronounced with energy. In the following paſſages, the emphatical words are pointed out by the different character.

Honour and *ſhame* from *no condition* riſe;
Act well your *part*: *There* all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome *ſmall diff'rence* made;
One *flaunts* in *rags*; one *flutters* in *brocade*.
The *cobler apron'd*, and the *parſon gown'd*;
The *friar hooded*, and the *monarch crown'd*. See p. 28.

No leſs alike the *politic* and *wiſe*;
All *ſly*, *ſlow* things with *circumſpective* eyes.
Men in their *looſe unguarded* hours they take;
Not that *themſelves* are *wiſe*; but *others weak*. See p. 29.

Adam's Speech to Eve.

Sole partner, and *ſole part* of *all* theſe *joys*,
Dearer thyſelf than *all*. *Needs* muſt the *powr*,
That *made* us, and for us this *ample world*,
Be *infinitely good*, and of his good,
As *liberal* and *free*, as *infinite*;
That *rais'd* us from the *duſt*, and *plac'd* us *here*
In *all* this *happineſs*, who at *his* hand
Have *nothing meritted*, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath *need*; he who *requires*
From us *no other ſervice*, &c. *Par. Loſt.*

Macbeth, full of his bloody deſign againſt the good king *Duncan*, fancies he ſees a dagger in the air; and ſays,

Is this a *dagger*, which I ſee *before* me,
The *handle* tow'ard my *hand*? *Come*, let me *clutch* thee.
I *have* thee *not*, and yet I *ſee* thee *ſtill*.
Art thou not, *fatal viſion*, ſenſible
To *feeling* as to *ſight*? Or art thou but

A *dagger* of the *mind*, a *falſe creation*
Proceeding from the *heart-oppreſſed brain*? *Shakeſpear.*

Jago endeavours to inflame *Othello's* jealouſy againſt his innocent wife.

I will in *Caſſio's lodging* drop this *hankerchief*,
That *he* may *find* it; then *perſuade* the *Moor*
His *wife* did *give* it. *Trifles light* as *air*,
Are to the *jealous*, *confirmations ſtrong*,
As *proofs* of *holy writ*. *Shakeſpear.*

The *Pauſe*, upon which the beauty of verſification much depends, is a ſmall *reſt* or *ſtop*, made in repeating the longer ſort of verſes, dividing them into two parts, each of which is called an hemiſtich or half verſe; thus,

The raging ſun — with his too ſcorching beams,
Burns up the herbs — and leſſens all the ſtreams.

Deſigning men — the public welfare hate,
Who cannot riſe — but on a ruin'd ſtate.

Obſerve, that in each line of the above couplets, the diviſion is alike; the *pauſe* being in all after the fourth ſyllable: but it is not the ſame in every verſe; nor is it neceſſary, as will be ſeen in the examples which follow. One hemiſtich may be longer or ſhorter, with propriety; for as the *reſt* depends upon the ſeat of the prevailing *accent*, which is always ſhifting its place, the *pauſe* muſt be made at the end of the word where ſuch ſtrong *accent* happens, let it be where it will, or at the end of the word following.

In verſes of twelve ſyllables, or ſix *Iambic* feet, the *pauſe* is after the ſixth ſyllable.

The noble mind will dare — do any thing but lye.

Verſes of ten and eight ſyllables, have the *pauſe* on the ſecond, fourth, or ſixth ſyllable. We meet with the *pauſe* ſometimes in other ſituations: but when the diviſion of the ſucceeding hemiſtich is too diſproportioned, which, for the moſt part happens when the ſenſe is not complete in the firſt verſe, it deſtroys the neceſſary harmony. Of this the ear will be ſenſible by the following lines.

Bright Heſper twinkles from afar — away
My Kids — for you have had a feaſt to-day.

Give me, by ſome rich implement, to win
The men — tho' 'twere a diamond pin:

And tho' kind papa — has wrote
Year, and month and day — to note
Miſs's age — within the bible
The leaf ſhe'll tear out — as a libel
On her fame — and reputation,
Age can't bear — examination.

Here follow examples of the *Pauſe* in a variety of ſituations.

In Verſes of Ten Syllables.

In mén — we various ruling paſſions find;
In wómen — two almoſt divide the kind. *Pope.*

See p. 437.

Truſt not yourſélf — but your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friénd — and ev'ry foe.

What the weak héad — with ſtrongeſt byas rules,
Is Pride — the never failing vice of fools. *See* p. 437.

Milton's picture of the angel *Raphael.*

At once on th'eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights — and to his proper ſhape returns
A ſeraph wing'd — Six wings he wore to ſhade
His lineaments divine — the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad — came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament — the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waſte — and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dipt in heaven — *Par. Loſt.*

The bell ſtrikes one — We take no note of time,
But from its loſs — To give it then a tongue,
Is wiſe in man — As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound — If heard aright,
It is the knell — of my departed hours. *Young's N. T.*

See p. 81.

In Verſes of Eight Syllables.

In antient times — as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often — leave their cells,
And ſtrole about — but hide their quality,
To try good people's — hoſpitality.
It happen'd on — a winter's night,
As authors of — the legend write,
Two brother hermits — ſaints by trade,
Taking a tour — in masquerade
Disguis'd — in tatter'd habits went
To a ſmall village — down in *Kent*. *Baucis and Philemon.*

See p. 70.

Hail, happy Land — whoſe fertile grounds,
The liquid fence — of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous nature — ſet apart,
The ſeat of induſtry — and art.
O Britain — choſen port of trade
May luxury ne'er — thy ſons invade:
May never miniſter — intent
His private treaſures — to augment
Corrupt thy ſtate — *Gay's Fables.* See p. 109.

Verſes of ſeven ſyllables, have the *Pauſe* commonly at the third or fourth ſyllable.

Verſes of Seven Syllables.

Life! the dear — precarious boon!
Soon we loſe — alas! how ſoon!
Fleeting viſion — falſely gay!
Grasp'd in vain — it fades away:
Mixing with — ſurrounding ſhades,
Lovely viſion — how it fades! *Life: an Ode*

Cóntemplàtion — lovely fair,
Far from ſcenes — of noiſe and care,
Evermore — delights to dwell
In the ſtill — ſequeſter'd cell:
Lead me then — propitious power,
To thy lonely — rural bower.

Woman's age — is ſeldon known,
From fifteen — to fifty one;
Still mendacious — never certain.
Still conceal'd — behind the curtain.

Verſes that have any thing peculiar in their ſtyle or ſubject, admit of more than one *pauſe* in each line.

I give and I diviſe — old *Euclio* ſaid,
And ſigh'd — My lands and tenements to *Ned*.
Your money, Sir — My money, Sir — what — all?
Why — If I muſt — (then wept) I give it — *Paul*.
The manor Sir — The manor — hold, he cry'd,
Not that — I cannot part with that — and dy'd.
Pope's M. Epis.

Metre, or *meaſure*, is ſuch an harmonious diſpoſition, of a certain number of ſyllables, as may conſtitute verſe of every length, with or without a rythmus or rhyme.

§. II.
Of Rhyme.

Rhyme, which is peculiar to poetry, though not abſolutely neceſſary in the formation of verſe, is the reſemblance in ſound between the laſt word or ſyllable of one line, and the final word or ſyllable of an other, whether immediately ſucceeding, or at any farther diſtance.

There are three different ſorts of rhymes; that is, of the chiming of words of one, two and three ſyllables. 1) When only one ſyllable at the end of the line rhymes to one ſyllable at the end of the other, it is called ſingle rhyme; as *grape*, *ſcape*, *enchant*, *gallant*, &c. 2) When the two laſt ſyllables of a word are alike in ſound, as *relate*, *ſedate*; *driving*, *ſtriving*; it is ſaid to be double rhyme: and 3) Where three ſucceſſive ſyllable harmonize, as, *thunderer*, *wonderer*, *miniſter*, *ſiniſter*, &c. it then becomes treble rhyme. But this laſt ſort of rhyme is rare, and never finds admittance in ſerious ſubjects; and even the double ſort is not uſed often in ſuch.

The words, employed as rhymes at the ends of verſes, may be of equal lengths, or one may contain more ſyllables than the other. If they agree in ſenſe and ſound, and are not too harſh, it is ſufficient: but the conſonant which comes before the vowel where the rhyme begins, muſt always be different in each word. Thus *light* and *delight*; *brace* and *embrace*; *plant* and *tranſplant*, &c. ſhould not be made to rhyme together.

The ſignification of theſe words is indeed not alike, but the rhyming ſyllables being exactly the ſame, they would produce nothing but a feeble ſameneſs of ſound, without harmony, or art. Examples,

Of Single Rhyme.

Bleſt were the days, when Wisdom held her *reign*,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent *plain*.

Not all are bleſt, whom fortune's hand ſu*ſtains*
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the *plains*.

Such is the work of chance, which oft pre*vents*
Our deepeſt projects, and our beſt in*tents*.

Tho' wit and beauty's mingled graces *meet*,
Virtue and breeding muſt the work com*pleat*.

Shadwell alone, of all my ſons is *he*,
Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidi*ty*.

Of Double Rhyme.

Bacchus's bleſſings are a *treaſure*,
Drinking is the ſoldier's *pleaſure*. *Dryden*. p. 75.

Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong tran*ſlations*
By wits, than critics, in as wrong quo*tations*. *Pope*.

A curſe on him who did re*fine it*,
A curſe on him who firſt did *coin it*. *Hudibras*.

'Twas when the ſeas were *roaring*
With hollow blaſts of *wind*,
A damſel lay *deploring*,
All on a rock re*clin'd*. *Gay*.

Of Treble Rhyme.

There was an antient ſage Phi*loſopher*,
That had read Alexander *Roſs over*. *Hudibras*.

It is reckoned to add very much to the beauty of our verſification, to avoid as much as poſſible a concourſe of claſhing vowels; that is, when one word ends with a vowel, the next is improperly made to begin with another. This occaſions a ſort of opening or void, very diſa-

diſagreeable to the ear. It is alſo wrong to make uſe of ſeveral words in a verſe, that begin with the ſame letter, as in this line of *Dryden's*

Till then a Helpleſs, Hopeleſs, Homely Swain.

Shakeſpeare, has humouroufly ridicul'd this affectation, which was in uſe in his time. *Quince*, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, ſays,

Whereat, with Blade, with Bloody Blameful Blade,
He Bravely Broach'd his Boiling Bloody Breaſt.

Notwithſtanding, it may ſometimes be no fault to begin ſeveral ſucceſſive words with the ſame letter, as in the ſecond line of the following couplet.

With him the linnet and the blackbird vie,
Who Sweeteſt Shall Salute the Summer Sky.

Though verſes conſiſting wholly of monoſyllables are not always to be condemned, as they are ſometimes in fact good, yet ſuch lines ought not to occur too often, a ſeries of little low words having generally an ill effect in poetry.

Expletives, ſhould alſo be avoided; that is, ſuch unmeaning word, as contribute nothing to the ſenſe, but are brought into the verſe, merely as makeſhifts, to fill up the meaſure. Such are,

Th'*umbrageous* ſhadow, and the *verdant* green.
The *running* current, and *odorous* fragrance.
Chear *my lone* ſolitude with *joyous* gladneſs.

And again;

The riſing ſun our grief *did* ſee,
The ſetting ſun *did* ſee the ſame,
While wretched we remember'd thee,
O Sion, *Sion*, lovely name. Pope's *A.* of *S.* in *Poe.*

No verſe ſhould end with an adjective, whoſe ſubſtantive begins the ſucceeding line; and the ſame is to be obſerved with reſpect to a prepoſition and the words dependent on it.

Blank Verſe, as its meaning implies, is poetry not rhymed. Theſe ſort of verſes conſiſt of ſhort and long ſyllables, to the number of ten, eleven, or under; and the words are

so transposed and arranged, as to give a force and sublimity to the subject, unattainable to common prose, of which it is the substitute. *Shakespeare's* works; and english tragedies in general, are written in this kind of verse: as also the celebrated poems of *Paradise Lost*; *Young's* Night's Thought's, *Thomson's* Seasons, *Akenside's* Pleasures of Imagination, Fingal, &c. some specimens of which, with the *accent* on the long syllables, *) pointing out how they are to be read, here follow: but let it be remembered, that to read these authors with a just cadence, and right modulation of the voice, requires the farther assistance of an experienced teacher, a good ear, and some practise.

Cuchúllin sát by Tùra's wàll; by' the trèe of the rústling lèaf. His spèar lèaned agàinst the mòssy róck. His shièld lày by him on the gràss. 'As he thòught of mighty Càrbar, a héro whòm he slèw in wàr; the scòut of the òcean càme. Mòran, the són of Fíthil. Rise, said the yoùth, Cuchúllin, rìse; I sèe the shíps of Swàran. Cuchúllin, màny àre the fòe: màny the héroes óf the dàrk ròlling sèa.

Fingal. See p. 33.

Tìrd nàture's swèet restòrer, bàlmy Slèep!
He like the Wórld his réady vísit pàys
Where Fòrtune smìles; the wrétched he forsàkes:
Swift on his dòwny pínions flìes from wòe,
And lìghts on líds unsúlly'd with a tèar.
From shòrt (as ùsual) ánd distúrb'd repòse
I wàke: how háppy thèy, who wàke no mòre!
Yet thát were vàin. if drèams infést the gràve.
I wàke, emérging fróm a sèa of drèams
Tumúltuous; whère my wréck'd despónding thòught,
From wàve to wàve of fáncy'd místery,
At rándom dròve, her hélm of rèason lòst.

Night Thoughts. See p. 80.

All nìght the dréadless àngel únpursú'd
Through héav'n's wide chámpain héld his wày; till mòrn,
Wàk'd by the círcling hòurs, with ròsy hánd
Unbàrr'd the gàtes of light. There ís a càve
Within the mòunt of Gód, fàst by' his thrône,
Where lìght and dárkness ín perpétual ròund

Lodge

*) In these extracts, as well as in those which follow of different kinds of verse, the syllables that have no *accent* are to be understood as short, and must be pronounced quick.

Lódge and díſlodge by túrns, which màkes through héaven
Gràteful viciſſitùde, like dày and nìght;
Light iſſues fòrth, and át the óther dòor
Obſequious dàrkneſs énters; tíll the hòur
To vèil the héav'n; thòugh dàrkneſs thère might wéll
Seem twìlight hère. *Paradiſe Loſt.* See p. 152.

With whát attráctive chàrms this góodly fràme
Of Nàture toúches thè conſénting hearts
Of mòrtal mén; and whát the plèaſing ſtòres
Which beaùteous ímitàtion thénce derives
To déck the pòet's, òr the pàinter's tòil;
My vérſe unfòlds. Atténd, ye géntle Pòw'rs
Of mùſicál delight! and while I ſíng
Your gifts, your hónours, dànce aròund my ſtràin.
Thòu, ſmìling quèen of évery tùneful bréaſt,
Indúlgenr Fáncy! fróm the frùitful bánks
Of *Avon*, whén thy ròſy fíngers cúll
Freſh flòw'rs and dèws to ſprínkle ón the túrf
Where *Shàkeſpear* lies, be préſent: ánd with thèe
Let fíction cóme, &c. Akenſide's *P. of Imagination.*
See p. 225.

Cóme, géntle Spríng, ethèreal mìldneſs, cóme,
And fróm the bóſom óf yon dróping clòud,
While mùſic wàkes aròund, vèil'd in a ſhòwer
Of ſhádowing ròſes, ón our plàins deſcénd.
And ſée where ſúrly Wínter pàſſes òff,
Fàr to the nòrth, and càlls hís rúffian blàſts:
His blàſts obèy, and quít the hòwling híll,
The ſhátter'd fóreſt, ánd the rávag'd vàle;
While ſòfter gàles ſuccèed, at whòſe kind toúch,
Diſſólving ſnòws in lívid tórrents lòſt,
The mòuntains líft their green héads tò the ſky'.
Seaſons. p. 309.

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§. III.

Of the different Kinds of Verſe.

Our poetry admits of almoſt every length, from four to fourteen ſyllables; but the moſt common, and moſt worth notice, are thoſe of twelve, eleven, ten, eight, and ſeven ſyllables; particularly the ten and eight, of which the generallity of engliſh poems conſiſt.

Verſes of twelve Syllables.

Theſe are called *Alexandrian*, from a poem written on the life of *Alexander* in this meaſure. We have not many copies of verſes of twelve ſyllables in *iambics*; they uſually conſiſt of two ſhort ſyllables before a long one, and flow quick; producing a kind of ſinging tone, even though the ſubject be ſerious. Thus:

As in life ſo in death very lòw he now lies,
Yet he firmly believes that his ſpirit will rìſe.

Now I pàſs with old àuthors, an indolent hòur,
And reclining at èaſe, turn Demóſthenes òver.

Twelve ſyllable *iambics*, are uſed among the heroics, to conclude a couplet.

Here dwells Content, that enemy to ſpleen,
And òft by pòets hère the tùneful Nine are ſeen.

And are brought in as a clauſe, to finiſh a triplet, or three lines that rhyme together.

When firſt the tender blades of graſs appear,
And buds, that yet the blaſt of *Eurus* fear,
Stand at the dòor of life, and doùbt to clòthe the yèar.

Theſe triplets, with a twelve ſyllable verſe at the end, occur oftenеſt in *Dryden's* poetry: but they are now almoſt wholly diſcarded on account of the aukward length, and want of harmony in the laſt line. Mr. *Pope* diſapproves of them from what he ſays in his art of criticiſm.

A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.

Verſes of eleven ſyllables.

The verſes of this meaſure flow thus.

While yoù, my dear girls, in your pàradiſe ſtrày,
Divérting with innocent frèedom the dày.

They are joined with other verſes, as;

Methoùght I was nòw a fine géntleman gròwn
And had gót, Lord knows hòw, an eſtàte of my òwn.

The bósom of éarth is all mátted with lèaves,
The hónours of 'Autumn decày;
Brown *Cères* no lónger exhíbits her shèaves,
To the gòlden-ey'd mónarch of dày. p. 375.

Verses of ten Syllables: *Iambics.*

This is the heroic kind of Verse, used in elegies, epistles, pastorals, prologues and epilogues, tragedies, epic poetry, epigrams, &c. on all subjects; with and without rhyme.

Elegy.

While, càlmly pòor, I trifle life awày,
Enjòy sweet lèisure by' my chèarful fire,
No wànton hòpe my quiet shàll betrày,
But chèaply bléss'd I'll scorn each vàin desìre.

Epistle.

While yoù, my Lòrd, the rùral shàdes admire,
And fróm *Británnia's* públic pòsts retire,
Nor lónger, hér ungràteful sons to plèase,
For thèir advàntage sàcrifice your èase;
Me ínto fóreign réalms my fàte convèys
Through nàtions frùitful óf immòrtal làys. Page 419.

Pastoral.

In spríng the fièlds, in àutumn hílls I lóve,
At mòrn the plàins, at nòon the shàdy gròve,
But Dèlia àlways; ábsent fróm her sight,
Nor plàins at mòrn, nor gròves at nòon delight.

Tragedy.

For hère lies jùliet — òh my lóve, my wife,
I eath thát hath súckt the hóney óf thy bréath,
Hath hád no pòwer yét upón thy beaùty;
Thou àrt not cónquer'd, beaùty's énsign yét
Is crimson ín thy líps and ín thy chèeks,
And déath's pale flág is nót advànced thère.
Oh jùliet, why àrt thou yét so fàir — hère, hère
Will 'I set úp my éverlàsting rést
And shàke the yòke of ínauspícious stàrs
From this world-weàry flésh.

Of the Structure of engliſh Verſe,

Verſes of eight ſyllables. *Iambics.*

Tales and Fables are written in eight ſyllable verſe; as likewiſe a variety of odes, paſtorals, epigrams, ſongs, copies of verſes &c.

Fable.

Jove ónce 'tis ſàid, was ángry gròwn
With àll mankìnd; and wè muſt òwn
With rèaſon tòo: th' ungràteful ràce
Dar'd èven tò their màker's fàce
Unthínking, ínſolént and vàin
Preſùme of hàrdſhips tò complàin.

Ode to Hope.

Come lóvely quèen of éndleſs ſmiles,
Whoſe àrt the wòes of lìfe beguìles!
With thèe I'll ròve, with thèe I'll réſt,
Amídſt thy ſwèet enchàntments bléſt. &c.

Paſtoral.

Behòld, my fàir, where-è'er we ròve,
What drè ry pròſpects ròund us rìſe;
The nàked hílls, the lèafleſs gròve,
The hòary gròund, the frówning ſkìes.

Epiſtle to a Lady.

Would yoù be háppy? Yés you wóu'd:
Then lét the fàvour'd yòuth be góod.
Elſe év'ry ténder thòught remòve,
Where thére's no vîrtue, fàr be lóve:

Story.

When Vènus ſàw Adònis déad,
And fróm his chèeks the ròſes fléd,
His lóvely lócks diſtàin'd with gòre;
She bàde her Cùpid bríng the bòar;
The bòar that hád her lóver ſlàin,
The càuſe of àll her grièf and pàin.

A Song.

Ye ſhépherds ſo chèerful and gày.
Whoſe flócks never càreleſſly ròam;

Should Córydon's háppen to ſtrày,
Oh càll the poor wánderers hòme.

Verſes of ſeven Syllables *Trochaic.*

Theſe are *Anacreontic*, and are commonly *trochaic* meaſure, as the accent falls on the firſt, third, fifth and ſeventh ſyllables. They are uſed in Odes and ſongs.

Anacreon.

Béſt of pàinters, ſhòw thy àrt,
Dràw the chàrmer óf my heàrt;
Dràw her ás ſhe ſhìnes awày
'At the ròut, or át the plày:
Càrefully' each mòde expréſs,
Wòman's bétter pàrt is dréſs.

'An Ode.

Lìfe! the dèar precàrious bòon!
Sòon we lòſe, alàs! how ſòon!
Flèeting víſion, fàlſely gày!
Gràſp'd in vàin, it fàdes awày,
Mixing with ſurròunding ſhàdes,
Lóvely víſion hòw it fàdes.

Verſes by S. W. Raleigh.

Shàll I, like an hérmit, dwéll
On a róck, or ín a céll
Càlling hòme the ſmàlleſt pàrt
That is míſſing óf my heàrt,
Tò beſtòw it, whère I mày
Mèet a rival évery dày
'If ſhe únderválues mè,
Whàt care 'I how fàir ſhe bè.

Verſes

Verſes of Six Syllables.

Theſe, as well as five, four, and three ſyllable verſes, occur only in Airs, Songs, and Lyrics; being intermixed with others of all lengths in ſuch kind of compoſitions.

Iambic, Six Syl.

I like the fóx ſhall griève,
Whoſe màte hath léft her ſide,
Whom hòunds from mòrn to ève
Chace ò'er the coúntry wìde.

Anapeſtic, Six Syl.

As he hòlds pen in hánd,
Life and déath's at a ſtánd.

To the brím fill it úp,
It is grátitude's cúp.

Iambic, four and five Syl.

What ſòunds were hèard,
What ſcènes appèar'd.

Now ſét the bràces
Don't màke wry fàces

Trochaic, three Syl.

Dréadful glèams,
Díſmal ſcrèams.

Fìres that glòw,
Shrièks of wòe.

Mixed feet, five Syl.

The tàſte of our dàys,
Is pòaching for pràiſe.

Snòrting and ſnòring,
Sweàring and ròaring.

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§. IV.

Of the Eliſions common to Engliſh Poetry.

Eliſion, is the cutting off one or more letters in a word, whether vowels or conſonants, to reduce the number of ſyllables, and adapt them to the meaſure of the verſe.

Whenever one ſyllable of a word ends with a vowel, and the next begins with another, the word may drop one of its ſyllables: thus the words *ſocial*, *fiery*, *valiant*, &c. which conſiſt of three ſyllables, may be uſed as two: and *perpetual*, *familiar*, *ambition*, *ſuperior*, &c. which con-

tain

tain four, may be reckoned as three: But theſe, like all other words that admit of contraction, may retain their full number of ſyllables, when the verſe requires it. In words of three or more ſyllables, which are accented on the laſt ſave two, when the liquid *r* comes between two vowels, that which precedes the *r* is frequently left out, and an *accent*, the ſign of a contraction, put in its ſtead: as in *temp'rance*, *diff'rence*, *flatt'rer*, &c.

An eliſion is alſo made of both vowels that come before the ſame letter in *lab'ring*, *neighb'ring*, *endeav'ring*, &c. and the *o* is left out in *vict'ry*.

Sometimes a vowel is cut off before *l*, *m*, and *n*, when found in words accented like thoſe beforementioned; as in *fab'lous*, *en'my*, *mar'ner*; but here the ſound is harſh and diſpleaſing. When an *ſ* happens to fall between two vowels, the latter is left out, and has a good effect, as in *reas'ning*, *priſ'ner*, *buſ'neſs*, &c.

The *o* between *ll* and *w*, in words of three ſyllables, will bear an eliſion; as in *foll'wer*, *bell'wing*, &c. And when the vowel *e* falls between *v* and *n* and the accent lies upon the foregoing ſyllable, it is frequently cut off; as in *heav'n*, *ſev'n*, *giv'n*, *driv'n*, &c. The ſame vowel is likewiſe diſplaced in the words *pow'r*, *flow'r*, and others of like termination. The words *never*, *ever*, *over*. may drop the conſonant *v*, and be contracted thus; *ne'er*, *e'er*, *o'er*. The termination *ed* of regular verbs is ſhortened in poetry, as *lov'd*, *believ'd*, *expreſs'd*, *deſpis'd*, &c. except when the verb ends in the infinitive in *d*, *t*, *de*, or *te*.

Some words admit of an eliſion of their firſt ſyllable; as *'mong*, *'mongſt*, *'tween*, *'twixt*, *'gainſt*, *'bove*, &c. which are thus written at length; *among*, *amongſt*, *between*, *betwixt*, *againſt*, *above*. We abbreviate *it is*, *it was*, *it were*, *it will*, *it would*, into *'tis*, *'twas*, *'twere*, *'twill*, *'twould*. As likew ſe *by't*, is put for *by it*; *do't*, for *do it*; *was't*, for *was it*. But theſe laſt contractions are not very proper, and in heroic poetry eſpecially.

Am loſes its vowel after *i*, and becomes *I'm*, for *I am*: and ſo may *are* after *we*, *you*, *they*; as *we're*, *you're*, *they're*; for *we are*, *you are*, *they are*. We alſo read *let's*, for *let us*. The word *have*, ſuffers an eliſion of its two firſt letters after *I*, *you*, *we*, *they*; as *I've*, *you've*, *we've*, *they've*; for *I have*, *you have*, *we have*, *they have*.

So

So *will* and *would* are ſhortened after the perſonal pronouns; as *I'll*, for *I will*, *he'd*, for *he would*, &c. or after *who*, as *who'd*, for *who would*; *who'll*, for *who will*.

The particle *to*, ſometimes loſes its *o*, when it comes before a verb that begins with a vowel; as *t'avoid*, *t'increaſe*, *t'undo*, &c. but this eliſion is not adviſeable before nouns, and is ſeldom uſed by correct writers. When the particle *the* comes before a word that begins with a vowel or *h* not aſpirated, it ſeldom retains the *e*; being written before ſuch words *th'*; as *th' immortal*, *th' amazing*, *th' honeſt*, &c. The *o* in *who*, and the *y* in *by*, are cut off before words beginning with a vowel; as, *wh' expoſe*, for *who expoſe*; *b' oppreſſion*, for *by oppreſſion*: though theſe contractions are not held to be correct, no more than abbreviating the pronoun *his* after words ending with a vowel; as, *to's*, *by's*, for *to his*, *by his*: or after words ending with a conſonant; as *in's*, *for's*; for *in his*, *for his*.

Theſe are the moſt uſual contractions met with in the modern poets. In the works of our antient writers many others occur that are now out of uſe.

Argument of
EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, *with respect to the* Univerſe.

Of Man *in the abſtract* — I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things*, v. 17. &c. II. *That man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation*, *agreeable to the* general Order of things, *and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown*, v. 35, &c. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events*, *and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate*, *that all his happineſs in the preſent depends*, v. 77. &c. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge*, *and pretending to more perfection*, *the cauſe of Man's error and miſery*. *The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs*, *perfection or imperfection*, *juſtice or injuſtice*, *of his diſpenſations*, v. 109. &c. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation*, *or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world*, *which is not in the* natural, v. 131, &c. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels*, *and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes*; *though*, *to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree*, *would render him miſerable*, v. 173. &c. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world*, *an univerſal* order *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved*, *which cauſes a* ſubordination *of creature to creature*, *and of all creatures to Man*. *The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that Reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties*, v. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures*, *may extend*, *above and below us*; *were any part of which broken*, *not that part only*, *but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed*, v. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire*, v. 250. X. *The conſequence of all*, *the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to Providence*, *both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate, v. 281, &c. *to the end.*

A Philoſophical ESSAY ON MAN, *in four epiſtles, to St. John*, Lord *Bolingbroke*, POPE.

EPISTLE I.

Awake, my *St. John!* leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us, ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die,
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye nature's walk, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say, firſt, of god above, or man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the god be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by god or thee?

II. Preſumptuous man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made,
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade!

Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why *Jove's* Satellites are leſs than *Jove*?
Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That wisdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as **man**:
And all the queſtion, wrangle e'er ſo long
Is only this, if god has plac'd him wrong?
Reſpecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain,
In god's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His firey courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now *Ægypt's* god:
Then ſhall man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.
Then ſay not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
O blindneſs to the future; kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n:

Who ſees with equal eye, as god of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher death; and god adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never is, but always to be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees god in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſence,
Weigh thy opinion againſt providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, god's unjuſt;
If man alone engroſs not heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aſpiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of order, ſins againſt th'eternal cauſe.

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers. "Tis for mine:

„For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
„Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
„Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew,
„The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
„For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
„For me, heal h guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
„Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe:
„My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."
But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
„No, 'tis reply'd, the firſt almighty cauſe
„Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
„Th'exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
„And what created perfect?" — Why then man?
If the great end be human happineſs,
Then nature deviates; and can man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's deſign,
Why then a *Borgia*, or a *Cataline*?
Who knows but he, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce ambition in a *Caeſar's* mind,
Or turns young *Ammon* looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But *All* ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral order, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than angels, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say, what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;

Nature to theſe, without profuſion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of man, could pride that bleſſing find,
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T'inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?!
Who finds not providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant with thine!
'Twi'xt that, and reaſon, what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!

Remembrance and reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions ſenſe from thought divide?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from god began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. — On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th'amazing whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread *Order* break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — oh madneſs! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing *Mind* of *All* ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body nature is, and God the ſoul;

That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th'ethereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt ſeraph that adores and burns:
To him, no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor *Order* imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame,
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit — In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good:
And, ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

Argument of
EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man *with reſpect to* himſelf, *as an individual.*

I. The *buſineſs of man not to pry into* God, *but to ſtudy himſelf. His* middle nature; *his powers and frailties*, v. 1. to 19. *The limits of his* capacity, v. 19, &c. II. *The two principles of Man*, ſelf-love *and* reaſon, *both neceſſary*, v. 52, &c. Self-love *the ſtronger, and why*, v. 67, &c. *Their end the ſame*, v. 81, &c. III. *The* paſſions, *and their uſe*, v. 93 to 130. *The* predominant paſſion, *and its force*, v. 132 to 160. *Its neceſſity, in directing men to different purpoſes*, v. 165, &c. *Its provi-*

vidential uſe, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our Virtue. v. 177. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed nature; *the limits near, yet the things* ſeparate *and* evident: *What is the office of* reaſon, v. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* vice *in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it*, v. 217. VI. *That, however, the* ends *of* Providence *and general* good *are answered in our paſſions and imperfections*, v. 238. &c. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all* orders *of* men. v. 241. *How uſeful they are to* ſociety, v. 251. *And to* individuals, v. 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every* age *of life*, v. 273, &c.

EPISTLE II.

I. Know then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the ſceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the ſtoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a god, or beaſt;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err,
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where ſcience guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the ſun;
Go, ſoar with *Plato*, to th'empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the ſun.

Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule —
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wisdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a *Newton* as we ſhew an ape.
Could he, whoſe rules the rapid comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reaſon weaves, by paſſion is undone.
Trace ſcience then, with modeſty thy guide:
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of pride:
Deduct what is but vanity, or dreſs,
Or learning's luxury, or idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th'excreſcent parts
Of all our vices have created Arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all good, to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens reaſon, and ſelf-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy *that*, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wong or rightly underſtood.
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. 'Modes of ſelf-love the paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome virtue's name.
In lazy apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor god alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.
Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes man, can man deſtroy?
Suffice that reaſon keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and god.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;

The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one *maſter paſſion* in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its *ruling paſſion* came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And Pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurſe;
Wit, ſpirit, faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſow'r.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:

Like

Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or, oft more ſtrong than all, the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reaſon on their ſide.

Th'eternal art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear:
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th'ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd and brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.

Thus nature gives us, let it check our pride,
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
And *Nero* reigns a *Titus*, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in *Cataline*,
In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The god within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.

If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain?
Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.

Vice is a monſter of ſo frightfull mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th'extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the north? at *York*, 'tis on the *Tweed*;
In *Scotland*, at the *Orcades*: and there,
At *Greenland*, *Zembla*, or the lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th'extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe:
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, ſelf directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But heav'n's great view is *one*, and that the *whole*.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th'effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtatesman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, ánd to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;

Taught

Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.

Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his muſe.

See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before,
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain:
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean ſelf-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
Tis this, Tho' man's a fool, yet *God is wiſe.*

Argument of
EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man *with respect to* Society.

I. *The whole Universe one system of Society*, v. 7, &c. *Nothing made wholly for* itself, *nor yet wholly for* another, v. 27. *The happiness of* animals *mutual*, v. 49. II. Reason *or* Instinct *operate alike to the good of each individual*, v. 79. Reason *or* Instinct *operate also to society, in all animals*, v. 109. III. *How far* Society *carried by instinct*, v. 115. *How much farther by reason*, v. 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* state *of* nature, v. 144. *Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of* Arts, v. 166; *and in the forms of* society, v. 176. V. *Origin of political societies*; v. 196. *Origin of monarchy*, v. 207. *Patriarchal government*, v. 212. VI. *Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love*, v. 231 &c. *Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of fear*, v. 237 &c. *The influence of self-love operates to the* social *and* public *Good*, v. 266. *Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle*, v. 285. *Mixt government*, v. 288. *Various forms of each, and the true end of all*, v. 300 &c.

EPISTLE III.

Here then we rest: „The Universal Cause
„Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See

See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain;
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving ſoul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made beaſt in aid of man, and man of beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompously beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe."
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall.
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful, ſtill the weak controul;
Be man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; He only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;

For ſome his Int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury,
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, 'till he ends the being, makes it bleſt;
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch etherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!

To each unthinking being, heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reaſon, or with inſtinct bleſt,
Know all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full inſtinct is th'unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis god directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as *De-moivre* without rule or line?

Who

Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bleſs,
On mutual wants built mutual happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal *Order* ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
What e'er of life all-quick'ning aether keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace!
They love themſelves a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love;
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
The ſtate of nature was the reign of god:
Self-love and ſocial at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.

Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint-tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal god:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'n's attribute was univerſal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half who live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer ſavage, man.

See him from nature riſing ſlow to art!
To copy inſtinct then was reaſon's part;
Thus then to man the voice of nature ſpake —
„Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take:
„Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
„Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
„Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
„Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
„Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
„Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
„Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
„And hence let reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
„Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
„There towns aerial on the waving tree.
„Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies,
„The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
„How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
„And anarchy without confuſion know;
„And theſe for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
„Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
„Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
„Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
„In vain thy reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
„Entangle juſtice in her net of law,
„And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
„Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
„Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
„Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;

„And

„And for thoſe arts mere inſtinct could afford,
„Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great nature ſpoke; obſervant man obey'd;
Cities were built, ſocieties were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What war could raviſh, commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus ſtates were form'd; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas *virtue only* (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a ſire the ſons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. 'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch ſate,
King, prieſt, and parent of his growing ſtate;
On him, their ſecond providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th'abyſs profound,
Or fetch the aerial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as god to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple reaſon never ſought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his maker, ſaw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleaſure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a god.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in god; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being but a ſov' reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of god, and this of man.

Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th'enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T'invert the world, and counter-work its cauſe?
Force firſt made conqueſt, and that conqueſt, law;
'Till ſuperſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, ſlaves of ſubjects made:
She 'midſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and burſting ſkies,
Saw gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th'ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives ſelf-love, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame ſelf-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by ſelf-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

Twas then, the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind;
Follow'r of god or friend of human kind;

Poet or patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The faith and moral, nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her antient light, not kindled new;
If not god's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught pow'rs due uſe to people and to kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts, of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well mix'd ſtate.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings
From order, union, full conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, man, or angel, ſervant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools conteſt;
What e'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For modes of faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will diſagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this one great end;
And all of god, that bleſs mankind or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the ſun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the ſoul;
And one regards *itſelf*, and one the *whole*.

Thus god and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade ſelf-love and ſocial be the ſame.

Argument of

EPISTLE IV.

Of the nature and ſtate of Man *with reſpect to* Happineſs.

I. Falſe *notions of happineſs, philoſophical and popular, anſwered from* v. 19 to 77. II. *It is the end of all men, and attainable by all,* v. 30. *God intends happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all*

all particular happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by general, *not* particular laws, v. 37. *As it is neceſſary for* order, *and the peace and welfare of* ſociety, *that* external goods *ſhould be* unequal, *happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe*, v. 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of happineſs among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two paſſions of* hope *and* fear, v. 70. III. *What the happineſs of* individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the* good man *has here the advantage*, v. 77. *The error of imputing to* virtue *what are only the calamities of* nature, *or of* fortune, v. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that god ſhould alter his general laws in favour of particulars*, v. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are* good; *but that, whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt*, v. 133, &c. VI. *That* external goods, *are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of virtue*, v. 165. *That even theſe can make no man happy without virtue: inſtanced in* riches, v. 183. Honours, v. 191. Nobility, v. 203. greatneſs, v. 215. Fame, v. 235. Superior Talents, v. 257, &c. *With pictures of human infelicity in men poſſeſſed of them all*, v. 267. &c. VII. *That virtue only conſtitutes a happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, v. 307. &c. *That* the perfection of virtue *and* happineſs *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* order of providence *here, and a* reſignation *to it here and hereafter*, v. 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

Oh happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian lawrels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil,

Fix'd

Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, *St. John!* dwells with thee.

Aſk of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to gods, confeſs ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that happineſs is happineſs?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive!
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is common ſenſe and common eaſe.

Remember, man, "the univerſal cauſe
„Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws";
And makes what happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.

Order is heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe;
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:

Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in hope, and theſe in fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.

Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries mad men in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or god and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health conſiſts with temperance alone;
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th'advantage proſp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.

Oh, blind to truth, and god's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy bliſs to vice, to virtue woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See *Falkland* dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god like *Turenne* proſtrate on the duſt!
See *Sidney* bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented *Digby*! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the ſon expire,
Why, full of days and honour lives the ſire?

Why drew Marſeille's good biſhop purer breath,
When nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial ill is univerſal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of heav'n complain
That righteous *Abel* was deſtroy'd by *Cain*,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak prince, th'eternal cauſe,
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning Aetna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs *Bethel!* to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have!
A kingdom of the juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe juſt agree.
The good muſt merit god's peculiar care;
But who, but god, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on *Calvin* heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If *Calvin* feel heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no god.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variously incline,
And what rewards *your* virtue, puniſh *mine*.
Whatever is, is right. This world 'tis true,
Was made for *Caeſar* — but for *Titus* too:
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country? ſay,
Or he whoſe virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes virtue ſtarves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,

The

The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches your demand is o'er?
"No — ſhall the good want health, the good want pow'r?"
Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and ſix,
Iuſtice a conq'ror's ſword, or truth a gown,
Or public ſpirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd.
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty one!
To whom can riches give repute, or truſt,
Content, or pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Iudges and ſenates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think god hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.

Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

"What

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather and prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go; if your antient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the *Howards*.

Look next on greatneſs; ſay where greatneſs lies.
"Where, but among the heroes and the wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the politic and wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed
Like *Socrates*, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my lord) if *Tully's*, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An *Eugene* living, as a *Caeſar* dead;

Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honeſt man's the noble work of god.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t'oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind,
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud hazzas;
And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
Than *Caeſar* with a ſenate at his heels.
In parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account:
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe?
How ſometimes life is risqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace *Lord Umbra*, or *Sir Billy*,
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life!
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From antient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud *Venice* roſe.

In

In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, ſunk the man:
Now *Europe's* laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than virtue's very tears;
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue, is to gain.

See the ſole bliſs heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' nature, up to nature's God;
Purſues that chain which links th'immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below.
Learns, from this union of the riſing whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;

And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in *Love of God*, and *Love of Man.*
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt virtue with his greateſt bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of reaſon, life, and ſenſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliſs but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from individual to the whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads,
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race,
Wide and more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere:
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;

Say,

Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtatesmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's falſe mirror held up nature's light,
Shew'd erring pride, *Whatever is, is right;*
That reaſon, paſſion, anſwer one great aim;
That true ſelf-love, and ſocial are the ſame;
That virtue only makes our bliſs below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

FINGAL.

An Antient

EPIC POEM. OSSIAN.

CUCHULLIN ſat by Tura's wall; by the tree of the ruſtling leaf. His ſpear leaned againſt the moſſy rock. His ſhield lay by him on the graſs. As he thought of mighty Carbar, a hero whom he ſlew in war; the ſcout of the ocean came. Moran the ſon of Fithil. Riſe, ſaid the youth, Cuchullin, riſe; I ſee the ſhips of Swaran. Cuchullin, many are the foe: many the heroes of the dark-rolling ſea.

Moran, replied the blue-eyed chief, thou ever tremble'ſt, ſon of Fithil. Thy fears have much increaſed the foe. Perhaps it is the king of the lonely hills coming to aid me on green Ullin's plains.

I ſaw their chief, ſays Moran, tall as a rock of ice. His ſpear is like that blaſted fir. His ſhield like the riſing moon. He ſat on a rock on the ſhore: his dark hoſt rolled, like clouds, around him. Many, chief of men! I ſaid, many are our hands of war. Well art thou named, the mighty Man, but many mighty men are ſeen from Tura's windy walls. He anſwered, like a wave on a rock, who in this land appears like me? Heroes ſtand not in my preſence: they fall to earth beneath my hand. None

can meet Swaran in the fight but Fingal, king of ſtormy hills. Once we wreſtled on the heath of Malmor, and our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place; and rivulets, changing their courſe, fled murmuring from our ſtrife. Three days we renewed our ſtrife, and heroes ſtood at a diſtance and trembled. On the fourth, Fingal ſays, that the king of the ocean fell; but Swaran ſays, he ſtood. Let dark Cuchullin yield to him that is ſtrong as the ſtorms of Malmor.

No: replied the blue-eyed chief, I will never yield to man. Dark Cuchullin will be great or dead. Go, Fithil's ſon, and take my ſpear: ſtrike the ſounding ſhield of Cabait. It hangs at Tura's ruſtling gate; the ſound of peace is not its voice. My heroes ſhall hear on the hill.

He went and ſtruck the boſſy ſhield. The hills and their rocks replied. The ſound ſpread along the wood: deer ſtart by the lake of roes. Curach leapt from the ſounding rock; and Connal of the bloody ſpear. Crugal's breaſt of Snow beats high. The ſon of Favi leaves the dark brown hind. It is the ſhield of war, ſaid Ronnar, the ſpear of Cuchullin, ſaid Lugar. Son of the ſea, put on thy arms! Calmar lift thy ſounding ſteel! Puno! horrid hero, riſe: Cairbar from thy red tree of Cromla. Bend thy white knee, o Eth; and deſcend from the ſtreams of Lena. Caolt ſtretch thy white ſide as thou moveſt along the whiſtling heath of Mora: thy ſide that is white as the foam of the troubled ſea, when the dark winds pour it on the murmuring rocks of Cuthon.

Now I behold the chiefs in the pride of their former deeds: their ſouls are kindled at the battles of old, and the actions of other times. Their eyes are like flames of fire, and roll in ſearch of the foes of the land. Their mighty hands are on their ſwords; and lightning pours from their ſides of ſteel. They came like ſtreams from the mountains; each ruſhed roaring from his hill. Bright are the chiefs of battle in the armour of their fathers. Gloomy and dark their heroes followed, like the gathering of the rainy clouds behind the red meteors of heaven. The ſounds of craſhing arms aſcend. The grey dogs howl between. Unequally burſts the ſong of battle; and rocking Cromla echoes round. On Lena's duſky heath they ſtood, like miſt that ſhades the hills of autumn: when broken and dark it ſettles high, and lifts its head to heaven.

Hail, ſaid Cuchullin, ſons of the narrow vales, hail ye hunters of the deer. Another ſport is drawing near:

it is like the dark rolling of that wave on the coaſt. Or ſhall we fight, ye ſons of war! or yield green Innisfail to Lochlin? O Connal ſpeak, thou firſt of men! thou breaker of the ſhields! Thou haſt often fought with Lochlin; wilt thou lift thy father's ſpear?

Cuchullin! calm the chief replied, the ſpear of Connal is keen. It delights to ſhine in battle, and to mix with the blood of thouſands. But tho' my hand is bent on war, my heart is for the peace of Erin. Behold, thou firſt in Cormac's war, the ſable fleet of Swaran. His maſts are as numerous on our coaſts as reeds in the lake of Lego. His ſhips are like foreſts cloathed with miſt, when the trees yield by turns to the ſqually wind. Many are his chiefs in battle. Connal is for peace. Fingal would ſhun his arm the firſt of mortal men: Fingal that ſcatters the mighty, as ſtormy winds the heath; when the ſtreams roar thro' echoing Cona: and night ſettles with all her clouds on the hill.

Fly, thou chief of peace, ſaid Calmar, the ſon of Matha; fly, Connal, to thy ſilent hills, where the ſpear of battle never ſhone; purſue the dark-brown deer of Cromla: and ſtop with thine arrows the bounding roes of Lena. But, blue-eyed ſon of Semo, Cuchullin, ruler of the war, ſcatter thou the ſons of Lochlin, and roar thro' the ranks of their pride. Let no veſſel of the kingdom of Snow bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inis-tore. O ye dark winds of Erin riſe! and roar ye whirlwinds of the heath! Amidſt the tempeſt let me die, torn in a cloud by angry ghoſts of men; amidſt the tempeſt let Calmar die, if ever chaſe was ſport to him ſo much as the battle of ſhields.

Calmar! ſlow replied the chief, I never fled, O Matha's ſon. I was ſwift with my friends in battle, but ſmall is the fame of Connal. The battle was won in my preſence, and the valiant overcame. But, ſon of Semo, hear my voice, regard the ancient throne of Cormac. Give wealth and half the land for peace, till Fingal come with battle. Or if war be thy choice, I lift the ſword and ſpear. My joy ſhall be in the midſt of thouſands, and my ſoul brighten in the gloom of the fight.

To me, Cuchullin replies, pleaſant is the noiſe of arms: pleaſant as the thunder of heaven before the ſhower of ſpring. But gather all the ſhining tribes that I may view, the ſons of war. Let them move along the heath, bright

as the ſun-ſhine before a ſtorm; when the weſt wind collects the clouds, and the oaks of Morven echo along the ſhore.

But where are my friends in battle? The companions of my arm in danger? Where art thou white boſom'd Cathbat? Where is that cloud in war, Duchomar? and haſt thou left me, O Fergus! in the day of the ſtorm? Fergus, firſt in our joy at the feaſt! Son of Roſſa! Arm of death! comeſt thou like a roe from Malmor? Like a hart from the echoing hills? Hail thou ſon of Roſſa! what ſhades the ſoul of war?

Four ſtones, replied the chief, riſe on the grave of Cathbat, Theſe hands have laid in earth Duchomar, that cloud in war. Cathbat, thou ſon of Forman, thou wert a ſun-bean on the hill. And thou, o valiant Duchomar, like the miſt of marſhy Lano; when it ſails over the plains of autumn and brings death to the people. Morna, thou faireſt of maids! Calm is thy ſleep in the cave of the rock. Thou haſt fallen in darkneſs like a ſtar, that ſhoots athwart the deſart, when the traveller is alone, and mourns the tranſient beam. Say, ſaid Semo's blue-eyed ſon, ſay how fell the chiefs of Erin? Fell they by the ſons of Lochlin, ſtriving in the battle of heroes? Or what confines the chiefs of Cromla to the dark and narrow houſe?

Cathbat, replied the hero, fell by the ſword of Duchomar at the oak of the noiſy ſtreams. Duchomar came to Tura's cave, and ſpoke to the lovely Morna.

Morna, faireſt among women, lovely daughter of Cormac-cairbar. Why in the circle of ſtones; in the cave of the rock alone? The ſtream murmurs hoarſely. The old tree's groan is in the wind. The lake is troubled before thee, and dark are the clouds of the ſky. But thou art like ſnow on the heath, and thy hair like the miſt of Cromla, when it curls on the rocks, and it ſhines to the beams of the weſt. Thy breaſts are like two ſmooth rocks ſeen from Branno of the ſtreams. Thy arms like two white pillars in the halls of the mighty Fingal.

From whence, the white-armed maid replied, from whence, Duchomar the moſt gloomy of men? Dark are thy brows and terrible. Red are thy rolling eyes. Does Swaran appear on the ſea? What of the foe, Duchomar?

From the hill I return, O Morna, from the hill of the dark brown hinds. Three have I ſlain with my bended yew.

yew. Three with my long bounding dogs of the chaſe. Lovely daughter of Cormac, I love thee as my ſoul, I have ſlain one ſtately deer for thee. High was his branchy head; and fleet his feet of wind.

Duchomar! calm the maid replied, I love thee not, thou gloomy man. Hard is thy heart of rock, and dark thy terrible brow. But Cathbat, thou ſon of Torman, thou art the love of Morna. Thou art like a ſun-beam on the hill in the day of the gloomy ſtorm. Saweſt thou the ſon of Torman, lovely on the hill of his hinds? Here the daughter of Cormac waits the coming of Cathbat.

And long ſhall Morna wait, Duchomar ſaid, his blood is on my ſword. Long ſhall Morna wait for him. He fell at Branno's ſtream. High on Cromla I will raiſe his tomb, daughter of Cormac-calibar; but fix thy love on Duchomar, his arm is ſtrong as a ſtorm.

And is the ſon of Torman Fallen? ſaid the maid of the tear full-eye. Is he fallen on his echoing hill; the youth with the breaſt of ſnow? he that was firſt in the chace of the hill; the foe of the ſtrangers of the ocean. Duchomar thou art dark indeed, and cruel is thy arm to Morna. But give me that ſword, my foe; I love the blood of Cathbat.

He gave the ſword to her tears; but ſhe pierced his manly breaſt. He fell, like the bank of a mountain-ſtream; ſtretched out his arm and ſaid; daughter of Cormac-cairbar, thou haſt ſlain Duchomar. The ſword is cold in my breaſt: Morna, I feel it cold. Give me to Moina the maid; Duchomar was the dream of her night. She will raiſe my tomb; and the hunter ſhall ſee it and praiſe me. But draw the ſword from my breaſt; Morna, the ſteel is cold.

She came, in all her tears, ſhe came, and drew it from his breaſt. He pierced her white ſide with ſteel; and ſpread her fair locks on the ground. Her burſting blood ſounds from her ſide; and her white arm is ſtained with red. Rolling in death ſhe lay, and Tura's cave anſwered to her groans.

Peace, ſaid Cuchullin, to the ſouls of the heroes; their deeds were great in danger. Let them ride around me on clouds; and ſhew their features of war: that my ſoul may be ſtrong in danger; my arm like the thunder of heaven. But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna, near the window of my reſt, when my thoughts are of peace;

and the din of arms is over. Gather the ſtrength of the tribes, and move to the wars of Erin. Attend the car of my battles; and rejoice in the noiſe of my courſe. Place three ſpears by my ſide; and follow the bounding of my ſteeds; that my ſoul may be ſtrong in my friends, when the battle darkens round the beams of my ſteel.

As ruſhes a ſtream of foam from the dark ſhady ſteep of Cromla; when the thunder is rolling above, and dark-brown night on half the hill. So fierce, ſo vaſt, ſo terrible ruſhed on the ſons of Erin. The chief like a whale of Ocean, whom all his billows follow, poured valour forth as a ſtream, rolling his might along the ſhore.

The ſons of Lochlin heard the noiſe as the ſound of a winter ſtream. Swaran ſtruck his boſſy ſhield, and called the ſon of Arno. What murmur rolls along the hill like the gathered flies of evening? The ſons of Innisfail deſcend, or ruſtling winds roar in the diſtant wood. Such is the noiſe of Gormal before the white tops of my waves ariſe. O ſon of Arno, aſcend the hill and view the dark face of the heath. He went, and trembling, ſwift returned. His eyes rolled wildly round. His heart beat high againſt his ſide. His words were faultering, broken, ſlow.

Riſe, ſon of ocean, riſe chief of the dark brown-ſhields. I ſee the dark, the mountain-ſtream of the battle: the deep-moving ſtrength of the ſons of Erin. The car, the car of battle comes, like the flame of death; the rapid car of Cuchullin, the noble ſon of Semo. It bends behind like a wave near a rock; like the golden miſt of the heath. Its ſides are emboſſed with ſtones, and ſparkle like the ſea round the boat of night. Of poliſhed yew is its beam, and its ſeat of the ſmootheſt bone. The ſides are repleniſhed with ſpears; and the bottom is the footſtooll of heroes. Before the right ſide of the car is ſeen the ſnorting horſe. The high-maned, broad-breaſted, proud, high-leaping, ſtrong ſteed of the hill. Loud and reſounding is his hoof; the ſpreading of his mane above is like that ſtream of ſmoke on the heath. Bright are the ſides of the ſteed, and his name is Sulin-Sifadda.

Before the left ſide of the car is ſeen the ſnorting horſe. The thin-maned, high-headed, ſtrong-hoofed, fleet, bounding ſon of the hill: his name is Dufronnal among the ſtormy ſons of the ſword. A thouſand thongs bind

bind the car on high. Hard polished bits shine in a wreath of foam. Thin thongs bright-studded with gems, bend on the stately necks of the steeds. The steeds that like wreaths of mist fly over the streamy vales. The wildness of deer is in their course, the strength of the eagle descending on her prey. Their noise is like the blast of winter on the sides of the snow-headed Gormal.

Within the car is seen the chief; the strong stormy son of the sword; the hero's name is Cuchullin, son of Semo king of shells. His red cheek is like my polished yew. The look of his blue-rolling eye is wide beneath the dark arch of his brow. His hair flies from his head like a flame, as bending forwards he wealds the spear. Fly, king of ocean, fly; he comes, like a storm, along the streamy vale.

When did I fly, replied the king, from the battle of many spears? When did I fly, son of Arno, chief of the little soul? I met the storm of Gormal when the foam of my waves was high; I met the storm of the clouds, and shall I fly from a hero? Were it Fingall himself, my soul should not darken before him. Rise to the battle, my thousands; pour round me like the echoing main. Gather round the bright steel of your king; strong as the rocks of my land; that meet the storm with joy, and stretch their dark woods to the wind.

As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, toward each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix and roar on the plain; loud, rough and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Innis-fail. Chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man; steel, clanging, sounded on steel; helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smoaks around Strings twang on the polished yews. Darts rush along the sky. Spears fall like the circles of light that gild the stormy face of night.

As the troubled noise of the ocean, when roll the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven, such is the noise of battle. Though Cormac's hundred bards were there to give the war to song; feeble were the voices of a hundred bards to send the deaths to future times. For many were the falls of the heroes; and wide poured the blood of the valiant.

Mourn, ye ſons of the ſong, the death of the noble Sithallin. Let the ſighs of Fiöna riſe on the dark heaths of her lovely Ardan. They fell, like two hinds of the deſart, by the hands of the mighty Swaran; when, in the midſt of thouſands he roared, like the ſhrill ſpirit of a ſtorm, that ſits dim, on the clouds of Gormal, and enjoys the death of the mariner.

Nor ſlept thy hand by thy ſide, chief of the isle of miſt; many were the deaths of thine arm, Cuchullin, thou ſon of Semo. His ſword was like the beam of heaven when it pierces the ſons of the vale; when the people are blaſted and fall, and all the hills are burning around. Dusronnal ſnorted over the bodies of heroes, and Sifadda bathed his hoof in blood. The battle lay behind them as groves overturned on the deſart of Cromla; when the blaſt has paſſed the heath laden with the ſpirits of night.

Weep on the rocks of roaring winds; O maid of Iniſtore: bend thy fair head over the waves, thou fairer than the ghoſts of the hills; when it moves in a ſun-beam at noon over the ſilence of Morven. He is fallen! Thy youth is low; pale beneath the ſword of Cuchullin. No more ſhall valour raiſe the youth to match the blood of kings. Trenar, lovely Trenar died, thou maid of Iniſtore. His grey dogs are howling at home, and ſee his paſſing ghoſt. His bow is in the hall unſtrung. No ſound is in the heath of his hinds.

As roll a thouſand waves to the rocks, ſo Swaran's hoſt came on; as meets a rock a thouſand waves, ſo Innis-fail met Swaran. Death raiſes all his voices around, and mixes with the ſound of ſhields. Each hero is a pillar of darkneſs, and the ſword a beam of fire in his hand. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that riſe by turns on the red ſon of the furnace.

Who are theſe on Lena's heath that are ſo gloomy and dark? Who are theſe like two clouds, and their ſwords like lightning above them? The little hills are troubled around, and the rocks tremble with all their moſs. Who is it but Ocean's ſon and the car-borne chief of Erin? Many are the anxious eyes of their friends, as they ſee them dim on the heath. Now night conceals the chiefs in her clouds, and ends the terrible fight.

It was on Cromla's ſhaggy ſide that Dorglas placed the deer, the early fortune of the chace, before the heroes left the hill. A hundred youths collect the heath; ten heroes blow the fire; three hundred chuſe the poliſhed ſtones. The feaſt is ſmoaking wide.

Cuchullin, chief of Erin's war, reſumed his mighty ſoul. He ſtood upon his beamy ſpear, and ſpoke to the ſon of ſongs; to Carril of other times, the grey-haired ſon of Kinfena. Is this feaſt ſpread for me alone and the king of Lochlin on Ullin's ſhore, far from the deer of his hills, and ſounding halls of his feaſts? Riſe, Carril of other times, and carry my words to Swaran; tell him that came from the roaring of waters, that Cuchullin gives his feaſt. Here let him liſten to the ſound of my groves, amidſt the clouds of night. For cold and bleak the bluſtering winds ruſh over the foam of his ſeas. Here let him praiſe the trembling harp, and hear the ſongs of heroes.

Old Carril went, with ſofteſt voice, and called the king of dark brown ſhields. Riſe from the ſkins of thy chace, riſe, Swaran king of groves. Cuchullin gives the joy of ſhells; partake the feaſt of Erin's blue-eyed chief.

He anſwered like the ſullen ſound of Cromla before a ſtorm. Though all thy daughters, Innis-fail! ſhould extend their arms of ſnow; raiſe high the heavings of their breaſts, and ſoftly roll their eyes of love; yet, fixed as Lochlin's thouſand rocks, here Swaran ſhall remain; till morn, with the young beams of my eaſt, ſhall light me to the death of Cuchullin. Pleaſant to my ear is Lochlin's wind. It ruſhes over my ſeas. It ſpeaks aloft in all my ſhrowds, and brings my green foreſts to my mind; the green foreſts of Gormal that often echoed to my winds, when my ſpear was red in the chace of the boar. Let dark Cuchullin yield to me the antient throne of Cormac, or Erin's torrents ſhall ſhew from their hills the red foam of the blood of his pride.

Sad is the ſound of Swaran's voice, ſaid Carril, of other times — Sad to himſelf alone, ſaid the blue-eyed ſon of Semo. But, Carril, raiſe thy voice on high, and tell the deeds of other times. Send thou the night away in ſong; and give the joy of grief. For many heroes and maids of love, have moved on Innis-

fail. And lovely are the ſongs of woe that are heard on Albion's rocks; when the noiſe of the chace is over, and the ſtreams of Cona anſwer to the voice of Oſſian.

In other days, Carril replies, came the ſons of Ocean to Erin. A thouſand veſſels bounded over the waves to Ullin's lovely plains. The ſons of Innis-fail aroſe to meet the race of dark-brown ſhields. Cairbar, firſt of men, was there, and Grudar, ſtately youth. Long had they ſtrove for the ſpotted bull, that lowed on Golbun's echoing heath. Each claimed him as his own; and death was often at the point of their ſteel.

Side by ſide the heroes fought, and the ſtrangers of Ocean fled. Whoſe name was fairer on the hill than the name of Cairbar and Grudar! But ah! why ever lowed the bull on Golbun's echoing heath? They ſaw him leaping like the ſnow. The wrath of the chiefs returned.

On Lubar's graſſy banks they fought, and Grudar like a ſun-beam, fell. Fierce Cairbar came to the vale of the echoing Tura, where Braſſolis, faireſt of his ſiſters, all alone, raiſed the ſong of grief. She ſung of the actions of Grudar, the youth of her ſecret ſoul. She mourned him in the field of blood; but ſtill ſhe hoped for his return. Her white bosom is ſeen from her robe, as the moon from the clouds of night. Her voice was ſofter than the harp to raiſe the ſong of grief. Her ſoul was fixed on Grudar; the ſecret look of her eye was his. When ſhalt thou come in thine arms, thou mighty in the war?

Take, Braſſolis, Cairbar came and ſaid, take Braſſolis this ſhield of blood. Fix it on high within my hall, the armour, of my foe. Her ſoft heart beat againſt her ſide. Diſtracted, pale, ſhe flew. She found her youth in all his blood; ſhe died on Cromla's heath. Here reſts their duſt, Cuchullin; and theſe two lonely yews, ſprung from their tombs, and wiſh to meet on high. Fair was Braſſolis on the plain, and Grudar on the hill. The bard ſhall preſerve their names, and repeat them to future times.

Pleaſant is thy voice, O Carril, ſaid the blue-eyed chief of Erin; and lovely are the words of other times. They are like the calm ſhower of ſpring, when the ſun looks on the field, and the light cloud flies over the hills. O ſtrike the harp in praiſe of my love,

the lonely ſun-beam of Dunſcaich. Strike the harp in the praiſe of Bragela, of her that I left in the iſle of Miſt, the ſpouſe of Semo's ſon. Doſt thou raiſe thy fair face from the rock to find the ſails of Cuchullin? The ſea is rolling far diſtant, and its white foam ſhall deceive thee for my ſails. Retire, for it is night, my love, and the dark winds ſigh in thy hair. Retire to the halls of my feaſts, and think of the times that are paſt: for I will not return till the ſtorm of war is ceaſed. O Connal, ſpeak of wars and arms, and ſend her from my mind, for lovely with her-raven hair is the white boſom'd daughter of Sorgian.

Connal, ſlow to ſpeak, replied; guard againſt the race of Ocean. Send thy troop of night abroad, and watch the ſtrength of Swaran. Cuchullin! I am for peace till the race of the deſart come; 'till Fingal come, the firſt of men, and beam, like the ſun, on our fields.

The hero ſtruck the ſhield of his alarms: the warriors of the night moved on. The reſt lay in the heath of the deer, and ſlept amidſt the duſky wind. The ghoſts of the lately dead were near, and ſwam on gloomy clouds. And far diſtant, in the dark ſilence of Lena, the feeble voices of death were heard.

End of the firſt Book.

The TRAVELLER; or a Proſpect of Society. GOLDSMITH.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy ſlow,
Or by the lazy *Scheld*, or wandering *Po*;
Or onward, where the rude *Carinthian* boor,
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where *Campania's* plain forſaken lyes,
A weary waſte expanding to the ſkies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend:

Bleſt

Bleſt be that ſpot, where chearful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;
Bleſt that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair;
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts with ſimple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around,
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale;
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wand'ring ſpent and care;
Impell'd, with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.
Even now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?
Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and ſplendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round,
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale,
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary ſtores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As ſome lone miſer viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the hoard of human bliſs ſo ſmall;

And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.

But where to find the happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own,
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long nights of revelry and eaſe;
The naked negroe, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boaſt, where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country ever is, at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare,
Tho' patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their bleſſings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at Labour's earneſt call;
With food as well the peaſant is ſupply'd
On *Idra's* cliffs, as *Arno's* ſhelvy ſide;
And tho' the rocky creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the bleſſings ſent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, conten'.
Yet theſe each other's pow'r ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Where wealth and freedem reign contentment fails,
And honour ſinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every ſtate to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to his favourite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to exceſs in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind,

Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt.

Far to the right where *Appenine* aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends;
Its uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the ſcene.
Could Nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky,
With vernal lives that bloſſom but to die;
Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.

But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious, though ſubmiſſive vain,
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And ev'n in pennance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate;
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long fallen column ſought the ſkies;
The canvaſs glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Commerce on other ſhores diſplay'd her ſail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a ſlave:
And late the nation found with fruitleſs ſkill,
Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.
Yet, ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupplied
By arts the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;
From theſe the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind,
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.

Here

Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſte - board triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child;
Each nobler aim repreſt by long controul,
Now ſinks at laſt, or feebly man's the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes, where *Caeſars* once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter - ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.

My ſoul turn from them, turn we to ſurvey,
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay;
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſions tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly ſues the mountains breaſt,
But meteors glare and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill, even here, content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts though ſmall,
He ſees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly Lord the ſumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Chearful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carrols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous plow - ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow - tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;

While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart;
And even thoſe ills, that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a child, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants but few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
For every want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt.
Whence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow;
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low,
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart,
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cow'ring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
Theſe far diſpers'd, on timourous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.

Gay

Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murmuring *Loire*?
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harſh touch faltering ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill;
Yet would the village praiſe my wonderous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burthen of threeſcore.
So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay,
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here.
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd, they give to get eſteem,
'Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.

But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd, or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought.
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimmace,
And trims her robes of frize, with tawdry lace,
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf applauſe.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where *Holland* lies,
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to grow.
Spreads its long arms admidſt the warry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore.
While the pent ocean riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave ſubjected ſoil,
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And induſtry begets a love of gain,
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itſelf is barter'd here.
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſlumber in the ſtorm.

Heavens! how unlike their *Belgic* ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the ſons of *Britain* now!
Fir'd at the ſound my genius ſpreads her wing
And flies where Britain courts the weſtern ſpring;
Where lawns extend that ſcorn *Arcadian* pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd *Hydaſpis* glide.
There all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray,
There gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind!
Stern o'er each boſom reaſon holds her ſtate,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by,
Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfaſhion'd, freſh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardineſs of ſoul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,

While even the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
And learns to venerate himſelf as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the bleſſings pictur'd here,
Thine are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bleſt indeed, were ſuch without alloy,
But foſter'd even by freedom ills annoy:
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
The ſelf-dependent lordlings ſtand alone,
All claims that bind and ſweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
Repreſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore,
'Till over-wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
Its motion ſtop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worſt. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love and honour, fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to theſe alone,
And talent ſinks, and merit weeps unknown;
'Till time may come, when ſtript of all her charms,
The land of ſcholars, and the nurſe of arms;
Where noble ſtems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame;
One ſink of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth that bid my ſoul aſpire,
Far from my boſom drive the low deſire;
And thou fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry ſteel;
Thou tranſitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's foſtering ſun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repreſs them to ſecure:
For juſt experience tells; in every ſoil,
That thoſe who think muſt govern thoſe that toil;
And all that freedom's higheſt aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, ſhould one order diſproportion'd grow,
Its double weight muſt ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aſpires!

Calm is my ſoul, nor apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves to purchaſe ſlaves at home;
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curſe me with that baleful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force.
Have we not ſeen, round Britain's peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore?
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waſte;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen at pleaſu e's lordly call,
The ſmiling long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;
Where wild *Oswego* ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And *Niagara* ſtuns with thund'ring ſound?
Even now, perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Through tangled foreſts, and through dangerous ways;
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown *Indian* marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Caſts a long look where *England's* glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind;

Why

Why have I ſtray'd, from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure.
Still to ourſelves in every place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith, and conſcience, all our own.

CHIRON'S *Advice to* ACHILLES.

Old *Chiron* to his pupil thus began,
When he beheld him rip'ning into man.
„Accompliſh'd Youth! well worthy of my pains,
„You now are free, and guide yourſelf the reins:
„Yet hear, *Achilles*, hear, before we part,
„A few ſhort precepts from a faithful heart.

„What tho' the gods a *Neſtor's* age deny!
„Let management a longer life ſupply,
„And learn, at leaſt, to live, before you die.

„A little tract, well till'd, more profit yields
„Than realms of wild, uncultivated fields.
„Tis not from length of years our pleaſures flow,
„Nor to the gods alone our bliſs we owe.
„Our happineſs, and pain depend on us:
„Man's his own good, or evil genius.

„Great ills by art we lighten, or remove,
„And art our meaneſt pleaſures may improve:
„Much to ourſelves is due, though much to Jove.

„Think not, young prince, your elevated ſtate,
„Birth, honours, or the empty name of great,
„Can fix your joys: they're ill ſecur'd, unleſs
„You know yourſelf to form your happineſs,

„Which in the ſhepherd's humble hut is found,
„While palaces with diſcord ſtill reſound.
„Fortune to induſtry is ever kind,
„And, though by the blind vulgar painted blind,
„Is ſtill more equal than the crowd ſuppoſe,
„Who judge of happineſs by outward ſhows;
„She ſmiles on all conditions, each may be
„A man of pleaſure in his own degree.

„Yet few with art their happineſs purſue,
„Though all mankind have happineſs in view,
„And every ſenſe ſeems made by nature's ſkill
„For giving pleaſure and avoiding ill.
„Nature, our common mother, has been kind,
„And for a race of joy her ſons deſign'd,
„Who long to reach the goal, yet lazy, lag behind;
„Or wholly blind, or doubtful how t'advance,
„They leave the work of induſtry to chance.
„And of thoſe few who with more active ſtrife
„Purſue this great, important end of life,
„Some, too impatient, know not how to wait;
„Or aim at things beyond their human ſtate:
„Theſe laſt through too much delicacy fall,
„And by refining rob themſelves of all.

„Shun then *Achilles*, ſhun the faults of ſuch,
„Who ſtill propoſe too little, or too much.
„Stretch not your hopes too far, nor yet deſpair,
„But above all, of indolence beware.
„Attend to what you do, or life will ſeem
„But a mere viſion, or fantaſtic dream,
„Paſs'd in ideas of delight, at beſt:
„While real pleaſure's loſt in doubtful reſt.
„In ſhort, learn when, and how to bear; in vain
„He pleaſure ſeeks, who is afraid of pain;
„Pleaſure's a ſerious thing, and cheaply bought
„By labour, patience, management, and thought.

„But you, aſpiring Youth, by nature ſeem
„Addicted to an oppoſite extreme;
„Impetuous, and reſtleſs, ſoon inflam'd,
„And, like a generous courſer, hardly tam'd;
„In all things violent: but O! diſdain,
„Brave prince, to let uſurping paſſion reign,
„In one raſh moment ſacrificing more
„Than years of ſad repentance may reſtore.

„As *Thracian* winds the *Euxine* ſea moleſt,
„So wrath, and envy, from an human breaſt
„Drive *Halcyon* peace, and baniſh kindly reſt.

„And no ſecurity for joy is found,
„But in a mind that's tractable and ſound.
„Suppreſs the firſt emotions of your ire,
„And ſmother in its birth the kindling fire.
„Ere anger yet poſſeſſes all your ſoul,
„Ere yet your boſom heaves, and eyeballs roll,
„Think on the uſefull precepts I have taught,
„And meet the riſing heat with wholſome thought.

Or ſeek the ſacred Muſes with your lyre,
„Who with ſweet peace to lonely ſhades retire;
„Gods, and the ſons of gods, the heroes, ſing,
„While hills and vallies with their praiſes ring;
„Theſe learn to imitate, and thoſe adore,
„And ſweetly to yourſelf, yourſelf reſtore;
„Muſic, and verſe, and ſolitude controul
„Impetuous fury, and compoſe the ſoul.

For this, I early taught you how to ſing,
„And form'd your fingers to the trembling ſtring;
„For 'tis not all ſweet pleaſure's path to ſhow:
„The art of conſolation man ſhould know:
„Our joys are ſhort, and broken; and in vain
„ To conſtant bliſs would human race attain:
„ Be oft contented to be free from pain.
„There is a deity, ordain'd by fate
„To damp our joys immoderately great,
„That none on earth from ſorrow ſhould be free,
„But ev'n our bleſſings taſte of miſery.
„If fortune gives, what rarely we obtain,
„An equal ſhare of pleaſure, and of pain,
„Our portion is o'erpaid, the reſt you'll find
„But fond ideas of the wanton mind;
„Which now vain ſcenes of godlike pleaſure ſhows,
„And now creates imaginary woes.

„When ſad, your ills examine and compare,
„Judge of your own by what another's are.
„Conſider greater wretches, and the fates
„Of mighty heroes, and of mighty ſtates:
„Thus real evils in their proper light
„Appear, the falſe thus vaniſh out of ſight.

„Nor aim at pleaſures difficult to gain,
„Chooſe rather what you may with eaſe obtain.
„Who ſcorns to trifle, is by pride abus'd:
„I pity him who ne'er can be amus'd;
„But ſlighting pleaſures moderate and ſmall,
„Muſt live in rapture, or not live at all.
„Great pleaſures ſtill are near ally'd to pain:
„Who quits the peaceful ſhore, and ploughs the main,
„Big waves and mighty tempeſts muſt ſuſtain.

„Let not ſuch fond ambition to be bleſt,
„The humbler pleaſures in your power moleſt;
„Yet cheriſh hope; for without hope there's none:
„Taſte hope; but be not fed with that alone:
„Some their whole lives in expectation ſpend,
„As life were not begun, or ne'er would end:
„Fondly from day to day themſelves deceive,
„Not living, but intending ſtill to live;
„While they neglect the joys they might poſſeſs,
„For empty dreams of future happineſs.

„Let nature in your pleaſures be your guide,
„Nor ſuffer art her genuine charms to hide:
„Her beauties with unwearied eyes we ſee;
„The truth of beauty is ſimplicity.
„Live not by imitation, ſervile ſtate!
„Nor on the faſhion for your pleaſures wait.
„Man, otherwiſe ſo ſelfiſh, or ſo proud,
„Submits his taſte to the fantaſtic croud,
„And lives not for himſelf; do you purſue
„Your own deſires, and to yourſelf be true.

„As bees extract their ſweets from every flow'r,
„So you your joys from all things in your pow'r,
„With induſtry and management produce;
„The meaneſt trifles are ſometimes of uſe.

„You know well what you do, and when 'tis done,
„Nor at all hours to every pleaſure run;
„But mix with art your pleaſures, and your toils;
„For pleaſures have their ſeaſons, and their ſoils.
„Thus when the earlieſt dawn of eaſtern light
„Proclaims the finiſh'd empire of the night,
„Haſte to the field, *Achilles*, nor diſdain
„To chace the foaming monſter o'er the plain,
„Or teach the untam'd ſteed to feel the rein:

„Or

„Or let your car and arms your nerves prepare,
„Or for *Olympic* games or future war:
„Then, whether arts or glory fire your mind,
„Will thoughts more generous rise, or more refin'd;
„Aurora to the Muses still is kind.

„At noon, a simple short repast be made;
„A shorter slumber in the cooling shade;
„What's gay and light th'unbended mind employs,
„Or sports, on past delights, or future joys.
„But when the ev'ning star begins to rise,
„When *Phoebus'* fainting steeds forsake the skies,
„Still chearful at the well-spread board be found,
„Amidst bright friends, and with fresh garlands crown'd;
„While wine, and *Thais* with her lyre,
„Banish old sorrows, and new joys inspire.
„Thus when from toils of empire you are free,
„Nor camp, nor council claim your liberty.
„The morn to labour and the *Muses* give,
„At noon with temperance and quiet live;
„*Ceres'* and *Bacchus'* gifts at ev'ning prove;
„Divide the night with Somnus and with Love.

„Thus, thus, *Pelides*, drive your cares away,
„Nor fear the evil, till the evil day.
„What though on *Simois'* or *Scamander's* shore,
„Far off from home, the *Greeks* your death deplore?
„No matter where, or when; it once must be,
„And nothing can revoke the firm decree.
„Though *Thetis'* son, though third from mighty *Jove*,
„Eternal monarch of the realms above,
„Nor Jove, nor *Thetis*, can your days recall,
„Or for an hour defer your destin'd fall.
„Mean while a looser rein to pleasure give:
„Time flies in haste, be you in haste to live:
„Seize on the precious minutes, as they fleet;
„Your life, however short, will be compleat,
„If at the fatal moment you can say,
„I've liv'd, and made the most of every day!

„One precept more I fain would recommend,
„And then old *Chiron's* tedious lessons end.
„Learn gen'rous prince, what's little understood,
„The godlike happiness of doing good.
„How glorious to defend, and to bestow!
„From nobler springs can human pleasure flow?

„A ſolid good which nothing can deſtroy,
„The beſt prerogative the great enjoy.
„For this, remember, monarchs firſt were made,
„For this, young prince, be lov'd, and be obey'd:
„At once yourſelf, and mighty nations bleſs,
„And make humanity your happineſs.

„But now *Aurora* uſhers in the day,
„And fond, expecting *Peleus* chides your ſtay.
„Go then, brave Youth, where'er the fates may call;
„Live with deſign, and fearleſs wait thy fall.
„Whatever ſpace of life the gods decree,
„Thy name is ſtill immortal; for I ſee
„More than another *Peleus* riſe in thee.
„Thy fame the prince § of ſacred bards ſhall fire,
„Thy deeds the conqueſt † of the world inſpire."

ANNINGAIT and AJUTT,
or the *Greenland* Lovers; A TALE:
inſcribed to DR. JOHNSON.

O *Johnſon!* fam'd for elegance and ſenſe,
Whoſe works inſtruction and delight diſpenſe;
Where nice correction charms our wondering eyes,
And in whoſe lines embelliſh'd beauties riſe;
Say! will you deign this humble verſe to hear,
Sprung from your thoughts, and nurtur'd by your care:
A female bard, unknown to wit or fame,
To you inſcribes what from your genius § came.
Love, powerful Love, each being can controul,
Brighten the mind, and animate the ſoul:
Love can with truth, the mighty magic boaſt,
Of ſacred warmth amidſt eternal froſt;
Witneſs fair *Ajutt*, pride of icy plains,
Where darkneſs half the year triumphant reigns,

And

§ Homer.
† By Alexander, who had Homer's Iliad always with him, propoſing it for his example.
§ This elegant Tale, which is originally in proſe, was written by Dr. Johnſon, and is inſerted in the fourth volume of the Ramoler.

And faithful, generous *Anningait*, the youth,
By Love taught ſoftneſs, by that ſoftneſs truth:
Both flouriſh'd ſweet on *Greenland's* rigid coaſt,
Pure as their ſnow, and conſtant as their froſt;
No poliſh'd arts of ſpecious vice they knew,
The youth was noble, and the maid was true;
From earlieſt dawn their charms no rival ſaw,
By nature bleſt beyond her uſual law;
No *Greenland* ſwain like *Anningait* could dare,
To fix th' harpoon, or rouſe the whale to war;
From his firm hand the unerring javelin flew,
His bark ſure loaded by the ſeal he ſlew;
Bleſt in his friends, illuſtrious was his race,
Grac'd by his birth, his birth his actions grace.

'Twas at a ſolemn feaſt in *Greenland* held,
Where beauteous *Ajutt* every nymph excell'd,
That *Anningait* firſt ſaw the blooming fair,
With modeſt ſenſe, and unaffected air;
He gaz'd with rapture! *Ajutt* did the ſame!
Their ſouls, congenial, caught the riſing flame;
On her alone he fix'd his firm regard,
The choiceſt whale was to her board preferr'd;
A ſpotleſs ermine (emblem of her mind)
To deck her ſhoulder he from his reſign'd;
With theſe a gift of greater prize beſtow'd,
A heart all hers, a heart ſupremely good:
To ſing her charms his artleſs voice was fir'd,
Hence flow'd the lay which love and ſhe inſpir'd.

„*Ajutt*, more beauteous than the willow's ſhade,
„Fragrant as mountain-thyme, inchanting maid.
„Whoſe taper fingers white and poliſh'd are,
„As morſe's teeth, and nimble as the hare;
„Thy ſmiles as grateful as diſſolving ſnow,
„When welcome ſunſhine bids our lakes to flow;
„Far as e'er thought can trace I'd thee purſue,
„And be thy guardian and thy lover too;
„No power ſhall *Ajutt* from her love divide,
„Nor midland cliffs, nor eaſtern caverns hide;
„Not the malignant genius of the rock,
„Our foe avow'd, rapacious *Amarock*,
„Should from my faithful arm my *Ajutt* tear,
„That arm unwearied ſhould protect my fair;
„Even *Huffgufa*, the fear of every maid,
„I'd dauntleſs meet, nor once his proweſs dread;

„Be

„Be kind then, *Ajutt*, and my paſſion try,
„Who lives but in thy ſmile, without thy ſmile muſt die;
„And may that wretch, if ſuch a wretch there be,
„Who blaſts our union, or dare envy me,
„Be in his icy bed for ever laid,
„Without his bow, nor wept by faithful maid;
„And in the land of ſouls, when he arrives,
„And new to life in that dread clime revives,
„May then his ſcull the burning drops receive
„From ſtarry lamps, nor other gift relieve;
„For ſure, by fate, fair *Ajutt* muſt be mine,
„Pure is my paſſion, and my flame divine."

Th' attentive fiſhers, *Greenland's* choiceſt ſwains,
Enraptur'd, liſten, and approve his ſtrains;
The nymphs on *Ajutt* caſt an envious eye,
And wiſh their fate with ſuch a ſwain to try;
While ſhe, tho' pleas'd, conceals the ſoft regard,
And beauty's power exerts to be the more rever'd.

But now, long abſent Sol, the god of day,
Began his beams on ſparkling froſt to play;
The ſnow diſſolves, long ſtagnant waters riſe,
A new creation ſeems to greet their eyes;
The *Greenland* youths the happy omen hail,
Prepare for combat with the mighty whale;
With active ardor all renew their toil,
And count in thought the treaſures of their oil;
Foremoſt in all ſee *Anningait* appear,
For lovely *Ajutt* deigns the toil to ſhare;
Her preſence animates the hero's mind,
He ruſh'd on danger fleeter than the wind;
With agile arm th' aſtoniſh'd ſea- horſe ſtruck,
And drew him, panting, on his well-fixed hook,
In utmoſt depths the diving ſeal purſued,
And pierc'd th'emerging whale, with ſinewy ſtrengthendu'd;
And when, with loaded bark, to land they ſteer,
With active ſkill he caught the dappled deer;
Their gloſſy ſkins he dreſt to deck his bride,
But hope and anxious fear his breaſt divide;
For ſtill fair *Ajutt* further proof demands,
Ere nuptial rites ſhould join their plighted hands;
To diſtant ſhores commands the youth to rove,
To find if abſence could abate his love;
Bad him in ſearch of wandering whales to roam,
To crown their board when winter call'd h m home;

He muſt comply — implicit he obeys,
Her will is law — what more a lover ſways?
Yet, 'ere he went, her tent with flowers he ſtrews,
Refreſh'd with ſweeteſt of the *Iceland* dews;
Balmy as *Ajutt's* breath, the new-born flowers
Might boaſt of fragrance with Arcadian bowers;
Theſe as he ſtrew'd, to *Ajutt* thus he ſaid,

"Attend — and mark — inexorable maid:
See in theſe bloſſoms beauty's ſhort-liv'd power,
Beauty as fading as the morning flower;
This hour preſents them lovely to thy view,
Impearl'd with fragrance, deck'd in orient dew;
Another comes, no more they cheer thine eye,
And 'ere a third revolves, they droop and die;
Such, my lov'd *Ajutt*, is the life we boaſt,
A tranſient dream which 'ere enjoy'd is loſt:
Why wilt thou then enforce thy harſh command,
And drive me wretched to the diſtant ſtrand?
Why wilt thou not my plighted vow receive,
And be my partner on the boiſterous wave?
Then could I fearleſs every danger try,
What danger can I dread when *Ajutt's* by?
O! virgin, beauteous as the ſunny beam,
Which glittering dances on the limpid ſtream,
Once more reflect — recall the ſad decree,
Be juſt to *Ajutt*, and be kind to me;
Think, ere I go, what froſts, what fogs may riſe,
And, join'd, preclude thy preſence from my eyes;
Thou know'ſt, my fair, our clime, condemn'd to froſt,
Of days and nights alternate cannot boaſt,
Like thoſe gay climes by lying ſtrangers told;
Where houſes ſcreen them from inclement cold;
Ere my return dread winter's bird may ſing,
And night o'ertake me with an eagle's wing;
What then in thoſe lone months can cheer my ſoul?
Not ſeal, delicious, nor the flowing bowl;
The flaming lamps without thy eyes would fade,
Nor healing oil could cure the wound they made?"

In vain the youth his utmoſt art eſſay'd,
Perſuaſion mov'd not, nor ſoft pity ſway'd,
Perverſely fix'd, he found the cruel maid:

But ere he went, his laſt reſpect to ſhow,
Seven ermine ſkins, that rival'd *Greenland's* ſnow,
With five fair ſwans, he as a tribute gave,
And ſeals freſh bleeding from the briny wave,

With marble lamps, and oil of curious taſte,
To deck her board, and crown the rich repaſt:
With joy refin'd, this gift the nymph receiv'd,
As proof of love, from him in whom ſhe liv'd;
Then trembling wiſh'd the parting pang was o'er,
While pitying ſighs her love-lorn boſom tore.

The ready boat the tardy youth upbraids,
And frequent ſummons from the rowing maids —
"I come, he cries — my *Ajutt* lov'd adieu —
"Forget me not, my fair, — be juſt — be true."
The words, by grief, half frozen on his tongue,
He ſigh'd — ſhe wept — and on his boſom hung;
Then vow'd unchanging love, and fervent pray'd
The powers to guard him for his faithful maid;
And that no mermaid, ſyren of the deep,
Might ſnatch her love, or give her cauſe to weep;
With ſorrow, tender as the conſtant dove,
Who mourns the tedious abſence of her love,
Did *Anningait* his lovely *Ajutt* leave,
And from her wiſh his only joy receive:
With hers, his own he joins, and prays each power,
To guard his maid, and haſte their nuptial hour;
Then onward moves; now looks a laſt adieu,
While tender eloquence his cheeks bedew;
Thrice he attempts his floating bark to leave,
And ſwim to *Ajutt* o'er the daſhing wave;
Like ſome fair image *Ajutt* lifeleſs ſtands;
Surveys his boat, and marks the printed ſands;
Till waves and rocks her proſpect intercept,
Her hut then ſought, and there in private wept;
But, rous'd by hope of *Anningait's* return,
Each female art ſhe tries in various turn;
One hour the greeneſt moſs ſhe culls with care,
And dries the graſs for *Anningait* to wear;
Of ſofteſt ſkins a fiſhing coat ſhe wrought,
Of curious form, like him of whom ſhe thought;
A boat of tougheſt ſkins together ſew'd,
And as ſhe work'd each tender vow renew'd;
Then in ſoft numbers each good genius prays,
To guide her ſwain thro' Terror's pathleſs ways;
And that his nervous arm might ſtronger prove,
Than the fierce bear, nor aught annoy her love;
That his ſwift darts unerring he might guide,
That his tough boat might bravely ſtem the tide;
That the crack'd ice might ne'er his feet betray,
Nor his harpoon might ever fail the prey.

Thus in lone ſadneſs *Ajutt* ſtill remains,
Nor joins the maidens on the jocund plains;
Her locks unbraided o'er her ſhoulders flow,
In beauteous negligence, and pomp of woe;
Their rural ſports ſhe now no more adorns,
Nor thinks of joy till *Anningait* returns;
While he, by calms detain'd, or tempeſt toſt,
Vainly attempts to reach the deſtin'd coaſt,
Baniſh'd from Ajutt all his joys are loſt,
Sighing he ſtands, and views the ruffled main,
And thus to life compares the varied ſcene.

"O! frail, uncertain ſtate, where ſhall we find
A truer emblem of the human mind,
Than in the floating ice, by billows toſt,
It towers on high, there ſparkles and is loſt;
The ſun-beams, bright, diſſolve the glittering toy,
And rocks, below, their hidden power employ;
Each cauſe concurs this certain truth to prove,
No joys are permanent but thoſe above:
What art thou, Pleaſure! fleeting as a dream!
Which ſudden blazes like a northern gleam,
That plays a moment on our dazzled eyes,
Then palls, and fades, and in an inſtant dies:
What art thou Love! the whirlpool of our reſt!
The fatal eddy of the human breaſt;
The ſoft ſenſation, that unſeen obtains
Such ſovereign ſway, ſoon abſolute it reigns:
Had not my eyes thy charms, O *Ajutt!* trac'd,
The ſweet expreſſions that thy perſon grac'd;
The winning ſoftneſs, and th' attracting mien,
Which conſcious ſpoke the graces dwelt within,
Then had I ſtill with downy eaſe been bleſt,
Slept like the careleſs morſe in vacant reſt,
Joyous as minſtrels in the ſtarry ſphere,
Had felt no grief, a ſtranger ſtill to care:
But, if my lovely fair will true remain,
How light each toil, and overpaid each pain;
That ſweet reflection ſhall my peace reſtore,
She's juſt as fair, and we ſhall part no more:
That thought, my *Ajutt*, ſhall my nerves new-brace,
I'll hunt the raindeer to the utmoſt chace;
A few weeks paſt, then loaded I'll return,
And love's pure flame for us ſhall grateful burn;
Roefiſh and porpoiſe ſhall thy kindred feaſt,
And thou ſhalt ſmile on every friendly gueſt;

The fox and hare ſhall *Ajutt's* couch enfold,
And ſeals tough ſkins ſhall ſcreen thee from the cold
The marble lamps with ſweeteſt oil I'll fill,
To light thy tent, and fragrant fumes diſtill;
Haſte then, O time! add ſwiftneſs to thy flight,
For without *Ajutt*, horrid were the night."

Thus was the youth alternate captive led,
By ſmiling hope, dismay, and anxious dread;
Till rous'd by ſpouting whales his ardour glows,
He with new courage to the combat goes;
Ajutt, a ſweet recluſe from all ſhe lov'd,
Retirement wooed, by ſocial joys unmov'd;
True to her love as is th' attracted ſteel,
In thought feels every woe that he might feel.

Once as ſhe ſtray'd, by gentle labour led;
Drying ſoft ſkins to deck her lover's bed;
Nornſuck, a mighty chief among their ſwains,
Return'd from hunting on the diſtant plains;
The maid he raptur'd views, with ſoft ſurprize,
And falls a victim to her conquering eyes;
Fair without gaudy pomp, or ſtudied art,
Her native beauty ſtruck the hero's heart;
By love o'er-awed, whoſe power he now firſt knew
Speechleſs he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
But ready hope her healing ſuccour ſends,
And bids him gain the fair-one by her friends;
For much he fear'd his ſuit to *Ajutt* vain,
Yet bleſs'd the abſence of her favour'd ſwain;
Revolves with joy his birth and mighty ſtore,
For his great wealth, no *Greenland* ſwain had more;
With theſe reſolves her parents faith to try,
And hopes their power might win her to comply;
Yet firſt preſumes his paſſion to diſcloſe,
And o'er her neck a dappled deer-ſkin throws;
This with disdain the faithful maid returns,
And then for *Anningait* a-freſh ſhe mourns:

Her father's diſtant hutt he inſtant ſought,
His worth explain'd, and every tender thought,
Which ſoon their ſordid minds to his opinion wrought.

Home when the maid returns, with artful tale,
They praiſe young *Nornſuck*, hero of the vale;
His power, his wealth, they ſet in dazzling light,
His vaſt poſſeſſions for th'approaching night;
How bright his form (for true the youth was fair)
In graceful ringlets flow'd his jetty hair,

His

His perſon pleaſing, and quick piercing eye,
That might for brightneſs with the eagle's vie;
His ardent paſſion crown'd the irkſome tale,
But vain each art that dar'd her truth aſſail;
With ſilent ſcorn th'amazing change ſhe hears,
That they forget her vow and daily tears;
At laſt, long urg'd, ſhe painful ſilence broke,
And thus her ſentiments in anguiſh ſpoke:
„Sooner ſhall whales their liquid world forſake,
„And ſeek for paſtime in the half froze lake;
„Sooner ſhall endleſs night o'er *Greenland* reign,
„And cheering ſun-ſhine never gild the plain,
„Than I in thought or word my love forego,
„Fix'd as my native froſt, unblemiſh'd as my ſnow."
Then ſwift as bounding hart away ſhe fled,
And travers'd hill or dale as fancy led;
Firmly reſolv'd the hutt to ſee no more,
Till *Anningait* arriv'd on *Greenland's* ſhore;
A willing exile from her father's board,
Her wants ſupplied from nature's varied hoard;
She oft high cliffs aſcends, and eager eyes,
The diſtant main in curling billows riſe;
Each time new hope her anxious boſom cheers,
Nay more than hope, for now the boat appears;
The wiſh'd for bark in loaden pomp returns,
Wild with the joy no longer now ſhe mourns,
But darts with rapid eaſe o'er hill and dale,
Now ſcours the plain, or ſkims along the vale;
Till faint with joy ſhe gains the pebbled ſhore,
And hails the bark, and hears the daſhing oar;
Then with loud rapture calls her deſtin'd mate,
Her life, her lord, her much lov'd *Anningait*;
But the glad ſounds no *Anningait* repays,
Trembling ſhe wonders at th'unkind delays;
Eager the cruel reaſon ſhe demands,
When drop the oars from each one's nerveleſs hands;
Aghaſt they gaze, as *Anningait* ſhe calls,
Nor know what fate the hapleſs ſwain befalls;
The youth impatient long before was gone,
In a ſwift boat unloaded and alone;
Their tedious voyage Love could not approve,
That ſo long kept him from expecting Love;
But how, or where he was, they knew no more,
Than ſhe, juſt lifeleſs, on the crouded ſhore;
With horror ſtruck, immoveable ſhe ſtands,
And wets, with copious tears, the thirſty ſands;

The virgin train in ſocial woe attend,
And all bewail the anguiſh of their friend;
Her kindred round now mourn, then ſooth her woes,
And from each friendly tongue perſuaſion flows;
They try to win her home, and calm her mind,
But ſhe was deaf as rocks, and heedleſs as the wind;
With gentle force, at laſt, they brought her there,
And ſeek each lenitive to ſooth her care;
Then her ſoft couch with ſleekeſt ſkins they ſpread,
And lead her gently to her long-left bed;
Then pray'd the downy god to ſeal her eyes,
And that ſweet peace again might with her riſe;
She thankful heard, but knew their wiſh was vain,
From *Anningait*, thus torn, all life was pain;
Yet lulls her grief with ſad reflection's power,
That forth unheeded in the ſilent hour,
When the ſoft deity their pillows ſtrew'd,
And in ſweet ſlumber every ſenſe ſubdu'd,
She might with ſafety gain the late-left ſhore,
And for her love each terror would explore:
With double pain th'unwilling moments fly,
Till all was huſh'd, and clos'd was every eye;
Then inſtant quits her once lov'd place of reſt,
Where peace long dwelt, tho' now no more a gueſt;
Softly ſhe ſtole her ſleeping friends to view,
And look'd, and ſigh'd, a tender, laſt adieu;
Now filial tenderneſs her boſom tore,
That thoſe dear objects ſhe might ſee no more:
But what, O! nature, are thy feeble ties?
When love inſpires, thy ſweet ſenſation flies:
Her fear-wing'd feet the diſtant ſhore ſoon gain,
Seize the firſt boat, then boldly plough the main;
Nor more her native *Greenland* ever trod,
Nor yet the youth; Some think an angry god,
The potent genius of the floods and rock,
Fierce *Haffgufa*, or dreaded *Amarock*,
Detain'd them priſoners in their coral caves,
Whoſe pearly pavements ſhine thro' lucid waves;
Others, with kinder hope, this truth declare,
That chang'd to ſtars they grace the hemiſphere.

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN a Country Church Yard: GRAY.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd winds flowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
  And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
  And drouſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
  Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.
Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew trees ſhade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
  The rude fore fathers of the hamlet ſleep.
The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
  The ſwallow, twitt'ring from the ſtraw built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
  Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
Nor children run to liſp their ſire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.
Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
  How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!
Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
  Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful ſmile,
  The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.
The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike th' inevitable hour:
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
  If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where, thro' the long drawn iſle and fretted vault,
  The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
  Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
  Or flatt'ry ſoothe the dull cold ear of death?
Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
  Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the ſpoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the ſoul.
Full many a gem, of pureſt ray ſerene,
  The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
  And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.
Some village Hampden, that, with dauntleſs breaſt,
  The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt;
  Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.
Th'applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
  And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
  And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
  To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incenſe, kindled at the muſe's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
  Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool, ſequeſter'd vale of life,
  They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.
Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
  Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
  Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.
Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
  The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
  That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to dye.
For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
  This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,

Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
  Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring, look behind?
On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
  Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
  Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.
For thee, who, mindful of th'unhonour'd dead,
  Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
  Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,
Haply ſome hoary headed ſwain may ſay,
  „Oft have we ſeen him, at the peep of dawn,
Bruſhing, with haſty ſteps, the dews away,
  To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.
There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
  That writhes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
  And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling, as in ſcorn,
  Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he wou'd rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
  Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.
One morn I miſs'd him on th' acuſtom'd hill,
  Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
The next, with dirges due, in ſad array,
  Slow thro' the church-yard path we ſaw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
  Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
  A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
  And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
  Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear;
  He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.
No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
  The boſom of his Father and his God.

BAUCIS and PHILEMON:

SWIFT.

In ancient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtrole about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the ſtrollers' canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door, in vain;
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win,
But not a ſoul would let 'em in.
Our wand'ring ſaints, in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village paſs'd,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt;
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood *Philemon*,
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night;
And then, the hoſpitable fire
Bid goody *Baucis* mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of Bacon, off the hook,
And, freely, from the fatteſt ſide,
Cut out large ſlices, to be fry'd;
Then ſtepp'd aſide to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry — what art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand;

Good folks, you need not be afraid;
We are but ſaints, the hermits ſaid;
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours;
But, for that pack of churliſh boors,
Not fit to live on chriſtian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke, when, fair and ſoft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple, with a ſpire.
The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt;
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below;
In vain, for a ſuperior force,
Apply'd at bottom, ſtops its courſe:
Doom'd ever in ſuſpence to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt, by diſuſe, the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlower.
The flyer, though't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick, you ſcarce could ſee't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide;
The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But up againſt the ſteeple rear'd;
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And, ſtill, its love to houſehold cares,
By a ſhrill voice, at noon declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roaſt meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in public view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that, in a row,
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were, now, but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads paſted on the wall,
Of *Joan* of France, and Engliſh *Moll*,
Fair *Roſamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The little children in the Wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundant better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.
A bedſtead, of the antique mode,
Compact, of timber many a load;
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.

The Cottage, by ſuch feats as theſe,
Grown to a church by juſt degrees;
The Hermits then deſir'd their hoſt,
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em thanks in homely ſtyle:
Then ſaid, "My houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks I ſtill would call it mine:
I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
Make me the Parſon, if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke; and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding ſleeve;
His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
But, being old, continu'd juſt
As threadbare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of tythes and dues:
He ſmoak'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface, and the text:
At chriſt'nings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart;
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt.
Againſt Diſſenters would repine,
And ſtood up firm for right divine;

Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem:
But claſſic authors — he ne'er miſs'd 'em.

Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame *Baucis*, next, they play'd their farce on:
Inſtead of home ſpun coifs, were ſeen,
Good pinners, edg'd with Colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd a-pace,
Became black ſattin, flounc'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great ſurprize,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim,
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life,
Were, ſeveral years, this man and wife;
When, on a day which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,
They went, by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the church yard, to take a walk:
When *Baucis* haſtily cry'd out,
„My Dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!"
„Sprout!" quoth the man, "what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And, really, your's is budding too —
Nay — now I cannot ſtir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Deſcription would but tire my muſe;
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to Yews.
Old Goodman *Dobſon* of the Green,
Remembers he the trees has ſeen:
He'll talk of them from noon 'till night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight:
On ſundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either Yew;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew:
Till, once, a Parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut *Baucis* down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So the next Parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST,

or the Power of Muſic; an ODE, on St. CECILIA'S DAY. DRYDEN.

'Twas at the Royal Feaſt, for Perſia won,
By *Philip's* warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate,
The god-like hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd:)
The lovely *Thais* by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming *Eaſtern* bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the Fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd:
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.
The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, thy ſhout around:
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:

With

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd ears
The Monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of *Bacchus*, then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young:
The jolly God in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He ſhows his honeſt face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the Soldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' bleſsings are a treaſure;
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

Sooth'd with the ſound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful Muſe
Softpity to infuſe:

He

He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deſerted, at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.

With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master ſmil'd, to ſee
That Love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to Love.
Softly ſweet in LYDIAN meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely *Thais* ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the Gods provide thee,
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.
The prince' unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

CHORUS.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
See the furies ariſe:
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are *Grecian* ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy!
And the King ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like an other *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

CHORUS.

And the King ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus,

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute!
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame!
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old *Timotheus* yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an Angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt, divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame,
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
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She drew an Angel down.

REFLECTIONS at an Inn, by the ſea-ſide, after a dangerous VOYAGE: by a CLERGYMAN.

Bring me, O bring me to my Juliet's arms,
Whoſe beauty glads me, and whoſe virtue charms:
O ſnatch me ſwift from theſe tumultuous ſcenes,
To where love knows not what affliction means:
To where religion, peace, and comfort dwell,
And cheer with heavenly rays my lonely cell:
To where no ruffling winds, no raging ſeas,
Diſturb the muſe amidſt her penſive eaſe:
Each paſſion calm; each mild affection mine;
Each ſocial grace; each human; each divine;
Unknown in private, or in public ſtrife,
Soft ſailing down the placid ſtream of life:
Aw'd by no terrors, with no cares perplex'd;
This life my gentle paſsage, to the next.
Yet if it pleaſe thee beſt thou power ſupreme!
To drive my little bark thro' life's more rapid ſtream,
If lowering ſtorms my deſtin'd courſe attend,
And ocean rage till this black voyage end;
Let ocean rage, let ſtorms indignant roar,
I bow ſubmiſſive; and, reſign'd adore:
Reſign'd adore; in various changes tried;
Thy own lov'd ſon, my anchor, and my guide:
Reſign'd adore; whate'er thy will decree,
My faith in Jeſus. and my hope in thee.
O happieſt lot! if thro' a ſea of woes,
I reach that harbour where the juſt repoſe.

THE CEREMONIAL.

"Sir, will you pleaſe to walk before?"
No, pray, Sir—you are next the door.
"Upon my honour, I'll not ſtir!"
Sir, I'm at home; conſider, Sir.
"Excuſe me, Sir, I'll not go firſt."
Well, if I *muſt* be rude, I *muſt*;
But yet I wiſh I could evade it;
'Tis ſtrangely clowniſh — *be* perſuaded, &c. &c.

— Go

—Go forward, cits! go forward, ſquires!
Nor ſcruple each, what each admires.
Life ſquares not, friends' with your proceeding:
It flies, while you diſplay your breeding:
Such breeding as one's grannam preaches,
Or ſome old dancing maſter teaches —
O for ſome rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or at leaſt half mellow,
To come behind you, unawares,
And fairly puſh you both down ſtairs!
But *Death's* at hand — Let me adviſe ye,
Go forward, friends — or he'll ſurprize ye.

THOUGHTS on LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY:

DR. YOUNG.

Tir'd Nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where Fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſully'd with a tear.

From ſhort, as uſual, and diſturb'd repoſe,
I wake: how happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infeſt the grave.
I wake, emerging from a ſea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd deſponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancy'd miſery,
At random drove, her helm of Reaſon loſt:
Tho' now reſtor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) ſeverer for ſevere.
The day too ſhort for my diſtreſs; and Night,
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is ſunſhine, to the colour of my fate.

Night, ſable goddeſs! from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and Darkneſs how profound!
Nor eye, nor liſt'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulſe

Of life ſtood ſtill, and Nature made a pauſe;
An awful pauſe! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be ſoon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain: I can loſe no more.
Silence and Darkneſs! ſolemn ſiſters! twins
From antient Night, who nurſe the tender thought
To Reaſon, and on reaſon build reſolve,
(That column of true majeſty in man)
Aſſiſt me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame ſhall fall
A victim ſacred to your dreary ſhrine.
But what are ye?

Thou, who didſt put to flight
Primæval Silence, when the morning ſtars,
Exulting, ſhouted o'er the riſing ball:
O thou, whoſe word from ſolid Darkneſs ſtruck
That ſpark, the ſun, ſtrike wisdom from my ſoul;
My ſoul, which flies to thee, her truſt, her treaſure,
As miſers to their gold, while others reſt.
Thro' this opake of Nature, and of Soul,
This double night tranſmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various ſcenes of life and death;
And, from each ſcene, the nobleſt truths inſpire.
Nor leſs inſpire my Conduct than my ſong;
Teach my beſt reaſon, reaſon; my beſt will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm reſolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell ſtrikes One. We take no note of time,
But from its loſs. To give it, then, a tongue,
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours;
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the ſignal that demands diſpatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and, o'er life's narrow verge
Look down — On what? A fathomleſs abyſs;
A dread eternity! How ſurely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor penſioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,

How complicate, how wonderful, is man?
How paſſing wonder *He*, who made him ſuch?
Who centred in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes?
From diff'rent natures, marvelouſly mixt,
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſht link in Being's endleſs chain!
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, fully'd, and abſorpt!
Tho' ſully'd, and diſhonour'd ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! A frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! Inſect infinite!
A worm! A God! I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! At home, a ſtranger;
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'd, aghaſt,
And wond'ring at her own: how Reaſon reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my life? or what deſtroy?
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis paſt conjecture; all things riſe in proof:
While o'er my limbs Sleep's ſoft dominion ſpread,
What tho' my ſoul phantaſtic meaſures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathleſs woods; or down the craggy ſteep
Hurl'd headlong, ſwam with pain the mantled pool;
Or ſcal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic ſhapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaſeleſs flight, tho' devious, ſpeaks her nature,
Of ſubtler eſſence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her groſs companion's fall.
Ev'n ſilent Night proclaims my ſoul immortal:
Ev'n ſilent Night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heav'n huſbands all events:
Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in vain.
Why, then, their loſs deplore, that are not loſt?
Why wanders wretched Thought their tombs around,
In infidel diſtreſs? Are angels there;
Slumbers, rak'd up in duſt, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderneſs, let heav'nly pity fall
On me, more juſtly number'd with the dead.

This

This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous! how vital is the grave!
This is Creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shdow, all beyond
Is substance: the reverse is Folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of Being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre, as yet, is shut; and Death,
Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumb'ring in his fire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hope without one sigh.
Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heav'n
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality
On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
In *his* full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push Eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires;
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At ought this scene can threaten, or indulge,
Resembles Ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself;
How was my heart incrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er

With ſoft conceit of endleſs comfort here.
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the ſkies!
Night-viſions may befriend (as ſung above:)
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impoſſible? (Could ſleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change?
Of ſtable pleaſures on the toſſing wave?
Eternal ſunſhine in the ſtorms of life?
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapeſtries of pictur'd joys?
Joy behind joy, in endleſs perſpective!
Till, at Death's roll, whoſe reſtleſs iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myſelf undone.
Where, now, my phrenſy's pompous furniture?
The cobwebb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!
The ſpider's moſt attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly Bliſs; it breaks at ev'ry breeze.

O ye bleſt ſcenes of permanent delight!
Full, above meaſure! laſting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliſs is bliſs.
Could you, ſo rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghaſtly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadiſe the realms of light?
Safe are you lodg'd above theſe rolling ſpheres;
The baleful Influence of whoſe giddy dance
Sheds ſad viciſſitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour;
And rarely for the better; or the beſt,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its ſickle emulous
Of Time's enormous Scythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet domeſtic comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs.
Bliſs! ſublunary Bliſs! Proud words, and vain!
Implicit treaſon to divine decree!
A bold invaſion of the rights of heav'n!
I claſp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it e'er my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miſſ'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the ſtars.

The ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines;
And, one day, thou ſhalt pluck him from his ſphere.
Amid ſuch mighty plunder, why exhauſt
Thy partial quiver on a mark ſo mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Inſatiate archer! could not one ſuffice?
Thy ſhaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was ſlain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why ſo pale? Doſt thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to ſee thy wheel
Of ceaſeleſs change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliſs! from fortune's ſmile,
Precarious courteſy! Not Virtue's ſure,
Self-given, ſolar ray of ſound delight,
In ev'ry vary'd poſture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
Thro' the dark poſtern of time long elaps'd,
Led ſoftly, by the ſtillneſs of the night,
Led, like a murderer (and ſuch it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleaſing paſt;
In queſt of wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays;
And finds all deſart now; and meets the ghoſts
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blaſted cluſters I lament;
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
And ev'ry pleaſure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the ſun his luſtre but for me?
The ſingle man? Are angels all beſide?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;
In this ſhape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than ſure heirs of pain.

War, famine, peſt, volcano, ſtorm, and fire,
Inteſtine broils, oppreſſion, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple braſs, beſiege mankind.
God's image diſinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a ſun was made.
There, beings deathleſs as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plow the winter's wave, and reap deſpair.
Some, for hard maſters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour ſav'd,

If ſo the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable Diſeaſe (fell pair!)
On hopeleſs multidudes remorſeleſs ſeize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hoſpitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for ſad admiſſion there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To ſhock us more, ſolicit it in vain!
Ye ſilken ſons of pleaſure! ſince in pains
You rue more modiſh viſits, viſit here,
And breathe from your debauch: give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but ſo great
Your impudence, you bluſh at what is right.
Happy! did Sorrow ſeize on ſuch alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue ſave;
Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt temperance;
And puniſhment the guiltleſs; and alarm,
Thro' thickeſt ſhades, purſues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And his guard falling, cruſhes him to death.
Not happineſs itſelf makes good her name;
Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh.
How diſtant, oft, the thing we doat on moſt,
From that for which we doat, Felicity?
The ſmootheſt courſe of nature has its pains;
And trueſt friends, thro' error, wound our reſt.
Without misfortune, what calamities?
And what hoſtilities, without a foe?
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth.
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail, than cauſe to ſigh.

A part, how ſmall, of the tarraqueous globe,
Is tenanted by man! the reſt a waſte,
Rocks, deſarts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands!
Wild haunts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! But far
More ſad! this earth is a true map of man.
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To Woe's wide empire; where deep Troubles toſs,
Loud Sorrows howl, invenom'd Paſſions bite,
Rav'nous Calamities our vitals ſeize,
And threat'ning Fate wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who ſorrow for myſelf?
In age, in infancy, from others aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.

That, nature's firſt, laſt leſſon to mankind;
The ſelfiſh heart deſerves the pain it feels.
More gen'rous ſorrow, while it ſinks, exalts;
And conſcious Virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Swoln thought a ſecond channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take, then, O World! thy much indebted tear:
How ſad a ſight is human happineſs,
To thoſe whoſe thought can pierce beyond an hour?
O thou, whate'er thou art, whoſe heart exults!
Wouldſt thou I ſhould congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldſt; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon what thy nature needs,
The ſalutary cenſure of a friend.
Thou happy wretch! by blindneſs thou art bleſt;
By dotage dandled to perpetual ſmiles.
Know, ſmiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleaſure is the promiſe of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor ſevere,
But riſes in demand for her delay;
She makes a ſcourge of paſt proſperity,
To ſting thee more, and double thy diſtreſs.

Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee.
Thy fond heart dances, while the ſyren ſings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to ſecure thy joys.
Think not that fear is ſacred to the ſtorm.
Stand on thy guard againſt the ſmiles of fate.
Is heav'n tremendous in its frowns? Moſt ſure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not diſcharge from care;
And ſhould alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cauſe, and conſequence;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our deſert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chaſtize her joys,
Leſt, while we claſp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worſe than ſimple miſery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like boſom friendſhips to reſentment ſour'd,
With rage invenom'd riſe againſt our peace.
Beware what earth calls happineſs; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on leſs than an immortal baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy laſt ſigh
Diſſolv'd the charm; the diſinchanted earth
Loſt all her luſtre. Where her glitt'ring towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waſte; a dreary vale of tears:
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-caſt earth, in darkneſs! what a change
From yeſterday! thy darling hope ſo near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition fluſh'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praiſe. Death's ſubtle ſeed within,
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well concerted ſcheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that roſe ſo red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
Man's foreſight is conditionally wiſe:
Lorenzo! Wiſdom into folly turns
Oft, the firſt inſtant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The preſent moment terminates our ſight;
Clouds, thick as thoſe on doomsday, drown the next;
We penetrate, we propheſy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles, and each,
Ere mingled with the ſtreaming ſands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is ſworn
Deep ſilence, "Where Eternity begins."
By nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can riſe,
Than man's preſumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverſe
Is ſure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lyes,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; ſpin out eternal ſchemes,
As we the fatal ſiſters would out-ſpin,
And big with life's futurities, expire.
Not ev'n Philander had beſpoke his ſhroud.
Nor had he cauſe, a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as ſudden, not as ſafe!
As ſudden, tho' for years admoniſh'd home.
Of human ills the laſt extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a ſlow-ſudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate ſurprize!
Be wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer;

Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all is fled,
And, to the mercies of a moment, leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own, their future selves applauds;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time, lodg'd in their own hands, is folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone:
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry stage: when young, indeed,
In full content, we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel:
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange;
O my full heart! But should I give it vent,
The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

The ſprightly lark's ſhrill matin wakes the morn;
Grief's ſharpeſt thorn hard preſſing on my breaſt,
I ſtrive, with wakeful melody, to chear
The ſullen gloom, ſweet Philomel! like thee,
And call the ſtars to liſten: ev'ry ſtar
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm thro' diſtant ages: wrapt in ſhade,
Priſ'ner of darkneſs! to the ſilent hours,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and ſteal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, Mœonides!
Or, Milton! thee; ah! could I reach your ſtrain!
Or his, who made Mœonidas our own.
Man, too, he ſung: immortal man I ſing;
Oft burſts my ſong beyond the bounds of life;
What, now, but immortality, can pleaſe?
O had he preſſ'd his theme, purſu'd the track,
Which opens out of darkneſs into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soard, where I ſink, and ſung immortal man'!
How had it bleſſ'd mankind, and reſcu'd me!

THOUGHTS on TIME, DEATH, and FRIENDSHIP.

DR. YOUNG.

"When the cock crew, he wept" — Smote by that eye,
Which looks on me, on all: that Pow'r, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion ſhrill,
Emblem of that which ſhall awake the dead,
Rouse ſouls from ſlumber, into thoughts of heaven.
Shall I too weep? Where, then, is Fortitude?
And Fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he ſees the light;
He that is born is liſted: life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it beſt,
Deſerves it leaſt — On other themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn my thoughts on thee,
And thine, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where moſt thy need. Themes, too, the genuine growth,

Of

Of dear Philander's duſt. He, thus, tho' dead,
May ſtill befriend — What themes? Time's wond'rous price,
Death, friendſhip, and Philander's final ſcene.
So could I touch theſe themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half-impreſs
On my dark cloud an Iris; and from grief
Call glory — Doſt thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou ſay'ſt it: ſays thy life the ſame?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they deſire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of Death inſpires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O Time! than gold more ſacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools reputed wiſe.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are ſquander'd, Wiſdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that diſcharge.
Haſte, haſte, he lies in wait; he's at the door;
Inſidious death! ſhould his ſtrong hand arreſt,
No compoſition ſets the pris'ner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Faſt binds; and Vengeance claims the full Arrear.

How, late, I ſhudder'd on the brink! how, late,
Life call'd for her laſt refuge in despair!
That Time is mine, O Mead, to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with eternity.
But ill my genius anſwers my deſire;
My ſickly ſong is mortal, paſt thy cure.
Accept the will — that dies not with my ſtrain;
For what calls thy diſeaſe, Lorenzo? Not
For Eſculapian, but for moral aid.
Thou think'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in time, it may be, poor;
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay
No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth;
And what its worth, aſk death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher-aim'd, ſtill nearer the great mark
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?
(Theſe heav'n benign in vital union binds)
And ſport we like the natives of the bough
When vernal ſuns inſpire? Amuſement reigns

Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:
And is it, then, a trifle, too, to die?

Thou say'ſt I preach, Lorenzo! 'tis confeſt.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite awake?
Who wants amuſement in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon to the ſoul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when med'cines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's enchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,
As lands and cities with their glitt'ring ſpires,
To the poor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there;
Will toys amuſe? No; thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.
Redeem we time? Its loſs we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd ſports?
He pleads time's num'rous blanks: he loudly pleads
The ſtraw-like trifles on life's common ſtream.
From whom thoſe blanks and trifles, but from thee?
No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, ſtill be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the bleſt art of turning all to gold;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raiſe
A royal tribute from the pooreſt hours;
Immenſe revenue! ev'ry moment pays.
If nothing more than purpoſe in thy pow'r;
Thy purpoſe firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the beſt his circumſtance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our outward act, indeed, admits reſtraint:
Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer:
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.

On all important Time, thro' ev'ry age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wiſe have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"I've loſt a day." — The prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome? Say rather, lord of human race:
He ſpoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So ſhould all ſpeak: ſo Reaſon ſpeaks in all;
From the ſoft whiſpers of that God in man,

Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
For reſcue from the bleſſings we poſſeſs!
Time, the ſupreme! — Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give!
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels ſmile.
Who murders time, he cruſhes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.
Ah! how unjuſt to nature, and himſelf;
Is thoughtleſs, thankleſs, inconſiſtent man!
Like children babbling nonſenſe in their ſports,
We cenſure Nature for a ſpan too ſhort;
That ſpan too ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To laſh the ling'ring moments into ſpeed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourſelves.
Art, brainleſs art, our furious charioteer,
(For nature's voice unſtifled would recall)
Drives headlong tow'rds the precipice of death;
Death, moſt our dread; death thus more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of abſurdity!
Leiſure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Bleſt leiſure is our curſe; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander, wander earth around,
To fly that tyrant thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amuſement;
The next amuſement mortgages our fields!
Slight inconvenience! Priſons hardly frown,
From hateful Time if priſons ſet us free.
Yet when death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel! years to moments ſhrink,
Ages to years. The teleſcope is turn'd.
To man's falſe optics (from his folly falſe)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age:
Behold him when paſt by; what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions, ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt, cry out on his career.
Leave to thy foes theſe errors, and theſe ills;
To nature juſt, their cauſe and cure explore.
Not ſhort heav'n's bounty; boundleſs our expence;
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.
We waſte, not uſe our time; we breathe, not live.
Time waſted is exiſtence; us'd, is life.

And bare exiſtence, man, to live ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppreſſes with enormous weight.
And why? ſince time was giv'n for uſe, not waſte,
Injoin'd to fly; with tempeſt, tide, and ſtars,
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's uſe was doom'd a pleaſure; waſte, a pain;
That man might feel his error, if unſeen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blund'ring, ſplit on idleneſs for eaſe.
Life's cares are comforts; ſuch by heav'n deſign'd;
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and, without employ,
The ſoul is on the rack; the rack of reſt,
To ſouls moſt adverſe, action all their joy.
Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wreſtle with great nature's plan;
We thwart the deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourſelves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our boſom-broil;
We puſh time from us, and we wiſh him back;
Laviſh of luſtrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and ſhort; death ſeek, and ſhun,
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of Vanity! while here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The ſpirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time paſt,
And time poſſeſt, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death;
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cauſe and cure are ſeen: ſee, next,
Time's nature, origin, importance, ſpeed;
And thy great gain from urging his career. —
All-ſenſual man, becauſe untouch'd, unſeen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing elſe
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's. Time's a God.
Haſt thou ne'er heard of time's omnipotence?
For, or againſt, what wonders can he do!

And will: to ſtand blank neuter he disdains.
Not on thoſe terms was time (heav'n's ſtranger!) ſent
On his important embaſſy to man.
Lorenzo! no: on the long-deſtin'd hour,
From everlaſting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wond'rous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanatiôn bent,
And, big with nature, riſing in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then time was born,)
By godhead ſtreaming thro' a thouſand worlds;
Not on thoſe terms, from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's myſterious orb,
Was time cut off, and caſt beneath the ſkies;
The ſkies, which watch him in his new abode,
Meaſuring his motions by revolving ſpheres;
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
Like num'rous wings around him, as he flies:
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they ſhape
His ample pinions, ſwift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his antient reſt,
And join anew eternity, his ſire;
In his imutability to neſt,
When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd,
(Fate the loud ſignal ſounding) headlong ruſh
To timeleſs Night and Chaos, whence they roſe.
Why ſpur the ſpeedy? Why, with levities,
New-wing thy ſhort, ſhort day's too rapid flight?
Know'ſt thou, or what thou doſt, or what is done?
Man flies from time, and time from man; too ſoon
In ſad divorce this double flight muſt end:
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then
Thy ſports? thy pomps? I grant thee, in a ſtate
Not unambitious: in the ruffled ſhroud,
Thy parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath.
Has death his fopperies? Then well may life
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow ſhine.

Ye well-array'd! Ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies male! who neither toil nor ſpin,
(As ſiſter lilies might) if not ſo wiſe
As Solomon, more ſumptuous to the ſight!
Ye delicate! who nothing can ſupport,
Yourſelves moſt inſupportable! for whom
The winter roſe muſt blow, the Sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; ſilky-ſoft
Favonius breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;

And other worlds ſend odours, ſawce, and ſong,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzo's of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd, a miſery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For ev'ry bawble, drivell'd o'er by ſenſe!
For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry caſt,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient thro' the tedious length
Of a ſhort winter's day — ſay, ſages! ſay,
Wit's oracles! ſay, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an eternal night,
Where ſuch expedients fail?
O treach'rous Conſcience, while ſhe ſeems to ſleep
On roſe and myrtle, lull'd with ſyren ſong!
While ſhe ſeems nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong appetite the ſlacken'd rein,
And give us up to licence, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd; — See, from behind her ſecret ſtand,
The ſly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the groſs act alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe! The formidable ſpy,
Liſt'ning, o'er hears the whiſpers of our camp:
Our dawning purpoſes of heart explores,
And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious uſurers conceal
Their doomsday book from all-conſuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence moſt ſevere, ſhe treats
Us ſpendthrifts of ineſtimable time;
Unnoted, notes each moment miſapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of braſs,
Writes our whole history; which death ſhall read
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear;
And judgment publiſh; publiſh to more worlds
Than this; and endleſs age in groans reſound.
Lorenzo, ſuch that ſleeper in thy breaſt!
Such is her ſlumber; and her vengeance ſuch
For ſlighted counſel; ſuch thy future peace!
And think'ſt thou ſtill thou can'ſt be wiſe too ſoon!

But why on Time ſo laviſh is my ſong?
On this great theme kind nature keeps a ſchool,
To teach her ſons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: each day, a life!
And ſhall we kill each day? If trifling kills,

Sure

Sure vice muſt butcher. O what heaps of ſlain
Cry out for vengeance on us. Time deſtroy'd
Is ſuicide, where more than blood is ſpilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens: all exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours! — Labours more?
And is there in creation, what, amidſt
This tumult univerſal, wing'd diſpatch,
And ardent energy, ſupinely yawns? —
Man ſleeps; and man alone; and man, whoſe fate,
Fate irreverſible, intire, extreme,
Endleſs, hair-hung, breeze ſhaken, o'er the gulph
A moment trembles; drops! and man, for whom
All elſe is in alarm; man, the ſole cauſe
Of this ſurrounding ſtorm! And yet he ſleeps,
As the ſtorm rock'd to reſt — Throw years away?
Throw empires, and be blameleſs. Moments ſeize;
Heav'n's on their wing: a moment we may wiſh,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day ſtand ſtill,
Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
The period paſt. Regive the given hour,
Lorenzo, more than miracles we want;
Lorenzo — O for yeſterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man awake;
His ardour ſuch, for what oppreſſes thee.
And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
That more than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is yeſterday return'd; return'd
Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raiſe, adorn,
And reinſtate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not ſhare its predeceſſor's fate;
Nor, like its elder ſiſters die a fool,
Shall it evaporate in fume? Fly off
Fuliginous, and ſtain us deeper ſtill?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?

Where ſhall I find *him*? Angels! tell me where:
You know him: he is near you: point him out:
Shall I ſee glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footſteps by the riſing flowers?
Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him, ſhed
Protection, now, are waving in applauſe
To that bleſt ſon of foreſight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on to-morrow!
Whoſe work is done; who triumphs in the paſt;
Whoſe yeſterdays look backwards with a ſmile;

Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but approbrious lot; Paſt hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our proſpect by the grave,
All feeling of fururity benumb'd;
All god-like paſſions for eternals quencht;
All reliſh of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correſpondence with the ſkies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingleſs our deſire;
In ſenſe d rk priſon'd all that ought to ſoar;
Prone to the centre, crawling in the duſt;
Dismounted ev'ry great and glorious aim;
Embruted ev'ry faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbiſh of the world.
The world, that gulph of ſouls, immortal ſouls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the diſtant ſkies, and triumph there,
On thrones which ſhall not mourn their maſters chang'd;
Tho' we from earth; ethereal they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man! to man!
Who venerate themſelves, the world deſpiſe.
For what, gay friend! is this eſcutcheon'd world,
Which hangs out death in one eternal night?
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the ſhroud.
Life's little ſtage is a ſmall eminence,
Inch-high the grave above, that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we ſigh; and, while
We ſigh, we ſink; and are what we deplor'd:
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is death at diſtance? No: he has been on thee;
And giv'n ſure earneſt of his final blow.
Thoſe hours, which lately ſmil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghaſtly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep which nothing diſembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee ſmall renown.
The reſt are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee:
The ſun is darkneſs and the ſtars are duſt.
Tis greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt hours;
And aſk them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their anſwers form what men experience call;
If Wiſdom's friend, her beſt; if not, worſt foe.

O reconcile them! kind experience cries,
"There's nothing there, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
"And by ſucceſs are tutor'd to deſpair."
Nor is it only thus, but muſt be ſo.
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is ſtill a child.
Looſe, then, from earth, the graſp of fond deſire,
Weigh anchor, and ſome happier clime explore.

Art thou ſo moor'd thou canſt not diſengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future ſcenes?
Since, by life's paſſing breath, blown up from earth,
Light, as the ſummer's duſt, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull maſs, increaſe the trodden ſoil,
And ſleep, till earth herſelf ſhall be no more;
Since then (as emmets, their ſmall world o'erthrown)
We, ſore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
And riſe to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the ſkies!)
As man's deſpotic will, perhaps one hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each warning give a ſtrong alarm?
Warning, far leſs than that of boſom torn
From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead!
Should not each dial ſtrike us as we paſs,
Portentous, as the written wall, which ſtruck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Aſſyrian pale,
Ere-while high-fluſh'd with inſolence and wine?
Like that, the dial ſpeaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up:
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it laſts, is emptier than my ſhade."
Its ſilent language ſuch: nor needſt thou call
Thy magi, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Doſt aſk, How? Whence? Belſhazzar-like, amaz'd?
Man's make incloſes the ſure ſeeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurſe devours.
But here, Lorenzo, the deluſion lies;
That ſolar-ſhadow, as it meaſures life,
It life reſembles too: Life ſpeeds away
From point to point tho' ſeeming to ſtand ſtill.
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen;
Yet ſoon man's hour is up, and we are gone.

Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time;
As theſe are uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet;
So thoſe, but when more glorious reaſon ſhines.
Reaſon ſhould judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
That ſedentary ſhadow travels hard.
But ſuch our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,
Tis later with the wiſe, than he's aware;
A Wilmington goes ſlower than the ſun:
And all mankind miſtake their time of day;
Ev'n age itſelf. Freſh hopes are hourly ſown
In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's deſcent,
We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter , for the ſpring;
And turn our bleſsings into bane. Since oft
Man muſt compute that age he cannot feel,
He ſcarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtore
One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt;
The diſappointment of a promis'd hour.

On this, or ſimilar, Philander! thou,
Whoſe mind was moral as the preacher's tongue;
And ſtrong, to wield all ſcience, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the ſummer's ſun,
And cool'd our paſsions by the breezy ſtream!
How often thaw'd and ſhorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that ſtruck out latent truth,
Beſt found, ſo ſought; to the recluſe more coy!
Thoughts diſentangle, paſſing o'er the lip;
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonſenſe for a ſong;
Song, faſhionably fruitleſs: ſuch as ſtains
The fancy, and unhallow'd paſſion fires;
Chiming her ſaints to Cytherea's fane.
Know'ſt thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,
So men from friendſhip, wiſdom and delight;
Twins ty'd by nature; if they part, they die.
Haſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good ſenſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up, want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been all, ſweet ſpeech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! Speech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or dro's;
When coin'd in word, we know its real worth.
If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future uſe;

'Twill

Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt:
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burniſhes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for uſe.
What numbers, ſheath'd in Erudition lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And ruſted in, who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a ſprightly beam, if born to ſpeech;
If born bleſt heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th'alternate puſh
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned ſcum,
And defecates the ſtudent's ſtanding pool.
In contemplation is his proud reſource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by converſe unſuſtain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in Contemplation's field;
Converſe, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due reſtraint; and emulation's ſpur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converſe qualifies for ſolitude;
As exerciſe, for ſalutary reſt.
By that untutor'd, Contemplation raves;
And nature's fool by wiſdom's is outdone.

Wiſdom, tho' richer than Peruvian mines,
And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial hive,
What is ſhe, but the means of happineſs?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendſhip, the means of wiſdom, richly gives
The precious end which makes our wiſdom wiſe.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, and undivided joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopoliſts; it calls for two;
Rich fruit! heav'n-planted! never pluck'd by one!
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To ſocial man true reliſh of himſelf.
Full on ourſelves deſcending in a line
Pleaſure's bright beam, is feeble in delight:
Delight intenſe is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleaſures fire the breaſt.
Celeſtial happineſs, whene'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
And one alone, to make her ſweet amends
For abſent heav'n --- the boſom of a friend;

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.
Beware the counterfeit: in paſſion's flame
Hearts melt; but melt like ice, ſoon harder froze.
True love ſtrikes root in reaſon; paſſion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much — entenders us for ever:
Of friendſhip's faireſt fruits, the fruit moſt fair
Is Virtue, kindling at a rival fire,
And emulouſly rapid in her race.
O the ſoft enmity! endearing ſtrife!
This carries friendſhip to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

From friendſhip, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious ſurvivor of old time, and death!
From friendſhip, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly ſeed,
The wiſe extract earth's moſt hyblean bliſs,
Superior Wiſdom, crown'd with ſmiling joy.
But for whom bloſſoms this Elyſian flow'r?
Abroad they find, who cheriſh it at home.
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honeſt love, and not afraid to frown.
Tho' choice of follies faſten on the great,
None clings more obſtinate, than fancy fond
That ſacred Friendſhip is their eaſy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or faſcination of a high-born ſmile.
Their ſmiles, the great, and the coquet, throw out
For others hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no leſs of ours, when ſuch the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye pow'rs of Wealth!
Can gold gain friendſhips Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for Love.
Lorenzo! Pride repreſs; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee;
All like the purchaſe; few the price will pay:
And this makes friends ſuch miracles below.
What if (ſince daring on ſo nice a theme)
I ſhew thee Friendſhip delicate, as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reſerve will wound it; and Diſtruſt, deſtroy.
Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But, ſince friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
Firſt, on thy friend delib'rate with thyſelf;

Pauſe,

Pauſe, ponder, ſift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the choſen: fixing, fix;
Judge before Friendſhip; then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's higheſt prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world:
"A world in purchaſe for a friend is gain."
So ſung he (angels hear that angel ſing!
Angels from friendſhip gather half their joy)
So ſung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich ichor, in the generous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow ſolute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue to his friend,
His Friend, who warm'd him more, who more inſpir'd.
Friendſhip's the wines of life; but friendſhip new
(Not ſuch was his) is neither ſtrong nor pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating ſpirit, of a friend,
For twenty ſummers ripening by my ſide;
All feculance of falſhood long thrown down;
All ſocial virtues riſing in his ſoul;
As cryſtal clear; and ſmiling, as they riſe!
Here nectar flows; it ſparkles in our ſight:
Rich to the taſte, and genuine from the heart.
High-flavour'd bliſs for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how loſt! Philander is no more.

Think'ſt thou the theme intoxicates my ſong?
Am I too warm? Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
Like birds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half-conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their gloſſy plumes
Expanded, ſhine with azure, green, and gold;
How bleſſings brighten as they take their flight
His flight Philander took, his upward flight,
If ever ſoul aſcended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew, I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals ſcarce damn; and zoilus reprieve.
Yet what I can, I muſt: it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the ſkies,
And caſt in ſhadows his illuſtrious cloſe.
Strange! the theme moſt affecting, moſt ſublime,
Momentous moſt to man, ſhould ſleep unſung!

And yet it ſleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or chriſtian; to the bluſh of wit.
Man's higheſt triumph! man's profoundeſt fall!
The death-bed of the juſt! Is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine:
Angels ſhould paint it, angels ever there;
There, on a poſt of honour, and of joy.
Dare I preſume, then? But Philander bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls —
Yet am I ſtruck; as ſtruck the ſoul, beneath
Aërial groves impenetrable gloom;
Or, in ſome mighty ruin's ſolemn ſhade,
Or, gazing by pale lamps on high-born duſt,
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
Or, at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame.
It is religion to proceed: I pauſe —
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed? No: it is his ſhrine:
Behold him, there, juſt riſing to a god.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your diſeaſe;
If unreſtor'd by this, deſpair your cure.
For, here, reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd Diſſimulation drops her maſque,
Thro' life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here real, and apparent, are the ſame.
You ſee the man; you ſee his hold on heav'n;
If found his virtue; as Philander's found,
Heav'n waits not the laſt moment; owns her friends
On this ſide death, and points them out to men,
A lecture ſilent, but of ſov'reign pow'r!
To Vice, confuſion; and to Virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boaſtful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majeſty in death;
And greater ſtill, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander; he ſeverely frown'd on thee.
"No warning giv'n! Unceremonious fate!
"A ſudden ruſh from life's meridian joys!
"A wrench from all we love! from all we are
"A reſtleſs bed of pain! a plunge opake
"Beyond conjecture! Feeble nature's dread!

"Strong

"Strong Reaſon's ſhudder at the dark unknown!
"A ſun extinguiſh'd! A juſt opening grave!
"And Oh! the laſt, laſt; what? (can words expreſs?
"Thought reach it?) the laſt — Silence of a friend!"
Where are thoſe horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which ſingly ſhock,
Demand from man? — I thought him man till now.
Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquiſht agonies,
(Like the ſtars ſtruggling thro' this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death the mortal to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all.
Richer than Mammon's for his ſingle heir.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur gives, not yields
His ſoul ſublime; and cloſes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the ſcene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man!
His God ſuſtains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heav'n vouchſafes to call her own.
We gaze; we weep; mixt tears of grief and joy!
Amazement ſtrikes! Devotion burſts to flame!
Chriſtians adore, and Infidels believe.
As ſome tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the ſun, illuſtrious from its height;
While riſing vapours, and deſcending ſhades,
With damps and darkneſs drown the ſpacious vale;
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by deſpair,
Philander, thus, auguſtly rears his head,
At that black hour, which gen'ral horror ſheds
On the low level of th'inglorious throng:
Sweet peace, and heav'nly hope, and humble joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted ſoul;
Deſtruction gild, and crown him for the ſkies,
With incommunicable luſtre bright.

The end of the firſt and Second Night's Thoughts.

An Addreſs to his ELBOW-CHAIR, new cloath'd.

My dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If *Orpheus* taught the liſtening oaks to bend;
If ſtones and rubbiſh, at *Amphion's* call,
Danc'd into form, and built the *Theban* wall;
Why ſhould'ſt not *Thou* attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp reſound thy praiſe?
True, thou art ſpruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings, and external ſhow?
To real worth alone, I make my court;
Knaves are my ſcorn, and coxcombs are my ſport.
Once I beheld thee far leſs trim and gay;
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
The ſafe retreat of every lurking mouſe;
Derided, ſhunn'd; the lumber of my houſe!
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my ſires of yore
'Tis thus capricious fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount — then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful *then*, my conſtancy I prov'd;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd!
I lov'd thee, *more*; nor like a courtier, ſpurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.
With conſcious ſhame, yet frankly, I confeſs,
That in my youthful days — I lov'd thee leſs.
Where vanity, where pleaſure call'd, I ſtray'd;
And every wayward appetite obey'd.
But ſage experience taught me how to prize
Myſelf; and how, this world: ſhe bade me riſe
To nobler flights, regardleſs of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
My bliſs, and lodg'd me in thy ſoft embrace.
Here on thy yielding down I ſit ſecure;
And, patiently, what heav'n has ſent, endure;
From all the futile cares of buſineſs free;
Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be*:
Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the paſt;
And ſeriouſly prepare, to meet the laſt.
So ſafe on ſhore the penſion'd ſailor lies;
And all the malice of the ſtorm defies:
With eaſe of body bleſt, and peace of mind,
Pities the reſtleſs crew he left behind;
Whilſt, in his cell, he meditates alone
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

VERSES to a LADY who aſk'd my opinion of FRIENDSHIP.

Would Chloe know the higheſt bliſs,
That Friendſhip boaſts — it muſt be this; —
When Hymen crowns what love begun,
And two fond hearts unite in one;
When each, as to delight or pain,
Is bound in ſympathetic chain,
And both reciprocally borrow,
To heighten joy, or ſweeten ſorrow.
This is the higheſt bliſs below,
This Friendſhip only can beſtow;
And may propitious heaven deſign,
That ſuch a friendſhip ſhall be mine,
And ſince this wiſh relates to two,
O! may that Friendſhip be with you.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY. SHAKESPEARE.

To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion:
Whether 'tis nobler, in the mind to ſuffer
The ſtings and arrows of outragious fortune;
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them? — to die, — to ſleep
No more, and by ſleep, to ſay we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand nat'ral ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to, 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd: to die, — to ſleep, —
To ſleep! perchance, to dream; ay there's the rub —
For in that ſleep of death, what dreams may come
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil
Muſt give us pauſe. — there's the reſpect,
That makes calamity of ſo long life;
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th'oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
Th'inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his Quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear
To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,

(That

(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others we know not of?
Thus conſcience doth make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterpriſes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn away,
And loſe the name of action.

A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

You I love, nor think I joke,
More than Ivy does the oak;
More than fiſhes do the flood;
More than ſavage beaſts the wood;
More than merchants do their gain;
More than miſers to complain;
More than widows do their weeds;
More than friars do their beads;
More than Cynthia to be prais'd;
More than courtiers to be raiſed;
More than brides the wedding night;
More than ſoldiers do a fight;
More than lawyers do the bar;
More than 'prentice boys a fair;
More than topers t'other bottle;
More than women tittle tattle;
More than rakes a willing lady;
More than NANCY does her baby;
More than jailors do a fee;
More than all things I love thee.

Character of FANNY.

With all of wit that nature can beſtow,
And more of ſenſe, than ev'n her ſenſe can know:
Her heart a mine, by modeſty conceal'd,
Untaught to glow, till love the gem reveal'd:

With

With tenderneſs, and converſe ſweet, to prove
At once the joys and calm delights of love:.
Her fancy lively, and her judgment true;
Perfect in nature, and in morals too:
Her air coquettiſh, but her mind a prude;
Her body wanton, but her ſoul not lewd:
Rivals by turns, her mind and perſon charms,
Allays the lover, and the huſband warms:
Who pleas'd at firſt, and yet at laſt pleas'd more;
My future hope, and yet my preſent ſtore.
Theſe are thy worth; not dow'r told down in gold,
Too dearly purchas'd for thy merit ſold.
Thy virtues, not my art, theſe numbers frame,
Oh! more my inſpiration than my theme!

FABLES, in Verſe: GAY.

FABLE I.

The MAN, the CAT, the DOG, and the FLY.

Applicable to Great Britain.

Hail, happy Land, whoſe fertile grounds,
The liquid fence of *Neptune* bounds;
By bounteous nature ſet apart,
The ſeat of induſtry and art!
O Britain! choſen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy ſons invade;
May never Miniſter, intent
His private treaſures to augment,
Corrupt thy ſtate. If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppoſe,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't preſcribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighb'ring ſtates contend,
'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend,
What is't, who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory ſtands.
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffuſing good among mankind:
That firſt gave luſtre to thy reigns,
And ſcatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth ſupplies,

And

And draws all *Europe's* envious eyes.
Be commerce then thy ſole deſign;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
When naval traſic plows the main,
Who ſhares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that ſupports the regal ſtate,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The num'rous flocks that cloathe the land,
Can ſcarce ſupply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harveſt yields.
Nature expects mankind ſhould ſhare
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for ſloth? To ſome we find
The plough-ſhare's annual toil aſſign'd.
Some at the founding anvil glow;
Some the ſwift-ſliding ſhuttle throw;
Some, ſtudious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some, taught by induſtry, impart
With hands and feet the works of art:
While ſome, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue aſſiſt mankind:
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's uſeful aid,
By turns are obligations paid;
The monarch when his table's ſpread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And, when in all his glory dreſt,
Owes to the loom his royal veſt.
Do not the maſon's toil and care
Protect him from th'inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art ſupply
The ornament that guards his thigh;
All theſe, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he, his own and people's cauſe,
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honeſt toil employ,
And with content their fruits enjoy.
In ev'ry rank, or great or ſmall,
'Tis induſtry ſupports us all.

The animals by want oppreſs'd,
To man their ſervices addreſs'd.

While each purſu'd their ſelfiſh good,
They hunger'd for precarious food.
Their hours with anxious care were vext;
One day they fed, and ſtarv'd the next.
They ſaw that plenty, ſure and rife,
Was found alone in ſocial life;
That mutual induſtry profeſs'd,
The various wants of man redreſs'd.

The Cat half-famiſh'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to ſpeak.
Well, Puſs, ſays man, and what can you
To benefit the public do?
The Cat replies; Theſe teeth, theſe claws,
With vigilence ſhall ſerve the cauſe.
The mouſe, deſtroy'd by my purſuit,
No longer ſhall your feaſts pollute.
Nor rats from nightly ambuſcade.
With waſteful teeth your ſtores invade.
I grant, ſays man, to gen'ral uſe,
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threſhers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus ſhall the cat, a foe to ſpoil,
Protect the farmer's honeſt toil.
Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir; be next your merits try'd,
Sir, ſays the Dog, by ſelf-applauſe
We ſeem to own a friendleſs cauſe.
Aſk thoſe who know me, if diſtruſt
E'er found me treach'rous or unjuſt.
Did I e'er faith or friendſhip break?
Aſk all thoſe creatures; let them ſpeak.
My vigilance and truſty zeal
Perhaps might ſerve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in ſafety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you ſleep?
The Man replies; 'Tis juſt and right
Rewards ſuch ſervice ſhould requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Truſt uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The firſt diſtinction is your due.
Such merits all reward tranſcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend.

Addreſſing now the Fly, From you
What public ſervice can accrue?
From me! The flutt'ring inſect ſaid,
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit
That I to induſtry ſubmit?
Let mean mechanics to be fed,
By bus'neſs earn ignoble bread.
Loſt in exceſs of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon, the lady's matin hour,
I ſip the tea's delicious flow'r.
On cates luxurioufly I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and eaſe,
Myſelf alone I ſeek to pleaſe.
The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the uſeleſs coxcomb chides.
Hence, from that peach, that downy ſeat;
No idle fool deſerves to eat.
Could you have ſapp'd the bluſhing rind,
And on that pulp ambroſial din'd,
Had not ſome hand, with ſkill and toil,
To raiſe the tree, prepar'd the ſoil?
Conſider, ſot, what would enſue,
Were all ſuch worthleſs things as you.
You'd ſoon be forc'd, by hunger ſtung,
To make your dirty meals on dung;
On which ſuch deſpicable need,
Unpitied, is reduced to feed.
Beſides, vain ſelfiſh inſect, learn,
If you can right and wrong diſcern,
That he, who with induſtrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly underſtood.
So ſaying with a ſudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Cruſh'd in his luxury and pride,
The ſpunger on the public dy'd.

FABLE II.

The FATHER and JUPITER.

The Man to *Jove* his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a Wife. His prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing:
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries heav'n with prayers.
Jove nods aſſent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now, more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view.
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r and beauty.
Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my firſt hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aſpire,
'Till he the ſtep of pow'r aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If heav'n approve, a father bleſs'd.
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.

The *firſt*, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want, a wretch complete,
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.
The *next* to ſudden honours grew,
The thriving arts of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of power and place;
Then fell, the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.

With age ſhe fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him heav'n and fate upbraid,
Thus ſpoke the God. By outward ſhow
Men judge of happineſs and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th'eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that poſſeſt,
To Providence reſign the reſt.

FABLE III.

The MONKEY who had ſeen the World.

A *Monkey*, to reform the times,
Reſolv'd to viſit foreign climes:
For men in diſtant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortunes ſerve to make us wiſe.
At length the treach'rous ſnare was laid;
Poor *Pug* was caught, to town convey'd,
There ſold. How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day,
The toilette calls; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In viſits too his parts and wit,
When jeſts grew dull, were ſure to hit.
Proud with applauſe, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;
Like *Orpheus* burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal:
So watch'd occaſion, broke his chain,
And ſought his native woods again.
The hairy ſylvans round him preſs,
Aſtoniſh'd at his ſtrut and dreſs.
Some praiſe his ſleeve; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;

His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending:
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary froſt, or fleecy ſnow:
But all, with envy and deſire,
His flutt'ring ſhoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wiſe.
Weigh your own worth, ſupport your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I paſs'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dreſs, their courtly manners ſee;
Reform your ſtate, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? In flatt'ry deal;
Your ſcorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But uſe them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie, whene'er 'tis fit,
Bend all your force to ſpatter merit;
Scandal is converſation's ſpirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
And men your talents ſhall commend.
I knew the Great. Obſerve me right;
So ſhall you grow like man polite.
He ſpoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applauſe.
Now warm with malice, envy, ſpite,
Their moſt obliging friends they bite;
And fond to copy human ways,
Practiſe new miſchiefs all their days.
Thus the dull lad, too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dreſſes, whores and ſwears;
O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE IV.

The MISER and PLUTUS.

The wind was high; the window ſhakes,
With ſudden ſtart the Miſer wakes;
Along the ſilent room he ſtalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks:
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
Then opes the cheſt with treaſure ſtor'd,
And ſtands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with ſudden qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breaſt.
By conſcience ſtung, he wildly ſtares;
And thus his guilty ſoul declares.
Had the deep earth her ſtores confin'd,
This heart had known ſweet peace of mind.
But virtue's ſold. Good gods! what price
Can recompence the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! ſeducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold baniſh'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold ſow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's ſword to kill:
'Twas gold inſtructed coward-hearts,
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the miſchiefs o'er?
Virtue reſides on earth no more!
He ſpoke, and ſigh'd. In angry mood,
PLUTUS, his god, before him ſtood.
The Miſer, tremb'ling, lock'd his cheſt;
The viſion frown'd, and thus addreſt.
Whence is this vile ungrateful rant?
Each ſordid raſcal's daily cant.
Did I, baſe wretch, corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Becauſe my bleſſings are abus'd,
Muſt I be cenſur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's ſelf by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodg'd in their poſſeſſion)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppreſſion.
Thus, when the villain crams his cheſt,
Gold is the canker of the breaſt:

'Tis

'Tis avarice, inſolence, and pride,
And evr'y ſhocking vice beſide.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It bleſſes, like the dews of heav'n:
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes.
Their crimes on Gold ſhall miſers lay,
Who pawn'd their ſordid ſouls for pay?
Let bravoes then (when blood is ſpilt)
Upbraid the paſſive ſword with guilt.

FABLE V.

The HARE and many FRIENDS,

Friendſhip, like love, is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame.
The child whom many fathers ſhare,
Hath ſeldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendſhips; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the beſtial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth ſhe went at early dawn,
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep mouth'd thunder flies:
She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath,
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to miſlead the hound,
And meaſures back her mazy round;
'Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.
What tranſport in her boſom grew,
When firſt the horſe appear'd in view!
Let me, ſays ſhe, your back aſcend,
And owe my ſafety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendſhip ev'ry burden's light.

The horſe reply'd, poor honeſt *Puſs*,
It grieves my heart to ſee thee thus.
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.
She next the ſtately bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord.
Since ev'ry beaſt alive can tell
That I ſincerely wiſh you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the caſe,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might ſeem unkind;
But ſee, the goat is juſt behind.
The goat remark'd her pulſe was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye.
My back, ſays he, may do you harm;
The ſheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The ſheep was feeble and complain'd
His ſides a load of wool ſuſtain'd:
Said he was ſlow, confeſs'd his fears;
For hounds eat ſheep, as well as hares.
She now the trotting calf addreſs'd
To ſave from death a friend diſtreſs'd.
Shall I, ſays he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler paſs'd you by;
How ſtrong are thoſe! how weak am I!
Should I preſume to bear you hence,
Thoſe friends of mine may take offence.
Excuſe me then. You know my heart.
But deareſt friends, alas! muſt part.
How ſhall we all lament! Adieu;
For ſee the hounds are juſt in view.

FABLE VI.

The SQUIRE and his CUR.

The Man of pure and ſimple heart
Through life diſdains a double part.
He never needs the ſcreen of lies,
His inward boſom to diſguiſe.

In vain malicious tongues aſſail,
Let envy ſnarl, let ſlander rail.
From virtue's ſhield, ſecure from wound,
Their blunted venom'd ſhafts rebound.
So ſhines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honeſt mind.
If in his country's cauſe he riſe,
Debating ſenates to adviſe,
Unbrib'd unaw'd, he dares impart
The honeſt dictates of his heart.
No miniſterial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perſeveres.
But would you play the politician,
Whoſe heart's averſe to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reaſon,
Muſt be controul'd by place and ſeaſon.
What ſtateſman could his pow'r ſupport,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What miniſter could gain his end?
How could he raiſe his tools to place,
And how his honeſt foes diſgrace?
That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art.
The man's proficient in his trade;
His pow'r is ſtrong, his fortune's made.
By that the int'reſt of the throne
Is made ſubſervient to his own:
By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded;
By that, his ſelfiſh ſchemes purſuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.

Antiochus, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace;
And, loſt from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathleſs plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal gueſt;
The *Parthian* clown brought forth his beſt.
The king unknown his feaſt enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what ſudden friendſhip ſprings!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.
We country Folk, the clown replies,
Cou'd ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The King, as all our neighbours ſay,
Might he, God bleſs him! have his way,

Is ſound at heart and means our good,
And he would do it, if he cou'd.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor ſubjects would be rid.
Were he in pow'r, we need not doubt him:
But that transferr'd to thoſe about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If ſuch rapacious hands they truſt,
The beſt of men may ſeem unjuſt.
From kings to coblers 'tis the ſame:
Bad ſervants wound their maſter's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the king knew as well as we.
Here he ſtopt ſhort. Repoſe they ſought.
The peaſant ſlept, the monarch thought.
The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their loſt ſov'reign was withdrawn.
The guards approach, our hoſt alarms,
With gaudy coats the cottage ſwarms.
The crown and purple robe they bring,
And proſtrate fall before the king.
The clown was call'd, the royal gueſt
By due reward his thanks expreſt.
The king then, turning to the croud,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus ſpoke. Since, bent on private gain,
Your counſels firſt miſled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
'Till here converſing. Hence, ye crew,
For now I know myſelf and you.

Whene'er the royal ear's ingroſt,
State-lies but little genius coſt.
The fav'rite then ſecurely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poiſons dares inſtill;
And, as his preſent views ſuggeſt,
Inflames or ſooths the royal breaſt.
Thus wicked miniſters oppreſs,
When oft' the monarch means redreſs.
Would kings their private ſubjects hear,
A miniſter muſt talk with fear.
If honeſty oppos'd his views,
He dare not innocence accuſe.

'Twou!d

'Twould keep him in ſuch narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they diſcloſe
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themſelves and ſubjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the uſe of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wiſe.
But then a miniſter might loſe;
Hard caſe! his own ambitious views.
When ſuch as theſe have vex'd a ſtate,
Purſu'd by univerſal hate,
Their falſe ſupport at once hath fail'd,
And perſevering truth prevail'd.
Expos'd their train of fraud is ſeen;
Truth will at laſt remove the ſcreen.
A country *Squire*, by whim directed,
The true, ſtaunch dogs of chace neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er ſtrok'd the *Spaniel's* head.
A ſnappiſh *Cur*, alone careſt,
By lies had baniſh'd all the reſt.
Tap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full ſcope of converſation.
His ſycophants muſt be preferr'd;
Room muſt be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his ſchemes about,
Old faithful ſervants all muſt out.
The Cur on ev'ry creature flew,
As other great men's puppies do,
Unleſs due court to him were ſhown,
And both their face and buſineſs known.
No honeſt tongue an audience found:
He woried all the tenants round;
For why, he liv'd in conſtant fear,
Leſt truth by chance ſhould interfere.
If any ſtranger dar'd intrude,
The noiſy Cur his heels purſu'd.
Now fierce with rage, now ſtruck with dread,
At once he ſnarled, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with briſtling hair,
And thus in ſecret growls his fear.
Who knows but Truth, in this diſguiſe,
May fruſtrate my beſt guarded lies?
Should ſhe, thus maſk'd, admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's ſign'd.

Now in his howl's continued ſound,
Their words were loſt, their voice was drown'd,
Ever in awe of honeſt tongues,
Thus ev'ry day he ſtrain'd his lungs.
It happen'd, an ill omen'd hour,
That *Tap*, unmindfull of his pow'r,
Forſook his poſt, to love inclin'd;
A fav'rite bitch was in the wind.
By her ſeduc'd in am rous play,
They friſk'd the joyous hours away.
Thus, by untimely love purſuing,
Like *Anthony*, he ſought his ruin.
For now the Squire, unvex'd with noiſe,
An honeſt neighbour's chat enjoys.
Be free, ſays he, your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants ſhun my gate,
Why ſuch a ſtranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they're not ſo well inclin'd.
Turn off your Cur, the farmer cries,
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His ſnarling inſolence offends;
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that ſaucy puppy checkt,
You'd find again the ſame reſpect.
Hear only him, he'll ſwear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true eſtate;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate.
The Squire heard truth. Now *Tap* ruſh'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din:
Yet truth prevail'd; and, with diſgrace
The Dog was cudgell'd out of place.

FABLE VII.

The SICK MAN and the ANGEL:

Is there no hope? the ſick man ſaid.
The ſilent doctor ſhook his head,
And took his leave with ſighs of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the man, with gaſping breath:
I feel the chilling wound of death.

Since

Since I muſt bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf-defence in each profeſſion.
Sure ſelf-defence is no tranſgreſſion.
The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands,
Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs,
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends,
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply ſhown.
An angel came. Ah friend! he cry'd,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is ſincere.
This inſtant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.
But why ſuch haſte! the ſick man whines;
Who knows as yet what heav'n deſigns?
Perhaps I may recover ſtill.
That ſum and more are in my will.
Fool ſays the Viſion, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your ſoul, your heav'n was gain.
From ev'ry ſide with all your might,
You ſcrap'd, and ſcrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone
By giving what is not your own.
While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why ſuch haſte? ſo groan'd and dy'd.

FABLE VIII.

The BULL and the MASTIFF.

Seek you to train your fav'rite boy?
Each caution, ev'ry care employ,
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his Preceptor's heart be try'd;
Weigh well his manners, life and ſcope,
On theſe depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Maſtiff paſs'd: inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſhot indignant fire,
He foam'd, he rag'd, with thirſt of blood.
Spurning the ground the monarch ſtood,
And roar'd aloud. Suſpend the fight,
In a whole ſkin, go, ſleep to night;
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breaſt,
Or avarice that ne'er can reſt?
From theſe alone unjuſtly ſprings,
The world-deſtroying wrath of kings.
The ſurly Maſtiff thus returns:
Within my boſom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets ſing, I fight for fame:
The butcher's ſpirit-ſtirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd,
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.
Curſt dog, the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirſt of gore,
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whoſe hands with cruelty are ſtain'd,
His daily murders in thy view,)
Muſt, like thy Tutor, blood purſue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground,
Aloft the ſprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls and dies.

Fable IX.

The WILD BOAR and the RAM.

Againſt an elm a ſheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
The patient flock, in ſilent fright,
From far beheld the horrid ſight;
A ſavage Boar, who near them ſtood,
Thus mock'd to ſcorn the fleecy brood.
All cowards ſhould be ſerv'd like you..
See, ſee, your murd'rer is in view;
With purple hands and reeking knife
He ſtrips the ſkin yet warm with life:
Your quarter'd ſires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmleſs lambs
Call for revenge. O ſtupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is baſe.
I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes,
Yet think us not of ſoul ſo tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame,
Inſenſible of ev'ry ill,
Becauſe we want thy tuſks to kill.
Know, Thoſe who violence purſue
Give to themſelves the vengeance due,
For in theſe maſacres they find
The two chief plagues that waſte mankind.
Our ſkin ſupplies the wrangling Bar,
It wakes their ſlumb'ring ſons to war,
And well revenge may reſt contented,
Since *Drums* and *Parchment* were invented.

Fable X.

The ELEPHANT and the BOOKSELLER.

The Man, who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown ſeas to unknown ſoils,
With various wonders feaſts his ſight;
What ſtranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in deſcription view
Creatures which *Adam* never knew
For, when we riſk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.

Thoſe

Thoſe things that ſtartle me or you,
I grant are ſtrange; yet may be true,
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For ſcience and for ſence renown'd?
Borri records their ſtrength of parts,
Extent of thought and ſkill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And ſave the ſtate the hang-man's fees;
And how by travel underſtand
The language of another land.
Let thoſe who queſtion this report,
To Pliny's ancient page reſort.
How learn'd was that ſagacious breed!
Who now, like them, the greek can read!
As one of theſe, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a ſhop of learning o'er,
Not like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exacteſt care and pains,
Were ev'ry beaſt and bird portray'd,
That e'er the ſearch of man ſurvey'd.
Their natures and their pow'rs were writ
With all the pride of human wit;
The page he with attention ſpread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.
Man with ſtrong reaſon is endow'd;
A beaſt ſcarce inſtinct is allow'd:
But let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he diſcern the diff'rent natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath ſhown
He knows ſo little of his own?
How falſely is the ſpaniel drawn!
Did man from him firſt learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade;
He, the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, man, the ways of courts diſcern,
You'll find a ſpaniel ſtill might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his cenſure, or his wonder?
From courtiers' tricks, and lawyers' arts
The fox might well improve his parts.

The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood
He curſes for his th rſt of blood;
But is not man to man a prey?
Beaſts kill for hunger, men for pay.
The bookſeller, who heard him ſpeak,
And ſaw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus addreſt with bow profound.
Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Againſt the ſenſeleſs ſons of men,
Or write the hiſtory of *Siam*,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, ſince you're learn'd in greek, let's ſee
Something againſt the Trinity.
When wrinkling with a ſneer his trunk,
Friend quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wiſe;
Leave man on man to criticiſe,
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the ſenſeleſs ſons of men,
They unprovok'd will court the fray,
Envy's a ſharper ſpur than pay,
No author ever ſpar'd a brother,
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

FABLE XI.

The PAINTER who pleaſed No body and Every body.

Leſt men ſuſpect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ler, leaping o'er thoſe bounds,
The credit of his book confounds;
Who with his tongue hath armies routed
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
But flatt'ry never ſeems abſurd,
The flatter'd always take your word,
Impoſſibilities ſeem juſt,
They take the ſtrongeſt praiſe on truſt;
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er ſo great,
Will ſtill come ſhort of ſelf-conceit,
So very like a painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;

He

He hit complexion, feature, air,
So juſt, the life itſelf was there.
No flatt'ry, with his colours laid,
To bloom reſtor'd the faded maid,
He gave each muſcle all its ſtrength,
The mouth, the chin, the noſe's length;
His honeſt pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He loſt his friends, his practice fail'd,
Truth ſhould not always be reveal'd;
In duſty piles his pictures lay,
For no one ſent the ſecond pay.
Two buſtos fraught with ev'ry grace,
A *Venus'* and *Apollo's* face,
He plac'd in view; reſolv'd to pleaſe,
Who ever ſat, he drew from theſe,
From theſe corrected ev'ry feature,
And ſpirited each aukward creature.

All things were ſet; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd, and ſeated right
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he ſketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of *Greece*.
Of *Titian's* tints, of *Guido's* air;
Thoſe eyes, my Lord, the ſpirit there
Might well a *Rhaphael's* hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The feature fraught with ſenſe and wit
You'll grant are very hard to hit,
But yet with patience you ſhall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Obſerve the work. My Lord reply'd,
'Till now I thought my mouth too wide,
Beſides, my noſe is ſomewhat long,
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young.
Oh, pardon me, the artiſt cry'd,
In this we painters muſt decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes muſt ſtrike,
I warrant it extremely like.
My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glaſs ſeem'd half ſo true.
A lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his *Venus* form'd her face;
Her lover prais'd the painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!

To ev'ry age ſome charm he lent,
Ev'n beauties were almoſt content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd,
His cuſtom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeneſs ſhown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeneſs in his thought.

ODE. To MEMORY. MASON.

MOTHER OF WISDOM! thou, whoſe ſway
The throng'd ideal hoſts obey;
Who bid'ſt their ranks, now vaniſh, now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear
Accept this votive verſe. Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power reſtrain.
All, all is thine. For thee the ear, and eye
Rove thro' the realms of Grace, and Harmony:
The ſenſes thee ſpontaneous ſerve,
That wake, and thrill through ev'ry nerve.
Elſe vainly ſoft, lov'd Philomel! would flow
The ſoothing ſadneſs of thy warbled woe:
Elſe vainly ſweet yon woodbine ſhade
With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;
Vainly, the cygnet ſpread her downy plume,
The vine guſh nectar, and the virgin bloom.
But ſwift to thee, alive, and warm,
Devolves each tributary charm:
See modeſt Nature bring her ſimple ſtores,
Luxuriant Art exhauſt her plaſtic powers;
While every flower in Fancy's clime,
Each gem of old heroic Time,
Cull'd by the hand of the induſtrious Muſe,
Around thy ſhrine their blended beams diffuſe

Hail, MEM'RY! hail. Behold, I lead
To that high ſhrine the ſacred Maid:
Thy daughter ſhe, the Empreſs of the Lyre,
The firſt, the faireſt, of Aonia's quire.
She comes, and lo, thy realms expand!
She takes her delegated ſtand
Full in the midſt, and o'er thy num'rous train
Diſplays the awful wonders of her reign.

There thron'd ſupreme in native ſtate,
If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
She calls; ideal groves their ſhade extend,
The cool gale breathes, the ſilent ſhow'rs deſcend.
Or, if bleak Winter, frowning round,
Diſrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild Magician, waves her potent wand,
And ready Summers wake at her command.
See, viſionary Suns ariſe,
Thro' ſilver clouds, and azure ſkies,
See, ſportive Zephyrs fan the criſped ſtreams;
Thro' ſhadowy brakes light glance the ſparkling beams:
While, near the ſecret moſs-grown cave,
That ſtands beſide the cryſtal wave,
Sweet Eccho, riſing from her rocky bed,
Mimics the feather'd Chorus o'er her head.

Riſe, hallow'd MILTON! riſe, and ſay,
How, at thy gloomy cloſe of day;
How, when "depreſt by Age, beſet with wrongs;"
When "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues;"
When darkneſs, brooding on thy ſight,
Exil'd the ſov'reign lamp of light;
Say, what could then one chearing hope diffuſe?
What friends were thine, ſave Mem'ry and the Muſe?
Hence the rich ſpoils, thy ſtudious youth
Caught from the ſtores of antient Truth:
Hence all thy claſſic wandrings could explore,
When Rapture led thee to the Latian ſhore;
Each Scene, that Tiber's bank ſupply'd;
Each Grace, that play'd on Arno's ſide;
The tepid Gales, thro' Tuſcan glades that fly;
The blue Serene, that ſpreads Heſperia's ſky;
Were ſtill thine own: thy ample Mind
Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd.
And thence "the nightly Viſitant, "that came
To touch thy boſom with her ſacred flame,
Recall'd the long-loſt beams of grace,
That whilom ſhot from Nature's face,
When GOD, in Eden, o'er her youthful breaſt
Spread with his own right hand Perfection's gorgeous veſt.

THE RAPE of the LOCK. POPE.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing — This verſe to *Caryl*, Muſe! is due:
This ev'n *Belinda* may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the Praiſe,
If ſhe inſpire, and He approve my lays.
Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well bred Lord t'aſſault a gentle Belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In taſks ſo bold, can little men engage,
And in ſoft boſoms dwells ſuch migh y rage?
Sol thro' white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap dogs give themſelves the rouſing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the Bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian *Syph* prolong'd the balmy reſt:
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A Youth more glitt'ring than a birth night Beau,
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.
Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of air!
If e'er one viſion touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught,
Of airy Elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or Virgins Viſited by Angel pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and Innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower ſky:

These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an Equipage thou hast in air
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead.
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea,
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When Music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.
Some Nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, *Your Grace* salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,

Teach Infant cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft when the world imagine women ſtray,
The Sylphs thro' myſtic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expell by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks, what Virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They ſhift the moving Toyſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword knots ſword knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling ſtar
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of man?
He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a Billet doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardours, were no ſooner read,
But all the Viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.
And now unveil'd, the Toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Coſmetic pow'rs,
A heav'nly Image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th'inferior Prieſteſs, at her altars ſide,
Trembling begins the ſacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various offrings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glitt'ring ſpoil.
This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The tortoiſe here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to Combs, the ſpeckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy Sylphs ſurround their darling care,
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair,
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th'etherial plain,
The Sun firſt riſes o'er the purpled main,
Than, iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.
Fair Nymphs and well dreſs'd Youths, around her ſhone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breaſt a ſparkling croſs ſhe wore,
Which jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And, like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget'em all.
This Nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets the ſmooth iv'ry neck.
Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſpringes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair ſurprize the finny prey,

Fair

Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.
Th'advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a Lover's toil attends,
Few aſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phoebus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love — to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vaſt French Romances, neatly guilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain and long poſſeſs the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.
But now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the ſylph — with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th'impending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtrait his Denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever mingling dyes;
While ev'ry beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Daemons hear!
Ye know the ſpheres, and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to th'aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt Æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundleſs ſky.
Some leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on Earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with arms divine the Britiſh Throne.
Our humble province is to tend the Fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th'impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flow'rs,
To ſteal from Rainbows e'er they drop in ſhow'rs
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;
Nay, oft in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a flounce, or add a Furbelow.
This day, black omens threat the brighteſt Fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the Nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade!
Or loſe her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.
Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th'important charge the petticoat:

Oft have we known that ſeven fold fence to fail,
Tho ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever Spirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or Alum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a rivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!
He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the Nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

Cloſe by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs;
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſttic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great *Anna*! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take, and ſometimes Tea.
Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a Court;
In vairous talk th'inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiih Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*
Mean while declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jury men may dine;
The merchant from th'Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilette cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th'aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th'expressive emblem of their softer pow'r,
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And parti colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a Victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the Victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th'imperial conſort of the crown of Spades;
The Clubs black Tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in ſtate unweildy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs only, graſps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th'embroider'd King who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th'approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now, (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate,
An ace of Hearts ſteps forth: The king unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He ſprings to Vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.
Sudden, theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;

On

On ſhining altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoaking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Strait hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half ſhut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate! *
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus's injur'd hair!
But when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill?
Juſt then, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So Ladies in Romance aſſiſt their Knight,
Preſent the Spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thouſand Sprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the Virgin's thought;
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th'ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.
The Peer now ſpread the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T'inclоſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;

Fate

* See Ovid's Metam: VIII.

Fate urg'd the Sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again)
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head for ever, and for ever!
Then flaſh'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th'affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heav'n are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lap dogs breathe their laſt;
Or when rich china veſſels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt, and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a Coach and ſix the Britiſh Fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While Viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax ligh's in bright order blaze,
While Nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!
What time would ſpare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments like men ſubmit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th'imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel,
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted ſteel?

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the penſive Nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her Manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad Virgin! for thy raviſh'd Hair.

For, that ſad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his ſooty pinions flirs the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No cheerful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood ill nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With ſtore of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd! her boſom with lampoons.
There affectation with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride,
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs and for ſhow.
The fair ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.
A conſtant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and Angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by ſpleen.
Here living Tea pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here ſighs a Jar, and there a Gooſe pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe paſt the Gnome thro this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus addreſs'd the pow'r — Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th'hyſteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head dreſs of a prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.
The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, tho ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions and the war of tongues.
A Vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the furies iſſu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and, eſſence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd ar. und?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?

Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already! your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th'ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd thro' cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, Monkeys, Lap-dogs, Parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber ſnuff box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out — "My Lord, why, what the devil!
"Z-ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a jeſt — nay prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair" — he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain.
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock I ſwear,
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then ſee! the Nymph in beaureous grief appears,
Her eyes half languiſhing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid.
For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite curl away!

Happy

Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid;
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd,
Oh had I rather unadmir'd, remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

The RAPE of the LOCK.

Canto V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears,
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the Nymph began.
Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?

Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel like ador'd?
Why round our Coaches croud the white glov'd Beaux,
Why bows the ſide box from its inmoſt rows?
How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains:
That men may ſay, when we the front box grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue as in face?
Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall pox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not ſcorn what houſewife's cares produce
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a ſaint,
Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to uſe,
And keep good humour ſtill whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me, dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
So ſpoke the Dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th'attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſtle, and tough Whalebones crack;
Heroes' and Heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſe and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breaſts with human paſſions rage;
Gainſt Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound:
Earth ſhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and ſate to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin ſpears, the Sprites ſurvey
The growing Combat, or aſſiſt the fray.

While

While thro' the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing — was his laſt.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th'expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Cloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But at her ſmile, the Beau reviv'd again:
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the men's wits againſt the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes,
Nor fear'd the chief th'unequal fight to try,
Who ſought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of ſnuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal rings; which after melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)
Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive.

Reſtore the Lock! ſhe cries; and all around
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the Hankerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vaſes,
And Beaux in ſnuff boxes and tweezer caſes.
There broken Vows, and death bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The Courtier's promiſes, and ſick men's pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for knats, and chains to yoak a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.
But truſt the Muſe — ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view)
A Sudden Star, it ſhot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs thro' the ſkies.
This the Beau Monde ſhall from the Mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray;
This the bleſt lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up Vows from Roſamonda's lake;
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;
And hence th'egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you Loſt.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,

This Lock the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the Stars inſcribe Belinda's name.

A PIPE of TOBACCO. H. BROWN.

Critics avaunt; Tobacco is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blaſting ſteam.
And you, court-inſects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the ſcorching ſphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine my verſe inſpire,
So ſhall the Muſe from ſmoke elicit fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling ſting of ſnuff;
Yet all their claim to wiſdom is — a puff:
Lord Foplin ſmokes not — for his teeth afraid:
Sr Tawdry ſmokes not — for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to ſwoon:
They love no ſmoke, except the ſmoke of town:
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe — no matter,
Strange, if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
Its foes but ſhew their ignorance; can he
Who ſcorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at Tobacco, tho' it makes him — ſpit.
Citronia vows it has an odious ſtink;
She will not ſmoke (ye Gods!) — but ſhe will drink.
And chaſte *Prudella* (blame her if you can)
Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man:
Yet crowds remain, who ſtill its worth proclaim,
While ſome for pleaſure ſmoke, and ſome for fame:
Fame, of our actions univerſal ſpring,
For which we drink, eat, ſleep, ſmoke, — ev'ry thing.

The DROPSICAL MAN.

A jolly, brave toper, who could not forbear
Though his life was in danger, old port and ſtrong beer,
Gave the doctors the hearing — but ſtill would drink on,
Till the dropſy had ſwell'd him as big as a ton.
The more he took phyſic the worſe ſtill he grew,
And tapping was now the laſt thing he could do.

Affairs at this criſis, and doctors come down,
He began to conſider — ſo ſent for his ſon.
Tom, ſee by what courſes I've ſhorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty four hours,
This manor, this houſe, and eſtate will be yours;
My early exceſſes may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth.
Says Tom, (who's a lad of a generous ſpirit,
And not like young rakes who're in haſte to inherit,)
Sir, don't be diſhearten'd; although it be true,
Th'operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone thro'.
And then as for years, you may yet be call'd young,
Your life after this may be happy and long.
Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jeſt in his mouth and a tear in his eye;
Too well by experience, my *veſſels*, thou know'ſt,
No ſooner are *tap'd*, but they *give up the ghoſt*.

The F O P.

Well! then, Sir I'll tell you without any jeſt,
The thing of all things, which I hate and deteſt;
A coxcomb, a fop,
A dainty milk-ſop;
Who, eſſenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,
Looks juſt like a doll for a millener's ſhop.
A thing full of prate,
And pride and conceit;
All faſhion no weight;
Who ſhrugs and takes ſnuff,
And carries a muff;
A minikin,
Finikin,
French powder-puff:
And now Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

LETTER from a *Country Clergyman* to his Peruke-maker with his Daughter's *Hair*.

Good Mr. *Gill*, I doubt not your ſkill,
Nor diſpute your ſtrict juſtice and care;
Fifteen days after date, if you'll cover my pate
With a wigg of my daughter Nann's hair.
Of a right flaxen white, let it ſit round and tight,
With a curl large as any gooſe egg is,
With a fore-top as high as a rais'd ven'ſon pye,
And as full as the calf of my leg is:
Long before as behind, for that is my mind,
Will beſt become my broad face;
Thirty inches in all is the round of the caul;
Thus mounted, my features 'twill grace.
And as for your pay, let me know but the day,
And ſet your price lower or higher,
I'll pay you as ſoon, and as much *to the tune*
As the dean does himſelf, or our ſquire.

The gentleman, not hearing from the Barber, wrote again, as follows.

Good Mr. *Gill* I can take nothing ill
From a man of your merit and fame;
But I fear you poſpone my poor caxon alone
And have finiſh'd all others that came.
If its not on the pipes, I cou'd wiſh you the gripes,
Becauſe you've deferr'd it ſo long;
But you know I ne'er quarrel with ought but a barrel,
Nor with that if its mellow and ſtrong.
At good *Whitsuntide*, you know that the bride
And the bridegroom haunt me for the job;
Then how odd wou'd it look, for the parſon to ſnook
In a ſorry old hay colour'd bob!
Pray make no miſtake, for next week is our wake,
And if it's not finiſh'd by then,
You may wipe your backſide with this piece of my pride,
And ſend me my hair back again.

PARADISE LOST. MILTON.

Raphael *relates how* Michael *and* Gabriel *were ſent forth to battle againſt* Satan *and his angels. The firſt fight deſcribed:* Satan *and his powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents deviliſh engines, which in the ſecond day's fight put* Michael *and his angels to ſome diſorder; but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of* Satan: *Yet the tumult not ſo ending,* God *on the third day ſends* Meſſiah *his ſon, for whom he had reſerved the glory of that victory. He in the power of his father, coming to the place, and cauſing all his legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midſt of his enemies, purſues them unable to reſiſt towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confuſion into the place of puniſhment prepar'd for them in the deep: Meſſiah returns with triumph to his father.*

All night the dreadleſs angel unpurſued
Through heav'n's wide champain held his way; 'till morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, faſt by his throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through heaven
Grateful viciſſitude, like day and night;
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the heav'n, though darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn
Such as in higheſt heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her baniſh'd night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick imbattl'd ſquadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among thoſe friendly pow'rs, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of ſo many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not loſt: On to the ſacred hill

They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupreme; from whence a voice
From midſt a golden cloud thus mild was heard.
Servant of God, well done, well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintain'd
Againſt revolted multitudes the cauſe
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the teſtimony of truth haſt borne
Univerſal reproach, far worſe to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe: the eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than ſcorn'd thou didſt depart, and to ſubdue
By force, who reaſon for their law refuſe,
Right reaſon for their law, and for their king
Meſſiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go Michael of celeſtial armies prince,
And thou in military proweſs next
Gabriel, lead forth to battle theſe my ſons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By thouſands and by millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that godleſs crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hoſtile arms
Fearleſs aſſault, and to the brow of heaven
Purſuing drive them out from God and bliſs
Into their place of puniſhment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.
So ſpake the ſovran voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and ſmoke to roll
In duſky wreaths, reluctant flames, the ſign
Of wrath awak'd; nor with leſs dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command the powers militant,
That ſtood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence their bright legions, to the ſound
Of inſtrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardour to adventrous deeds
Under their God-like leaders, in the cauſe
Of God and his Meſſiah. On thy move
Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor ſtraight'ning vale, nor wood, nor ſtream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground

Their march was, and the paſſive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came ſummon'd over eden to receive
Their names of thei ; ſo over many a tract
Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at laſt
Far in th' horriſon to the north appear'd
From ſkirt to ſkirt a fiery region ſtretch'd
In bartalous aſpect, and nearer view
Briſtled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid ſpears, and helmets throng'd, and ſhields
Various, with boaſtful argument portray'd,
The banded pow'rs of Satan haſting on
With furious expedition; for they wean'd
That ſelf ſame day by fight, or by ſurprize,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To ſet the envier of his ſtate, the proud
Aſpirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way: though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
At firſt, that angel ſhould with angel war,
And in fierce hoſting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in feſtivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one great ſire
Hymning th'eternal father: but the ſhout
Of battel now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt exalted as a God
Th'apoſtate in his ſun-bright chariot ſat,
Idol of majeſty divine, inclos'd
With flaming cherubim and golden ſhields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that ſight indur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that ſuch reſemblance of the higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and reälty
Remain not: wherefore ſhould not ſtrength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakeſt prove

Where boldeſt, though to fight unconquerable?
His puiſſance, truſting in th'almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whoſe reaſon I have try'd
Unſound and falſe; nor is it ought but juſt,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; though brutiſh that conteſt and foul,
When reaſon hath to deal with force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that reaſon overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him defy'd.
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The highth of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The throne of god unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th'omnipotent to riſe in arms;
Who out of ſmalleſt things could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finiſh'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs: but thou ſeeſt
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not viſible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to diſſent
From all: my ſect thou ſeeſt; now learn too late
How few ſometimes may know, when thouſands err.
Whom the grand foe with ſcornful eye aſkance
Thus anſwer'd. Ill for thee, but in wiſh'd hour
Of my revenge, firſt ſought for thou return'ſt
From flight, ſeditious angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the firſt aſſay
Of this right hand provok'd, ſince firſt that tongue
Inſpir'd with contradiction durſt oppoſe
A third part of the gods, in ſynod met
Their deities to aſſert, who while they feel
Vigor divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'ſt
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me ſome plume, that thy ſucceſs may ſhow
Deſtruction to the reſt: this pauſe between
(Unanſwer'd leſt thou boaſt) to let thee know;

At first I thought that liberty and heaven
To heav'nly ſouls had been all one; but now
I ſee that moſt through ſloth had rather ſerve,
Miniſtring ſpi'rits, train'd up in feaſt and ſong;
Such haſt thou arm'd, the minſtrelſy of heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel ſtern reply'd.
Apoſtate, ſtill thou err'ſt, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou depray'ſt it with the name
Of ſervitude to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th'unwiſe, or him who hath rebell'd
Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thyſelf not free, but to thyſelf inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly darſt our miniſtring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell thy kingdom; let me ſerve
In Heav'n God ever bleſt, and his divine
Behеſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd;
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.

So ſaying, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of Satan, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſy ſpear upſtay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat
Half ſunk with all his pines. Amazement ſeiz'd
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to ſee
Thus foil'd their mightieſt; ours joy fill'd, and ſhout,
Preſage of victory, and fierce deſire
Of battle: whereat Michäel bid ſound
Th'Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vaſt of Heav'n
It ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hoſanna to the Higheſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd;
The horrid ſhock: now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamour ſuch as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd

Hor-

Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battles main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage; all Heaven
Reſounded, and had earth been then, all Earth
Had to her center ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
Theſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army againſt army numberleſs to raiſe
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happy native ſeat;
Had not th'eternal King omnipotent
From his ſtrong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd ſuch
As each divided legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous hoſt, in ſtrength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader ſeem'd
Each warrior ſingle as in chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battle, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
That war and various, ſometimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air ſeem'd then
Conflicting fire: long time in even ſcale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had ſhown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the ſword of Michael ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſh'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, oppos'd the rocky orb
Of ten-fold adamant, his ample ſhield,

A vaſt circumference: At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
Inteſtin war in Heav'n, th'arch foe ſubdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all inflam'd firſt thus began.
Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous as thou ſeeſt
Theſe acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thyſelf
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'n's bleſſed peace, and into nature brought
Miſery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd
Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd falſe? But think not here
To trouble holy reſt; Heav'n caſts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n the ſeat of bliſs
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy ofspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging ſword begin thy doom,
Or ſome more ſudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
So ſpake the prince of Angels; to whom thus
The adverſary. Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of theſe
To flight, or if to fall, but that they riſe
Unvanquiſh'd, eaſier to tranſact with me
That thou ſhould'ſt hope, imperious, and with threats
To chace me hence? err not that ſo ſhall end
The ſtrife which thou call'ſt evil, but we ſtile
The ſtrife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav'n itſelf into the Hell
Thou fableſt, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmoſt force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have ſought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch highth
Of Godlike pow'r? for likeſt Gods they ſeem'd,

Stood

Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſit, while expectation ſtood
In horror: from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th'angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion; ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition in mid ſky
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.
Together both with next to almighty arm
Up-lifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention: but the ſword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer: nor ſtay'd,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep entring ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then Satan firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The grinding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him: but th'ethereal ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of necta'rous humor iſſuing flow'd
Sanguin, ſuch as celeſtial Spirits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd ere while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By Angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defenſe, while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot, where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh and deſpite and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;

Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe; and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and color ſhape or ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deſerv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the holy one of Heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing,
Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquiſh'd Adramelech, and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be leſs than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghaſtly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor ſtood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheiſt crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel ſcorch'd and blaſted overthrew.
I might relate of thouſands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but thoſe elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,
Seek not the praiſe of men, the other ſort,
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
Nor of renown leſs eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heav'n and ſacred memory,
Nameleſs in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For ſtrength from truth divided and from juſt,
Illaudable, nought merits but diſpraiſe
And ignominy, yet to glory aſpires
Vain glorious, and through infamy ſeeks fame:
Therefore eternal ſilence be their doom.
And now their mightieſt quell'd, the battle ſwerv'd.
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul diſorder; all the ground
With ſhiver'd armour ſtrown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming ſteeds; what ſtood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic hoſt
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale fear ſurpris'd,

Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain
Fled ignominous, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or pain.
Far otherwise th'inviolable Saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.
Now night her course began, and over heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field
Michaël and his Angels prevalent
Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th'other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd; and void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpow'rd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heaven's lord had pow'rfullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we indur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,

May ſerve to better us, and worſe our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cauſe
Left them ſuperior, while we can preſerve
Unhurt our minds and underſtanding ſound,
Due ſearch and conſultation will diſcloſe.

He ſat; and in th'aſſembly next upſtood
Niſroch, of Principalities the prime;
As one he ſtood eſcap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aſpect thus anſw'ring ſpake.
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
Againſt unequal arms to fight in pain,
Againſt unpain'd, impaſſive; from which evil
Ruin muſt needs enſue; for what avails
Valor or ſtrength, though matchleſs, quell'd with pain
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:
But pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils, and exceſſive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourſelves with like defenſe, to me deſerves
No leſs than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'ſt ſo main to our ſucceſs, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright ſurface
Of this ethereous mold whereon we ſtand,
This continent of ſpacious heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambroſial, gems and gold;
Whoſe eye ſo ſuperficially ſurveys
Theſe things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of ſpiritous and fiery ſpume, till touch'd
With heaven's ray, and temper'd they ſhoot forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
Theſe in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hollow engins long and round
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire

Dilated

Dilated and infuriate, ſhall ſend forth
From far with thund'ring noiſe among our foes
Such implements of miſchief, as ſhall daſh
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever ſtands
Adverſe, that they ſhall fear we have diſarm'd
The thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long ſhall be our labor; yet ere dawn,
Effect ſhall end our wiſh. Mean while revive:
Abandon fear; to ſtrength and counſel join'd
Think nothing hard, much leſs to be deſpair'd.
He ended and his words their drooping chear
Inlighten'd, and their languiſh'd hope reviv'd.
Th'invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th'inventor miſs'd; ſo eaſy' it ſeem'd
Once found, which yet unfound moſt would have thought
Impoſſible: yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice ſhould abound,
Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With deviliſh machination, might deviſe
Like inſtrument to plague the ſons of men
For ſin, on war and mutual ſlaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None arguing ſtood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celeſtial ſoil, and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception; ſulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with ſubtle art,
Concocted and aduſted they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd:
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and ſtone,
Whereof to found their engins and their balls
Of miſſive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-ſpring, under conſcious night,
Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection uneſpy'd.

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,
Up roſe the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet ſung: in arms they ſtood
Of golden panoply, refulgent hoſt,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and ſcouts each coaſt light-armed ſcour,
Each quarter, to deſcry the diſtant foe,

Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him ſoon they met
Under ſpread enſigns moving nigh, in ſlow
But firm battalion; back with ſpeedieſt ſail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the ſwifteſt wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.
Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will ſave us long purſuit
This day; fear not his flight; ſo thick a cloud
He comes, and ſettled in his face I ſee
Sad reſolution and ſecure: let each
His adamantin coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbed ſhield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling ſhower,
But rattling ſtorm of arrows barb'd with fire,
So warn'd he them aware themſelves, and ſoon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Inſtant without diſturb they took alarm,
And onward move imbattel'd: when behold
Not diſtant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching groſs and huge, in hollow cube
Training his deviliſh, enginry impal'd
On every ſide with ſhadowing ſquadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both ſtood
A while; but ſuddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may ſee who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace and compoſure, and with open breaſt
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe;
But that I doubt; however witneſs Heaven,
Heav'n witneſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
Freely our part; yet who appointed ſtand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So ſcoffing in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes diſcover'd, new and ſtrange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars moſt they ſeem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Braſs, iron, ſtony mold, had not their mouths

With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for ſudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From thoſe deep throated engins belch'd, whoſe roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noiſe the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor hoſt
Level'd, with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,
Though ſtanding elſe as rocks, but down they fell
By thouſands, Angel on Arch Angel roll'd;
The ſooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have eaſily as Spirits evaded ſwift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul diſſipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files.
What ſhould they do? if on they ruſh'd, repulſe
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more deſpis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In poſture to diſplode their ſecond tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worſe abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.

O Friends, why come not on theſe victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breaſt (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe,
If our propoſals once again were heard,
We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.
To whom thus Belial in like gameſome mood.
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhow us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing, highten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſy, and of his thunder made a ſcorn
And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble: but they ſtood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from Heaven
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpſe they ran, they flew;
From their foundations looſning to and fro
They pluck'd the ſeated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
Up lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,
Be ſure, and terror ſeiz'd the rebel hoſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains up ward turn'd;
Till on thoſe curſed engins triple-row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſs'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, cruſh'd in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long ſtrugling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of ſuch pris'n, though ſpirits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hill uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe; war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heap'd

Upon confuſion roſe: and now all heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpread;
Had not th'almighty Father, where he ſits
Shrin'd in his ſanctuary of Heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his ſon
Th'aſſeſſor of his throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my glory, ſon belov'd,
Son in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, by what deity I am,
And in whoſe hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are paſt,
Two days, as we compute the days of heaven,
Since Michael and his pow'rs went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient: ſore hath been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd;
For to themſelves I left them, and thou know'ſt,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reigns,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore paſt, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have ſuffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, ſince none but thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch virtue' and grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In heav'n and hell thy pow'r above compare:
And this perverſe commotion govern'd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be heir
Of all things, to be heir and to be king
By ſacred unction, thy deſerved right.
Go then thou mightieſt in thy father's might,
Aſcend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake heav'n's baſis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and ſword upon thy puiſſant thigh;

Purſue theſe ſons of darkneſs, drive them out,
From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
God and Meſſiah his anointed king.
He ſaid, and on his ſon with rays direct
Shone full; he all his father full expreſs'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the filial godhead anſw'ring ſpake.
O father, O ſupreme of heav'nly thrones,
Firſt, higheſt, holieſt, beſt, thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorify thy ſon, I always thee,
As is moſt juſt; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'ſt thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
Scepter and pow'r, thy giving, I aſſume,
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'ſt:
But whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildneſs on,
Image of thee in all things; and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of theſe rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill manſion driven down,
To chains of darkneſs, and th'undying worm,
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy ſaints unmix'd, and from th'impure
Far ſeparate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned halleluiahs to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief.

So ſaid, he o'er his ſcepter bowing, roſe
From the right hand of glory where he ſat,
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine,
Dawning through Heav'n: forth ruſh'd with whirlwind ſound
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic ſhapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with ſtars their bodies all
And wings were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beril, and carreering fires between;
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament,
Whereon a ſaphir throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the ſhow'ry arch.
He in celeſtial panoply all arm'd

Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three bolted thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystallin sky, in saphir thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head imbodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th'uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice and went
Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Spi'rits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th'obdurate to relent?
They harden'd more by what might most reclame,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and aspiring to his hight,
Stood reimbattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battel drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake.
Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
And as ye have received, so have ye done
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew

The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude; stand only and behold
God's indignation on these Godless pour'd
By me; not you but me they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supreme
Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains,
Hath honor'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battel which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count' nance too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrèan shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountain now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th'accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.

Yet

Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid voly; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of heaven:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before him thunder-ſtruck, purſued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And cryſtal wall of Heav'n, which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful deep; the monſtrous ſight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worſe
Urg'd them behind; headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.
Hell heard th'inſufferable noiſe, Hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roard,
And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole and on them clos'd;
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Diſburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th'expulſion of his foes
Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his Saints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye-witneſſes of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him ſung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthieſt to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.

End of the Sixth Book.

Written among the ruins of a Nobleman's Seat in Cornwall. MOORE.

Amidſt theſe venerable drear remains
Of antient grandeur, muſing ſad I ſtray;
Around a melancholy ſilence reigns,
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd *Eugenio*, born of noble race,
Aloft his manſion roſe; around were ſeen
Extenſive gardens deck'd with every grace,
Ponds, walks, and groves thro' all the ſeaſons green.

Ah! where is now its boaſted beauty fled!
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the ſky,
And broken columns in confuſion ſpread,
A rude miſhapen heap of ruins lie.

Of ſplendid rooms no traces here are found:
How are theſe tottering walls by time defac'd!
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
Once hung with tapeſtry, with paintings grac'd!

In antient times, perhaps, where now I tread,
Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl,
Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty ſpread
Her artful ſnares to captivate the ſoul.

Or here, attended by a choſen train
Of innocent delight, true Grandeur dwelt,
Diffuſing bleſſings o'er the diſtant plain,
Health, joy, and happineſs by thouſands felt.

Around now Solitude unjoyous reigns,
No gay-gilt chariot hither marks the way,
No more with chearful hopes the needy ſwains
At the once bounteous gate their viſits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled,
Which every clime was ranſack'd to ſupply?
O'er the drear ſpot ſee deſolation ſpread,
And the dismantled walls in ruins lie!

Dead are the trees that once with niceſt care
Arrang'd, from opening bloſſoms ſhed perfume,
And thick with fruitage ſtood, the pendent pear,
The ruddy-colour'd peach, and gloſſy plumb.

Exſtinct

Exſtinct is all the family of flowers:
In vain I ſeek the arbour's cool retreat,
Where antient friends in converſe paſs'd the hours,
Defended from the raging dog ſtar's heat.

Along the terraſs-walks are ſtraggling ſeen
The prickly bramble, and the noiſome weed,
Beneath whoſe covert crawls the toad obſcene,
And ſnakes and adders unmoleſted breed.

The groves, where Pleaſure walk'd her rounds, decay,
The mead untill'd a barren aſpect wears;
And where the ſprightly fawn was wont to play,
O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waſte appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,
Where oſiers ſpread, a pond capacious ſtood;
From far, by art the ſtream was taught to flow,
Whoſe liquid ſtores ſupplied th'unfailing flood.

Oft here the ſilent angler took his place,
Intent to captivate the ſcaly fry —
But periſh'd now are all the numerous race,
Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here then, ye Great! behold th'uncertain ſtate
Of earthly grandeur — beauty, ſtrength, and power,
Alike are ſubject to the ſtroke of fate,
And flouriſh but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no diſſolution fears,
Still permanent, tho' ages roll away;
Who builds on her immortal baſis, rears
A ſuperſtructure time can ne'er decay.

An *Epiſtle* from a *Swiſs Officer* to his friend at *Rome*.

From horrid mountains ever hid in ſnow,
And barren lands, and dreary plains below;
To you, dear Sir, my beſt regards I ſend,
The weakeſt reaſoner, as the trueſt friend.
Your arguments, that vainly ſtrive to pleaſe,
Your arts, your country, and your palaces;

What

What ſigns of roman grandeur ſtill remain —
Much you have ſaid; and much have ſaid in vain.
Fine pageants theſe for ſlaves, to pleaſe the eye;
And put the neateſt dreſs on miſery!
Bred up to ſlav'ry and diſſembled pain,
Unhappy man! you trifle with your chain:
But ſhould your friend with your deſires comply,
And ſell himſelf to *Rome* and ſlav'ry;
He could not wear his trammels with that art,
Or hide the noble anguiſh of his heart:
You'd ſoon repent the livery that you gave;
For, truſt me, I ſhould make an aukward ſlave.
Falſely you blame our barren rocks and plains,
Happy in freedom and laborious ſwains:
Our peaſants chearful to the field repair,
And can enjoy the labours of the year;
Whilſt yours, beneath ſome tree, with mournful eyes,
Sees for his haughty lord his harveſts riſe:
Then ſilent ſighs; but ſtops his ſlaviſh breath:
He ſilent ſighs; for ſhould he ſpeak, 'tis death.
Hence from our field the lazy grain we call,
Too much for want, for luxury too ſmall;
Whilſt all *Campania's* rich inviting ſoil
Scarce knows the ploughſhare, or the reaper's toil.
In arms we breed our youth. To dart from far,
And aim aright the thunder of the war;
To whirl the faulchion, and direct the blow;
To ward the ſtroke, or bear upon the foe.
Early in hardſhips through the woods they fly,
Nor feel the piercing froſt, or wintry ſky;
Some prowling wolf or foamy boar to meet,
And ſtretch the panting ſavage at their feet:
Inur'd by this, they ſeek a nobler war,
And ſhew an honeſt pride in every ſcar;
With joy the danger and the blood partake,
Whilſt every wound is for their country's ſake.
But you, ſoft warriors, forc'd into the field
Or faintly ſtrike, or impotently yield;
For well this univerſal truth you know,
Who fights for tyrants is his country's foe.
I envy not your arts, the roman ſchools,
Improv'd, perhaps, but to inſlave your ſouls.
May you to ſtone, or nerves or beauty give,
And teach the ſoft'ning marble how to live;
May you the paſſions in your colours trace,
And work up every piece with every grace;

In airs and attitudes be wond'rous wiſe,
And know the arts to pleaſe, or to ſurprize;
In muſic's ſofteſt ſound conſume the day,
Sounds that would melt the warrior's ſoul away:
Vain efforts theſe, an honeſt fame to raiſe:
Your painter's, and your eunuchs, be your praiſe:
Grant us more real goods, you hav'nly powers!
Virtue, and arms, and liberty be ours.
Weak are your offers to the free and brave;
No bribe can purchaſe me to be a ſlave.
Hear me, ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye plains,
The happy bounds of our *Helvetian* ſwains!
In thee, my country, will I fix my ſeat;
Nor envy the poor wretch, that would be great:
My arms and life I dedicate to thee —
For, know, it is my int'reſt to be free.

PROLOGUE to the TRAGEDY of CATO: POPE.

To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind, in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the *Tragic Muſe* firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as Patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth *Roman* drops from *Britiſh* eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What *Plato* thought, and godlike *Cato* was:
No common object to your ſight displays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys.
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.

While

While *Cato* gives his little Senate laws,
What boſom beats not in his Country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud *Caeſar*, 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Show'd *Rome* her *Cato's* figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
And honour'd *Caeſar's* leſs than *Cato's* ſword.
Britons, attend; be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome learning arts from *Greece*, whom ſhe ſubdu'd;
Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On french tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone ſhould win a *Britiſh* ear,
As *Cato's* ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

PROLOGUE to the *Author*. FOOTE.

Severe their taſk, who in this Critic age,
With freſh materials furniſh out the ſtage!
Not that our Fathers drain'd the comic ſtore;
Freſh characters ſpring up as heretofore —
Nature with novelty does ſtill abound;
On every ſide freſh follies may be found.

But then the taſte of every gueſt to hit,
To pleaſe at once, the Gall'ry, Box, and Pit;
Requires at leaſt — no common ſhare of Wit.

Thoſe who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake, or modiſh wife;
Whilſt they, who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and ſlumber at their love.
If light low mirth employs the comic ſcene,
Such mirth, as drives from vulgar minds the ſpleen;

The

The poliſh'd Critic damns the wretched ſtuff,
And cries, --- *'twill pleaſe the gall'ries well enough.*
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
Since ſops will frown, where humble Traders ſmile.
To daſh the Poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirſt for univerſal fame,
The *Grecian* Fabuliſt, in moral lay,
Has thus addreſs'd the writers of his day.

Once on a time, a Son and Sire were told,
The ſtrippling tender, and the Father old,
Purchas'd a Jack-Aſs at a country Fair,
To eaſe their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But as the ſluggiſh animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both ſhould mount, his back would break:
Up gets the Boy, the Father leads the Aſs,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to paſs;
Forth from the throng, the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble ſhout.
This the reſpect to reverend age you ſhow?
And this the duty you to parents owe?
He beats the hoof, and you are ſet aſtride;
Sirrah, get down, and let your father ride.
As *Grecian* Lads were ſeldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth, reſign'd his place.
Then a freſh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, Girls, Wives, Widows, all attack the man.
Sure never was brute beaſt ſo void of nature!
Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
To your own baby can you be unkind?
Here — Suke, Bill, Betty, — put the child behind.
Old *Dapple* next, the Clown's compaſſion claim'd;
Tis wonderment, them boobies ben't aſham'd:
Two at a time upon a poor dumb beaſt!
They might as well have carry'd him at leaſt.
The pair ſtill pliant to the partial voice,
Diſmount, and bear the Aſs — then what a noiſe!
Huzzas — loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet ſilent Sire, theſe words provoke.
Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call,
Vain his attempts, who ſtrives to pleaſe them all.

PROLOGUE to the *Clandeſtine Marriage.*
GARRICK.

Poets and Painters, who from nature draw
Their beſt and richeſt ſtores, have made this law;
That each ſhould neighbourly aſſiſt his brother,
And ſteal with decency from one another.
To night, your matchleſs *Hogarth* gives the thought,
Which from his canvas to the ſtage is brought.
And who ſo fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pictur'd morals and mankind?
But not the ſame their characters and ſcenes;
Both labour for one end, by different means:
Each, as it ſuits him, takes a ſeperate road,
Their one great object, *Marriage-a-la-mode!*
Where titles deign with cits *to have and hold*,
And change rich blood for more ſubſtantial gold!
And honour'd trade from intereſt turns aſide,
To hazard happineſs for titled pride.
The painter dead, yet ſtill he charms the eye;
While *England* lives, his fame can never die.
But he, who *ſtruts his hour upon the ſtage*,
Can ſcarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor ſave,
The art, and artiſt, ſhare one common grave,
O let me drop one tributary tear,
On poor *Jack Falſtaff's* grave, and *Juliet's* bier!
You to their worth muſt teſtimony give;
Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live.
Still as the ſcenes of life will ſhaft away,
The ſtrong impreſſions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known;
They'll boaſt of *Quins* and *Cibbers* of their own:
The greateſt glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approved by *you*.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA. DRYDEN.

In that ſweet iſle where *Venus* keeps her court,
And ev'ry grace, and all the loves, reſort;
Where either ſex is form'd of ſofter earth,
And takes the bent of pleaſure from their birth;

There

There liv'd a cyprian *Lord* above the reſt
Wiſe, wealthy, with a num'rous iſſue bleſs'd.
But as no gift of fortune is ſincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
His eldeſt born, a goodly Youth to view,
Excell'd the reſt in ſhape, and outward ſhew,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His ſoul bely'd the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in diſgrace.
A clowniſh mien, a voice with ruſtic ſound,
And ſtupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece deſign'd,
But made for two, and by miſtake in one were join'd.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's deſpair;
The more inform'd, the leſs he underſtood,
And deeper ſunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Now ſcorn'd of all, and grown the public ſhame,
The people from *Galeſus* chang'd his name,
And *Cymon* call'd, which ſignifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature ſuit.
His father, when he found his labour loſt,
And care employ'd, that anſwer'd not the coſt,
Choſe an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to ſee what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
Rude work well ſuited with a ruſtic mind.
Thus to the wilds the ſturdy *Cymon* went,
A Squire among the ſwains, and pleas'd with baniſhment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his ſupreme delight, a country fair.
It happen'd on a ſummer's holiday,
That to the green wood ſhade he took his way;
For *Cymon* ſhunn'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.
His quarter-ſtaff, which he could ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went, for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirſt conſtrain'd,
The deep receſſes of the grove he gain'd;

Where in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept thro' the matted graſs a cryſtal flood,
By which an alabaſter fountain ſtood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
Attended by her ſlaves, a ſleeping maid.
Like *Dian* and her nymphs, when tir'd with ſport,
To reſt by cool *Eurotas* they reſort:
The dame herſelf the goddeſs well expreſs'd,
Not more diſtinguiſh'd by her purple veſt,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in ſlumber a ſuperior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body ſhaded with a ſlight cymarr;
Her boſom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were ſcarcely ſpy'd,
For yet their places were but ſignify'd:
The fanning wind upon her boſom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the boſom roſe;
The fanning wind, and purling ſtreams, continue her repoſe.
The fool of nature ſtood with ſtupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that teſtify'd ſurprize,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his ſight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he ſtood, and leaning on his ſtaff,
His wonder witneſs'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have ſpoke, but by his glimmering ſenſe
Firſt found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he ſhould be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Thro' the rude Chaos thus the running light
Shot the firſt ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkneſs in the maſs were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Laſt ſhone the ſun, who radiant in his ſphere,
Illumin'd heav'n and earth, and roll'd around the year.
So reaſon in this brutal ſoul began,
Love made him firſt ſuſpect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian ſound;
By love his want of words, and wit, he found;
That ſenſe of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and diſclos'd the promiſe of a day
What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpoliſh'd heart,
The beſt inſtructor, Love, at once inſpir'd
As barren grounds to fruitfulneſs are fir'd,

Love taught him ſhame, and ſhame with Love at ſtrife,
Soon taught the ſweet civilities of life;
His groſs material ſoul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a deſire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the firſt impreſſion on his mind,
Above, but juſt above, the brutal kind.
For beaſts can like, but not diſtinguiſh too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this, or t'other face,
Or judge of this, or that peculiar grace;
But love in groſs, and ſtupidly admire:
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beaſt advancing by degrees,
Firſt likes the whole, then ſep'rates what he ſees;
On ſev'ral parts a ſev'ral praiſe beſtows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd noſe,
The ſnowy ſkin, and raven-gloſſy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead riſing fair,
And ev'n in ſleep itſelf, a ſmiling air.
From thence his eyes deſcending view'd the reſt,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breaſt.
I ong on the laſt he dwelt, tho' ev'ry part
A pointed arrow ſped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
A judge erected from a country clown,
He long'd to ſee her eyes, in ſlumber hid,
And wiſh'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak'd her, but reſtrain'd his thought,
And Love new-born the firſt good manners taught.
And awful fear his ardent wiſh withſtood,
Nor durſt diſturb the goddeſs of the wood.
For ſuch ſhe ſeem'd by her celeſtial face,
Excelling all the reſt of human race.
And things divine, by common ſenſe he knew,
Muſt be devoutly ſeen, at diſtant view:
So checking his deſire, with trembling heart
Gazing he ſtood, nor would, nor could depart,
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not ſtir by night, for fear to ſtray,
But ſtands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.

At length awaking, *Iphigene* the fair,
So was the beauty call'd, who caus'd his care,

Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While thoſe of all her ſlaves in ſleep were ſeal'd.
The ſlav'ring cudden, propp'd upon his ſtaff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durſt begin
To ſpeak, but wiſely kept the fool within.
Then ſhe; What makes you, *Cymon*, here alone?
For *Cymon's* name was round the country known
Becauſe deſcended of a noble race,
And for a ſoul ill ſorted with his face.
But ſtill the ſot ſtood ſilent with ſurpriſe,
With fix'd regard on her new open'd eyes,
And in his breaſt receiv'd th'invenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the ſmart.
But conſcious of her form, with quick diſtruſt
She ſaw his ſparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal luſt:
This to prevent, ſhe wak'd her ſleepy crew,
And riſing haſty, took a ſhort adieu.
Then *Cymon* firſt his ruſtic voice eſſay'd,
With proffer'd ſervice to the parting maid
To ſee her ſafe; his hand ſhe long deny'd,
But took at length, aſham'd of ſuch a guide.
So *Cymon* led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But ſought his father's houſe, with better mind,
Refuſing in the farm to be confin'd.
The father wonder'd at the ſon's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice to mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting ſtill
To learn the ſecret cauſes of his alter'd will.

Nor was he long delay'd: the firſt requeſt
He made, was like his brothers to be dreſt,
And as his birth requir'd, above the reſt.

With eaſe his ſuit was granted by his ſire,
Diſtinguiſhing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next deſign'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate his mind:
He ſought a tutor of his own accord,
And ſtudy'd leſſons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd ſo faſt,
That in ſhort time his equals he ſurpaſs'd:
His brutal manners from his breaſt exil'd,
His mien he faſhion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry exerciſe of all admir'd,
He ſeem'd, nor only ſeem'd, but was inſpir'd:

Inſpir'd by Love, whoſe buſineſs is to pleaſe;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful eaſe,
More fam'd for ſenſe, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter'd *Cymon* ſhall we ſay,
But that the fire which choak'd in aſhes lay,
A load too heavy for his ſoul to move,
Was upward blown below, and bruſh'd away by Love.
Love made an active progreſs thro' his mind,
The duſky parts he clear'd, the groſs refind,
The drowſy wak'd; and as he went impreſs'd
The maker's image on the human breaſt.
Thus was the man amended by deſire,
And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reaſon ſcan'd,
And like an error of the better hand;
Excus'd th'exceſs of paſſion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So *Cymon*, ſince his ſire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be *Cymon* ſtill;
Galeſus he diſown'd, and choſe to bear
The name of fool confirm'd, and biſhop'd by the fair.

To *Cipſeus* by his friends his ſuit he mov'd,
Cipſeus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While *Cymon* was endeavouring to be wiſe:
And *Iphigene*, oblig'd by former vows,
Had giv'n her faith to wed a foreign ſpouſe:
Her ſire and ſhe to Rhodian *Paſimond*,
Though both repenting, were by promiſe bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Tho' better lov'd, he ſpoke too late to ſpeed.
The doom was paſt, the ſhip already ſent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herſelf the fair unhappy maid,
While ſtormy *Cymon* thus in ſecret ſaid:
The time is come for *Iphigene* to find
The miracle ſhe wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her raviſh'd love
In rank ſhall place me with the bleſs'd above.
For mine by Love, by force ſhe ſhall be mine,
Or death, if force ſhould fail, ſhall finiſh my deſign.
Reſolv'd he ſaid; and rigg'd with ſpeedy care
A veſſel ſtrong, and well equipp'd for war.
The ſecret ſhip with choſen friends he ſtor'd;
And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.

Ambuſh'd he lay behind the Cyprian ſhore,
Waiting the ſail that all his wiſhes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hoſtile ſhip and beauteous bride.
To *Rhodes* the rival bark directly ſteer'd,
When *Cymon* ſudden at her back appear'd,
And ſtopp'd her flight: then ſtanding on his prow
In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe;
Or ſtrike your ſails at ſummons, or prepare
To prove the laſt extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the veſſels ſide by ſide,
Theſe obſtinate to ſave, and thoſe to ſeize the bride.

But *Cymon* ſoon his crooked grapples caſt,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with ſword and ſhield, amid the preſs he paſs'd.
Fierce was the fight, but haſt'ning to his prey,
By force the furious Lover freed his way:
Himſelf alone diſpers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak diſdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conqueſt for his following friends remain'd,
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confeſs'd, the foes retreat,
And caſt their weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he chear'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
For Love alone, nor other booty ſought:
Your lives are ſafe; your veſſel I reſign,
Yours be your own, reſtoring what is mine:
In *Iphigene* I claim my rightful due,
Rob'd by my rival, and detain'd by you:
Your *Paſimond* a lawleſs bargain drove,
The parent could not fell the daughter's love;
Or if he cou'd, my Love diſdains the laws,
And like a king by conqueſt gains his cauſe:
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and force ſhall Love maintain.
You, what by ſtrength you could not keep, releaſe,
And at an eaſy ranſom buy your peace.
Fear on the conquer'd ſide ſoon ſign'd th'accord,
And *Iphigene* to *Cymon* was reſtor'd:
While to his arms the bluſhing bride he took;
To ſeeming ſadneſs ſhe compoſs'd her look;
As if by force ſubjected to his will,
Tho' pleas'd, diſſembling, and a woman ſtill.

And, for ſhe wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to diſmiſs her empty fears;
For yours I am, he ſaid, and have deſerv'd,
Your Love much better whom ſo long I ſerv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father ty'd
Your vows, and ſold a ſlave, not ſent a bride.
Thus while he ſpoke, he ſeiz'd the willing prey,
As *Paris* bore the Spartan ſpouſe away.
Faintly ſhe ſcream'd, and ev'n her eyes confeſt
She rather would be thought, than was diſtreſt.

Who now exults but *Cymon* in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the preſent, to the future blind!

Secure of fate, while *Cymon* plows the ſea,
And ſteers to *Candy* with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glaſs of meaſur'd hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor ſunk the ſun;
The promiſe of a ſtorm; the ſhifting gales
Forſake by fits, and fill the flagging ſails;
Hoarſe murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds ariſe,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the maſter iſſues out commands,
In vain the trembling ſailors ply their hands:
The tempeſt unforeſeen prevents their care,
And from the firſt they labour in deſpair.
The giddy ſhip betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the diff'rent blows; then ſhoots amain,
Till counterbuff'd, ſhe ſtops, and ſleeps again.
Not more aghaſt the proud archangel fell,
Hung'd from the height of heav'n to deepeſt hell,
Than ſtood the Lover of his Love poſſeſs'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been bleſs'd;
More anxious for her danger, than his own,
Death he defies; but would be loſt alone.
Sad *Iphigene* to womaniſh complaints
Adds pious pray'rs, and wearies all the ſaints;
Ev'n, if ſhe could, her Love ſhe would repent,
But ſince ſhe cannot, dreads the puniſhment:
Her forfeit faith, and *Paſimond* betray'd,
Are ever preſent, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herſelf, nor blames her Lover leſs,
Augments her anger, as her fears increaſe:

From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interpoſing durſt in heav'n's deſpite,
Invade, and violate another's right:
The pow'rs incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
And made him maſter of his vows in vain:
But ſoon they puniſh'd his preſumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprize ſhe dy'd;
Who rather not reſiſted, than comply'd.
Then impotent of mind, with alter'd ſenſe,
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
Sex to the laſt: mean time with ſails declin'd
The wand'ring veſſel drove before the wind:
Toſs'd and retoſs'd, aloft, and then allow
Nor port they ſeek, nor certain courſe they know,
But ev'ry moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempeſt bore
The threaten'd ſhip againſt a rocky ſhore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And juſt eſcap'd; their force already ſpent:
Secure from ſtorms, and panting from the ſea,
The land unknown at leiſure they ſurvey;
And ſaw (but ſoon their ſickly ſight withdrew)
The riſing towers of *Rhodes* at diſtant view;
And curs'd the hoſtile ſhore of *Paſimond*,
Sav'd from the ſeas, and ſhipwreck'd on the ground.
The frighted ſailors try'd their ſtrength in vain
To turn the ſtern, and tempt the ſtormy main;
But the ſtiff wind withſtood the lab'ring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal ſhore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian ſtrand,
And the ſhip moor'd conſtrains the crew to land:
Yet ſtill they might be ſafe, becauſe unknown,
But as ill fortune ſeldom comes alone,
The veſſel they diſmiſs'd was driv'n before',
Already ſhelter'd on their native ſhore;
Known each, they know, but each with change of chear;
The vanquiſh'd ſide exults; the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made pris'ners ere they fight,
Despairing conqueſt, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia ſwarms;

Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vaſt expence,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a bluſt'ring band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn when iſſuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they ſtood prepar'd
Of ſeeming arms to make a ſhort eſſay,
Then haſten to be drunk, the bus'neſs of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themſelves ſo many, and their foes ſo few;
But crowding on, the laſt the firſt impel:
Till overborn with weight the *Cyprians* fell.
Cymon enſlav'd, who firſt the war begun,
And *Iphigene* once more is loſt and wone.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive caſt,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters faſt:
His life was only ſpar'd at their requeſt,
Whom taken he ſo nobly had releas'd:

But *Iphigenia* was the ladies care,
Each in their turn addreſs'd to treat the fair;
While *Paſimond* and his the nuptial feaſt prepare.

Her ſecret ſoul to *Cymon* was inclin'd,
But ſhe muſt ſuffer what her fates aſſign'd;
So paſſive is the church of womankind.

What worſe to *Cymon* could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the loweſt ſpoke of all her wheel?
It reſted to diſmiſs the downward weight,
Or raiſe him upward to his former height:
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the moſt)
Prepar'd th' amends, for what by love he loſt.

The ſire of *Paſimond* had left a ſon,
Tho' younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom by promiſe ty'd,
A Rhodian beauty was the deſtin'd bride;
Caſſandra was her name, above the reſt
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bleſt.
Lyſimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian ſtate,
Was then by choice their annual magiſtrate:
He lov'd *Caſſandra* too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his deſire;
Croſs'd by her friends, by her not diſapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like *Ormisda* lov'd:
So ſtood th' affair: ſome little hope remain'd,
That ſhould his rival chance to loſe, he gain'd.

Mean time young *Paſimond* his marriage preſs'd,
Ordained the nuptial day, prepar'd the feaſt;
And frugally reſolv'd (the charge to ſhun,
Which would be double ſhould he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lyſimachus, oppreſs'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and ſtudy'd quick relief:
The fatal day approached; if force were us'd,
The magiſtrate his public truſt abus'd;
To juſtice liable, as law requir'd;
For when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd:
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his hand
By force to ſeize, and then forſake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A ſlave to fame, but more a ſlave to Love:
Reſtraining others, yet himſelf not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity.
Both ſides he weigh'd: but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magiſtrate.
Love never fails to maſter what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wiſe he blinds.
This youth propoſing to poſſeſs and ſcape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, tho' heav'n ſometimes may bleſs
An impious act with undeſerv'd ſucceſs:
The great it ſeems are privileg'd alone
To puniſh all injuſtice but their own.
But here I ſtop, not daring to proceed,
Yet bluſh to flatter an unrighteous deed:
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Reſolv'd on force, his wit the praetor bent,
To find the means that might ſecure th' event;
Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive *Cymon* found the friend he ſought;
Th' example pleas'd: the cauſe and crime the ſame;
An injur'd Lover, and a raviſh'd dame.
How much he durſt he knew by what he dar'd,
The leſs he had to loſe, the leſs he car'd,
To manage loathſome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the priſ'ner ſent;
In ſecret ſent the public view to ſhun,
Then with a ſober ſmile he thus begun.

The pow'rs above, who bounteously beſtow,
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit firſt, nor blindly give
To ſuch as are not worthy to receive:
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but firſt they muſt be try'd:
Theſe fruitful ſeeds within your mind they ſow'd;
Twas yours t'improve the talent they beſtow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind.
And purge the groſſer parts; they gave you care
To pleaſe, and courage to deſerve the fair.
Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they found
The grain intruſted in a grateful ground:
But ſtill the great experiment remain'd,
They ſuffer'd you to loſe the prize you gain'd;
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone:
And when reſtor'd, to them the bleſſing own.
Reſtor'd it ſoon will be; the means prepard
The difficulty ſmooth'd, the danger ſhar'd:
Be but yourſelf, the care to me reſign,
Then *Iphigene* is yours, *Caſſandra* mine.
Your rival *Paſimond* purſues your life,
Impatient to revenge his raviſh'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And Love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
Two brothers are our foes, *Ormisda* mine,
As much declar'd as *Paſimond* is thine:
To-morrow muſt their common vows be ty'd:
With Love to friend, and Fortune for our guide,
Let both reſolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
Right I have none, nor haſt thou much to plead;
Tis force, when done, muſt juſtify the deed:
Our taſk perform'd, we next prepare for flight:
And let the loſers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will ſail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy reſolves: if now thy courage droop,
Deſpair in priſon, and abandon hope;
But if thou dar'ſt in arms thy Love regain;
(For liberty without thy Love were vain:)
Then ſecond my deſign to ſeize the prey,
Or lead to ſecond rape, for well thou know'ſt the way.

Said *Cymon* overjoy'd, do thou propoſe
The means to fight, and only ſhew the foes:

For from the firſt, when Love had fir'd my mind,
Reſolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold *Lyſimachus* reply'd,
Let heav'n be neuter, and the ſword decide;
The ſpouſals are prepar'd, already play
The minſtrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this th' brides are wak'd, their grooms are dreſs'd;
All *Rhodes* is ſummon'd to the nuptial feaſt,
All but myſelf the ſole unbidden gueſt.
Unbidden tho' I am, I will be there,
And join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the reſt; when day reſigns the light,
And chearful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my choſen few
With arms adminiſter'd ſhall aid thy crew.
Then entring unexſpected will we ſeize
Our deſtin'd prey, from men diſſolv'd in eaſe;
By wine disabl'd, unprepar'd for fight:
And haſt'ning to the ſeas, ſuborn our flight:
The ſeas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ſhip well man'd expects us in the port:
If they, or if their friends, the prize conteſt,
Death ſhall attend the man who dares reſiſt.

It pleas'd! the priſoner to his hold retir'd,
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.
The ſun aroſe; the ſtreets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the poſts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected ſpouſe, and entertains the friends:
They meet, they lead to Church, the prieſts invoke
The pow'rs, and feed the flamen with fragrant ſmoke.
This done, they feaſt, and at the cloſe of night
By kindl'd torches vary their delight,
Theſe lead the lively dance, and thoſe the briming bowls invite.

Now, at th' appointed place and hour aſſign'd,
With ſouls reſolv'd the raviſhers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd; the firſt is ſent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the ſhore;
The ſecond at the palace gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty ſtairs aſcend the laſt:
A peaceful troop they ſeem with ſhining veſts,
But coats of mail beneath ſecure their breaſts.

Daunt-

Dauntleſs they enter, *Cymon* at their head,
And find the feaſt renew'd, the table ſpread:
Sweet voices, mix'd with inſtrumental ſounds,
Aſcend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When like the harpies ruſhing thro' the hall
The ſudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their ſmoaking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each raviſher prepares to ſeize his own:
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confuſion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with ſhining ſwords.
But late is all defence, and ſuccour vain;
The rape is made, the raviſhers remain:
Two ſturdy ſlaves were only ſent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in ſafety to the ſhore,
The troop retires, the lovers cloſe the rear,
With forward faces not confeſſing fear:
Backward they move, but ſcorn their pace to mend;
Then ſeek the ſtairs, and with ſlow haſte deſcend.

Fierce *Paſimond*, their paſſage to prevent,
Thruſt full on *Cymon's* back in his deſcent,
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.

Stout *Cymon* ſoon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one deſcending blow:

And as the next in rank *Ormisda* ſtood,
He turn'd the point; the ſwor'd inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breaſt, which pour'd a purple flood.

With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd purſues,
The raviſhers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corps; the ſprinkled gore
Beſmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.

Diſpers'd at length the drunken ſquadron flies,
The victor's to their veſſel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries.

The crew with merry ſhouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and bruſh the buxom ſea.
While troops of gather.d Rhodians crowd the Key.

What ſhould the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone.
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops diſbanded, and the reſt unpaid.
Rhodes is the ſovereign of the ſea no more;
Their ſhips unrigg'd, and ſpent their naval ſtore;

They

They neither could defend, nor can purſue
But grin'd their teeth, and caſt a helpleſs view:
In vain with darts a diſtant war they try,
Short, and more ſhort, the miſſive weapons fly.
Mean while the raviſhers their crimes enjoy,
And flying ſails and ſweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of *Rhodes* in little ſpace are loſt,
Jove's iſle they ſeek; nor *Jove* denies his coaſt.
In ſafety landed on the Candian ſhore,
With generous wines their ſpirits they reſtore:
There *Cymon* with his Rhodian friend reſides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.
A war enſues, the Cretans own their cauſe,
Stiff to defend their hoſpitable laws:
Both parties loſe by turns; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the ſlain forgive the deed,
But a ſhort exile muſt for ſhow precede:
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love.

CATO'S Soliloquy on Futurity. ADDISON.

It muſt be ſo: *Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well:
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on her ſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heav'n itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, thought!
Thro' what variety of untry'd being,
Thro' what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs?
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold: if there's a power above us,
And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works, he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.
But when? or where —
I'm weary of conjectures —

The

The ſoul ſecure in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years:
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war elements,
The wreck of matter, and the craſh of worlds.

FEMALE CAUTION.

Mother *Breedwell* preſented her huſband each year
With a chopping brave boy, and ſometimes with a pair;
'Till the primitive bleſſing of multiplication
Had fill'd the whole houſe with a young generation.
But as that increaſed, ſo ſorrow and care,
Thoſe primitive curſes put in for a ſhare;
And the toilſome employments of mother and wife,
Had hag'd the poor woman half out of her life.
To the doctor ſhe goes with a pitiful face
And begs he would give his advice in her caſe.

She tells him her huſband was wretchedly poor,
And prays he'd conſider her chargeable ſtore,
And prevent for the future her having of more.

As for that, quoth the ſage, I've a cure never failing,
Which neither *Hippocrates* thought of, nor *Galen*.
Look here — I preſent you this wonderful hoſe,
Into which, every night when you bed with your ſpouſe,
Thruſt both legs; nor pull off the magical fetters,
'Till you riſe in the morn about family matters.
Obſerve but this rule, which I give you in charge,
And your ſtock may diminiſh, but never enlarge.
Many thanks for your kindneſs, dear Sir quoth the *dame*,
(Here ſhe dropt him a curt'ſie) — if it were not for ſhame,
And for fear you ſhould think me too bold, I'd fain beg
T'other ſtocking — and ſo have a hoſe to each leg:
For if ſuch rare virtue's are contained in one,
How ſafe ſhould I be, had I both of them on!

ODE TO HEALTH. WARTON.

Daughter of Exercise! at whose command
Mirth spreads a smile upon the cheek of care:
At whose rekindling breath
Sickness looks up, and lives:
Say! where (for much thy haunts I long to woo)
Shall I thy joy-infusing presence hail,
Amidst what sylvan scenes,
Or unfrequented plains?
Say! when the roseate finger of the morn
Points out the glories of her short-liv'd reign,
Shall I thy steps pursue,
Climbing the mountain's side,
From whose tall brow, in eminence superb,
Fair Nature views her fruitful vales below,
While Phoebus darts around
His oriental eye?
Or shall I trace thy vestige o'er the heath,
Where, in derision of the florist's aid,
Shoots up, untaught by art,
The voluntary flower?
For well, 'tis known, that oft upon the heath
In contemplation, devious art thou seen,
Or panting up the steep
Of un-imprinted hill.
Or, when cool evening, in her floating vest,
Sweeps o'er the lawns, diffusing shadowy pomp,
And bids the sun recline
On Amphitrite's breast,
I will attend thee to the solemn grove,
Where love stands register'd on every tree,
Where the rook rocks his young,
And Eccho learns to caw.
Or, standing on the margent of the stream,
I will survey thee on the passive wave,
Then press the liquid bed,
To meet thy naiad kiss.
O tell me, nymph, thy chosen residence,
Be it on mountain top, or forest wild,
And I will consecrate
A temple to thee there.

An EPITAPH to the memory of the Author's father, and of others his anceſtors.

Unmark'd by trophies of the great and vain,
Here ſleeps in ſilent tombs a gentle train.
No folly waſted their paternal ſtore,
No guilt, no ſordid avarice made it more;
With honeſt fame, and ſober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd and ſpread their cheering influence round.
May he whoſe hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praiſe!

EPITAPH on a Miſer.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demer the wealthy and the wiſe.
His heirs, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his carcaſs in a cheſt:
The very cheſt, in which they ſay,
His other ſelf, his money lay:
And if his heirs, continue kind
To that dear ſelf he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

ON A BLACKSMITH.

My ſledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
My bellows too have loſt their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the duſt my vice is laid;
My coal is ſpent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done,
My fire dry'd corpſe lies here at reſt,
My ſoul, ſmoke like, is ſoaring to be bleſt.

On a Sailor.

Tho' Boreas' blow and Neptune's wave
Have toſt me to and fro,
By God's decree, you plainly ſee,
I'm harbour'd here below:
Where I muſt at anchor lye,
With many of our fleet;
But once again we muſt ſet ſail,
Our admiral Chriſt to meet.

On a young Lady; in the ſtyle of Fingal.

1. Low ſhe lies here in the duſt, and her memory fills me with grief: ſilent is the tongue of melody, and the hand of elegance is now at reſt.

2. No more ſhall the poor give thee his bleſſing: nor ſhall the naked be warmed with the fleece of thy flock. The tear ſhalt thou not wipe away from the eye of the wretched. Where now O Feeble, is thy wonted help!

3. No more my fair, ſhall we meet thee in the ſocial hall: no more ſhall we ſit at thy hoſpitable board. Gone for ever is the ſound of mirth: the kind, the candid, the meek is now no more. Who can expreſs our grief! Flow ye tears of woe.

THE HERMIT. PARNEL.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his buſ'neſs, all his pleaſure, praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey;
This ſprung ſome doubt of providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenor of his ſoul is loſt:

So

So when a ſmooth expanſe receives, impreſt,
Calm nature's image on its watry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, ſeas, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the Pilgrim-ſtaff he bore;
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A Youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then, near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my Son, the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their rage they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound;
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When, near the road, a ſtately palace roſe:
There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome;
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the livery'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate,
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the days long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heeps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterre the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich, luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe,
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear:
So ſeem'd the ſire, when, far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence; walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſt to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſart there.
As near the Miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mix'd with ſhow'rs, began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt,)
Slow, creaking, turns the door, with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;

And

And, when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face;
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid, profuſely, with the precious bowl,
The ſtinted kindneſs of his churliſh ſoul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, chear the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear;
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and, not for praiſe, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn, with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies,
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;

Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way;
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant rode before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging, he falls, and, riſing, lifts his head,
Then, flaſhing, turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage, inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch — But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back the gradual plumes diſplay,
The form etherial burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.
Tho' loud, at firſt, the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)
Thy pray'er, thy praiſe, thy life, to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind!
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky;
Nay, ceaſe to kneel — thy fellow ſervant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

The maker juſtly claims that world he made;
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!
The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt;
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt.
Now owns, in tears, the puniſhment was juſt.
But now had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back?
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal;
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.

Thus look'd Eliſha, when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending, left the view;
The Prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
"Lord! as in Heav'n, on Earth thy will be done."
Then, gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

ELOISA to ABELARD. *) Pope.

In theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love! From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
O write it not my hand; the name appears
Already written — waſh it out, my tears!
In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn:
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines!

*) Abelard and Eloiſa flourished in the twelfth Century: they were two of the moſt diſtinguished perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeperation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloiſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion.

Shrines! where their vigils pale ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern religion quench'd th'unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd, heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from your tongue.

From

From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.
How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made:
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn them all:
Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aking in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs, if bliſs on earth there be,
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas! how chang'd what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïſe? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more, by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale.

Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if, I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye.
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt, and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n,
Here, brib'd the rage of ill requited heav'n:
But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
O pious fraud of am'rous chariry!
But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmer to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,

The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait 'till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new,
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain, do all things but forget.
But let heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf, and you.

Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.
How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſportleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed div ne perfumes,
For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenaeals ſing,
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
Oh curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Daemons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms.
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms,
I wake: no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpence from pleaſure and from pain;

Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirits bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold — yet Eloïſa loves.
Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames; like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd;
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt garb'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to heav'n; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from th' bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!

Oh Grace ſerene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me, in eternal reſt!

See in her cell ſad Eloiſa ſpread,
Prompt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
"Come, Siſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
"Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
"Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
"Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
"Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes every fear:
"For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever bloming flow'rs.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no — in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
'Till every motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
Oh Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round,

From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud Hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell;
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint them who ſhall feel them moſt.

A Letter to my Siſters in the Country, written from *Cairo* in *Egypt*.

While you, my dear girls, in your paradiſe ſtray,
Diverting with innocent freedom the day,
I wander alone in a barbarous land,
Half bak'd by the ſun, half blind by the ſand.
Then your wood too and grotto ſo ſwim in my ſight,
They give me no reſpite by day nor by night;
No ſooner aſleep but I'm dreaming of you;
I am juſt wak'd from one — would to God it were true.

Methought I was now a fine gentleman grown,
And had got, Lord knows how, an eſtate of my own.
Good-bye to plain *Tom*, I was rais'd a peg higher;
Some call'd me his worſhip, and others the ſquire.

'Twas

'Twas a place, I remember, exactly like *Eaſton*,
A ſcene for an emperor's fancy to feaſt on.
There I built a fine houſe with great coſt and great care,
(Your la'ſhips have form'd many ſuch in the air)
Not of ſtucco, nor brick, but as good *Portland* ſtone
As *Kent* would deſire to be working upon.
The apartments not ſmall, nor monſtrouſly great,
But chiefly for uſe, and a little for ſtate;
So begilt and becarv'd, and with ornaments grac'd,
That every one ſaid, I'd an excellent taſte.
Here I liv'd like a king, never hoarded my pelf,
Kept a coach for my ſiſters, a nag for myſelf,
With ſomething that's good when our *Highclear* friends come,
And, ſpite of ſquire *Herbert*, a fire in each room.
A canal made for profit as well as for pleaſure,
That's about, let me ſee, two acres in meaſure;
Both the eye to delight, and the table to crown
With a jack, or a perch, when my uncles come down.
An exceeding great wood, that's been ſet a great while,
In length near a league, and in breadth near a mile.
There every dear girl her bright genius diſplays,
In a thouſand fine whimſies a thouſand fine ways.
O how charming the walks to my fancy appear!
What a number of temples and grottos are here!
My ſoul was tranſported to ſuch an extreme,
That I leap'd up in raptures, when lo! 'twas a dream;
Then vexing I chid the impertinent day
For driving ſo ſweet a deluſion away.
Thus ſpectres ariſe, as by nurſe-maids w'ere told,
And hie to the place where they buried their gold;
There hov'ring around until morning remain;
Then ſadly return to their torments again.

SONGS.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

God ſave great GEORGE our King,
Long live our noble King,
God ſave the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God ſave the King.

O Lord our God ariſe,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Fruſtrate their knaviſh tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God ſave us all.

Thy choiceſt gifts in ſtore,
On GEORGE be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cauſe,
With heart and voice to ſing,
God ſave the King.

O grant him long to ſee,
Friendſhip and unity
Always increaſe;
May he his Sceptre ſway,
All Loyal ſouls obey;
Join heart and voice, Huzza,
God ſave the King.

THE TOPER.

Ye lads of true ſpirit pay courtſhip to Claret,
Releas'd from the trouble of thinking;
A fool long ago ſaid we nothing cou'd know, —
The fellow knew nothing of drinking.
To pore over *Plato*,
Or practice with *Cato*,
Diſpaſſionate, dunces might make us;
But men now more wiſe,
Self-denial deſpiſe,
And live by the leſſons of *Bacchus*.
Big wigg'd, in fine coach, ſee the Doctor approach,
And ſolemnly up the ſtairs pace,
Gravely ſmell on his cane, apply finger to vein,
And count the repeats with grimace.
As he holds pen in hand,
Life and death's at a ſtand,
A toſs-up which party will take us;

Away

Away with his cant,
No preſcription we want,
But the nouriſhing noſtrums of *Bacchus*.
We jollily join in the practice of Wine,
While miſers 'midſt millions are pining;
While ladies are ſcorning, and lovers are mourning,
We laugh at wealth, wenching and whining.
Drink, drink, now 'tis prime,
Toſs a bottle to Time,
He'll not make ſuch haſte to o'ertake us;
His threats we prevent,
And his cracks we cement,
By the ſtyptical balſam of *Bacchus*.
What work there is made by the news paper trade,
Of this and t'other man's ſtation;
The *Ins* are all bad, and the *Outs* are all mad,
In and *Out* is the cry of the nation.
The politic patter,
Which both parties chatter,
From bumpering freely ſhant ſhake us;
With half-pints in hand,
Independant we'll ſtand,
To defend *Magna Charta* of *Bacchus*.
Be your motion well tim'd, you're charg'd and you're prim'd,
Have a care! — right and left, and make ready —
Right hand to glaſs join — at lips reſt the wine —
But be in your exerciſe ſteady.
Our levels we boaſt,
When our women we toaſt,
May graciouſly they undertake us.
No more we deſire,
So drink and give fire,
And volley to *Beauty* and *Bacchus*.

A SONG: SHAKESPEAR.

SPRING.

When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,

Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
When turtles tread; and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear;
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

WINTER.

When iſicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the ſhepherd blows his nail;
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to-whoo! ———
——— A merry note
While greaſy *Jone* doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw,
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And *Marian's* noſe looks red and raw;
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to-woo! ———
——— A merry note,
While greaſy *Jone* doth keel the pot.

A HUNTING SONG.

The echoing horn calls the huntsman abroad,
To horſe my brave boys and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What

What pleaſure we feel in purſuing the fox,
O'er hill and o'er valleys he flies,
Then follow w'ell ſoon overtake him, huzza!
The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like Bachanals ſhouting and gay;
How ſweet with a bottle and laſs to refreſh,
And loſe the fatigues of the day.
With ſport, love and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours;
Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flowers.

The WINE VAULT.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a laſs who will ſociably ſit on my knee,
And a Cellar as ſociably ſtor'd.
My Vault door is open, deſcend and improve,
That caſk — aye, that we will try;
'Tis as rich to the taſte as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of ſlit hoop, ſee my candle is ſtuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glaſs for the purpoſe I broke,
As I hate that a bumper ſhould ſtand.
Aſtride on a butt, as a butt ſhould be ſtrod,
I gallop the bruſher along;
Like grape bleſſing *Bacchus*, the good fellow's God,
And a ſentiment give or a ſong.

We are dry where we ſit, tho' the oozing drops ſeem
With pearls the moiſt walls to emboſs;
From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in gothic taſte ſtream
Like ſtucco-work cut out of moſs.
When the lamp is brimful how the taper flame ſhines,
Which when moiſture is wanting decays;
Repleniſh the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or elſe there's an end of my blaze.

Sound thoſe Pipes, they're in tune, and thoſe Bins are well
fill'd,
View the heap of old Hock in your rear;
Yon bottles are Burgundy! mark how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.
My Cellar's my camp, and my ſoldiers my flaſks,
All glorioufly rang'd in review;
When I caſt my eyes round I conſider my caſks
As kingdoms I've yet to ſubdue.

Like *Macedon's Madman*, my glaſs I'll enjoy,
Defying Hyp, Gravel, or Gout;
He cry'd when he had no more worlds to deſtroy,
I'll weep when my liquor is out.
On their ſtumps ſome have fought, and as ſtoutly will I,
When reeling I roll on the floor;
Then my legs muſt be loſt, ſo I'll drink as I lie,
And dare the beſt *Buck*, to do more.
'Tis my will when I die, not a tear ſhall be ſhed,
No *Hic jacet* be cut on my ſtone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And ſay that *his Drinking is done.*

TIME'S DEFEAT. A Song.

One evening, goo humour took wit as his gueſt,
Reſolv'd to indulg n a ſenſible feaſt;
Their liquor was claret, and love was their hoſt,
And mirth, ſong and ſentiment, garniſh'd each toaſt:
But while like true Bucks, they enjoy'd their deſign,
For the joys of a Buck lie in love, wit and wine,
Alarm'd they all heard at the door a loud knock,
And the watchman hoarſe bellow'd 'twas paſt twelve
o'clock.

They nimbly ran down, the diſturbing dog found,
And up ſtairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound,
When brought to the light, how much were they pleas'd,
To ſee 'twas the grey glutton Time they had ſeiz'd.
My friends, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to knock,
And bid ye begone, for its paſt welve o'clock.

Says

Says the venom'd tooth'd ſavage, on this advice fix,
Tho' nature ſtrikes twelve, folly points out to ſix;
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hid him at once in a hogſhead of claret:
This is right call'd out Wit, while we're in our prime,
There is nothing like claret, for killing of Time.
Huzza, rejoice Love, now no more can he knock,
Nor impertinent tell us, 'tis paſt twelve o'clock.

Now Time is no more, nor no more can forbid us,
Love and Wit of that troubleſome gueſt well has rid us;
Yet if Time ſhould be wanting for any deſign,
Henceforth he'll be found in a hogſhead of wine:
Since Time is confin'd in our Wine, let us think,
By this rule we are ſure of our Time when we drink.
Come, lads, let your glaſſes with bumpers be prim'd,
Now we're certain our drinking is always well Tim'd.

Epigram on Woman.

The ſweeteſt joys we taſte below,
To woman's powerful charms we owe;
She fills the breaſt with gay deſires,
And kindles in it tender fires:
Woman a bleſſing, by wiſe heav'n,
Who knew his wants, to man was giv'n,
To ſoothe his ſorrows riſing here,
And make exiſtence doubly dear.

The ſharpeſt griefs we feel below,
To woman's baleful charms we owe;
She fills the breaſt with fierce deſires;
She fills it with infernal fires:
Woman a curſe, by angry heav'n,
For puniſhment, to man was giv'n:
By her we ſuffer ſorrow here,
And pay for our exiſtence dear.

Woman an angel or a fiend appears,
As ſhe to virtue or to vice adheres;
And as thro' life corrupt or chaſte ſhe moves,
To man a bleſſing or a bane ſhe proves.

L'ALLEGRO. MILTON.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſighs unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven ſings;
There, under ebon ſhades, and low brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſert ever dwell.
But come thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd *Euphroſine*,
And, by men, heart eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus*, at a birth,
To Ivy crowned *Bacchus* bore;
Or whether (as ſome ſages ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haſte thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt, and youthful jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed ſmiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And laughter, holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtic toe;
And, in thy right hand, lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, ſinging, ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;

Then to come, in ſpite of ſorrow,
And, at my window, bid good morrow,
Through the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack or the barn door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before:
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking, not unſeen,
By hedge row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight,
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the landſhip round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray.
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows, trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrſis*, met,
Are at their ſavory dinner ſet,
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat handed *Phillis* dreſſes:
And then in haſte, her bow'r ſhe leaves,
With *Theſtylis* to bind the ſheaves;
Or, if the earlier ſeaſon lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with ſecure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs ſound,
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſun ſhine holy day,
Till the live long day light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy *Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he by fryar's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin ſwet
To earn his cream bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flale had thraſh'd the corn
That ten day lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbard fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,
And, crop full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towered cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes,
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk, and antique pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer eves, by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well trod ſtage anon,
If *Johnſon's* learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt *Shakespear*, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild.
And ever, againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,

Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs, long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwiſting all the chains that tye
The hidden ſoul of harmony;
That Orpheus ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heapt Elyſian flow'rs, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite ſet free
His half regain'd *Euridice.*
Theſe delights if thou can'ſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO MILTON.

Hence vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams
The fickle penſioners of *Morpheus* train.
But hail thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight,
And, therefore, to our weaker view,
O'er laid with black, ſtaid wiſdom's hue;
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince *Memnon's* ſiſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarred Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The Sea Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
Thee bright hair'd *Veſta* long of yore
To ſolitary *Saturn* bore;

His

His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft, in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody *Ida's* inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wanted ſtate,
With even ſtep and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thy eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the muſes in a ring,
Ay round about Jove's alter ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure,
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,
The cherub contemplation;
And the mute ſilence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While *Cynthia* checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er th'accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee chauntreſs, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even ſong;
And, miſſing thee, I walk unſeen,
On the dry ſmooth ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs way,

And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far off Curfew ſound,
Over ſome wide water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out watch the bear,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unſphere
The ſpirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions, hold
The immortal mind, that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy,
In ſcepter'd pall, come ſweeping by,
Preſenting *Thebes*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath thy buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy pow'r
Might raiſe *Muſaeus* from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of *Orpheus* ſing
Such notes, as, warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of *Cambuſcan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarſife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wond'rous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if ought elſe great bards beſide

In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,
Thus, night, oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil ſuited morn appear,
Not trickt and frounct as ſhe was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But, kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or, uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown its fill,
Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of Pine or monumental Oak,
Where the rude ax, with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There, in cloſe covert, by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee, with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd ſleep;
And let ſome ſtrange ſyſterious dream
Wave at his wings, in aery ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye lids laid:
And, as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, About, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the wood.
But, let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſter's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,

In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may, with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may, at laſt, my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy grown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit, and rightly ſpell
Of every ſtar that Heaven doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

The PLEASURES of IMAGINATION.

AKENSIDE.

With what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the conſenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleaſing ſtores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verſe unfolds Attend, ye gentle *Powrs.*
Of Muſical Delight! and while I ſing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my ſtrain.
Thou, ſmiling queen of every tuneful breaſt,
Indulgent *Fancy*! from the fruitful banks
Of *Avon*, whence thy roſy fingers cull
Freſh flow'rs and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where *Shakeſpeare* lies, be preſent: and with thee
Let *Fiction* come, upon her fragrant wings
Wafting ten thouſand colours thro' the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will, thro' countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal *Harmony!* deſcend,
And join this feſtive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely ſports,
Majeſtic *Truth*; and where *Truth* deigns to come,
Her ſiſter *Liberty* wil not be far.
Be pre ent all ye *enii*, who conduct

The wand'ring footſteps of the youthful bard,
New to your ſprings and ſhades: who touch his ear
With finer ſounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayeſt, happieſt attitude of things.
Oft have the laws of each poetic ſtrain
The critic-verſe employ'd; yet ſtill unſung
Lay this prime ſubject, tho' importing moſt
A poet's name: for fruitleſs is th' attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obſcure, to conquer the ſevere aſcent
Of high Parnaſſus. Nature's kindling breath
Muſt fire the choſen genius, nature's hand
Muſt ſtring his nerves, and imp his eagle wings
Impatient of the painful ſteep, to ſoar
High as the ſummit: there to breathe at large
Aetherial air; with bards and ſages old,
Immortal ſons of praiſe. Theſe ſtart'ring ſcenes
To this neglected labour court my ſong;
Yet not unconſcious what a doubtful taſk
To paint the fineſt features of the mind,
And to moſt ſubtile and myſterious things
Give colour, ſtrength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muſes bids explore,
Thro' ſecret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untaſted ſprings, to drink inſpiring draughts,
And ſhade my temples with unfading flow'rs
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound receſs,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

From heav'n my ſtrains begin; from heav'n deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams adorn'd the globe,
Or wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then liv'd th' almighty *One*: then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things,
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods and ſtreams, the rolling globe,
And wiſdom's mien celeſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: 'till in time compleat,

What he admir'd and lov'd, his viral ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves;
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhow'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man; with wiſe intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heav'n: to ſome ſhe gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome, to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the *Sire Omnipotent* unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind ſupreme. *They* alſo feel her charms,
Enamour'd; *they* partake th' eternal joy.
For as old *Memnon's* image, long renown'd
By fabling *Nilus*, to the quiv'ring touch
Of *Titan's* ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded thro' the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; even ſo did Nature's hand
To certain ſpecies of eternal things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of congenial pow'rs,
Or of ſweet ſound, or fair proportion'd form,

The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays: till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. Then the inexpreſſive ſtrain
Diffuſes its inchantment: fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains and *Elyſian* groves,
And vales of bliſs: the intellectual pow'r
Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
And ſmiles: the paſſions, gently ſoo:h'd away,
Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, ſerene
As airs that fan the ſummer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom theſe delights can touch,
Whoſe candid boſom the refining love
Of Nature warms, O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliеſt features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted ſons
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd;
Three ſiſter-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confeſſes; the *ſublime*,
The *wonderful*, the *fair*. I ſee them dawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions, where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
To lead the train of *Phoebus* and the ſpring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that th'omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt;
And thro' the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And thro' the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfalt'ring, while the voice

Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th'applauding ſmile of heav'n? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Majeſtic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs controul of wilful might;
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heav'n's broad fire his unconſtrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from *Alpine* heights, his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
Nilus or *Ganges* rowling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with ſhade,
And continents of ſand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heav'n-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Thro' fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering round the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets, thro' its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
Th'empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travell'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th'eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep

She plunges; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſovereign Maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
That not the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flow'ry lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' aſcent of things inlarge her view,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene.

Call now to mind what high capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half devine,
Expand the blooming ſoul? What pity then
Should ſloth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth
Her tender bloſſom; choak the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty wiſdom; Nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.
Witneſs the ſprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick ſenſe, and wakes each active pow'r
To brisker meaſures: witneſs the neglect
Of all familiar proſpects, tho' beheld
With tranſport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For ſuch the bounteous providence of heav'n,
In every breaſt implanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul,
In truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its pow'r? For this, the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the penſive ſage,
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with inchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wiſe and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve: unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night

The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhimes,
And evil ſpirits, of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Riſ'n from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd: of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
At every ſolemn pauſe the croud recoil
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhiv'ring ſighs: till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all arrect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

But lo! diſcloſ'd in all her ſmiling pomp
Where *Beauty* onward moving claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire: the freely flowing verſe
In thy immortal praiſe, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent ſtream. Thee, *Beauty*, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray,
The moſſy roofs adore: thou, better ſun!
For ever beameſt on th' enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious number, and delight
Poetic. Brighteſt progeny of heav'n!
How ſhall I trace thy features? where ſelect
The roſeate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haſte then; my ſong, thro' Nature's wide expanſe,
Haſte then, and gather all her comelieſt wealth,
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to th' *Atlantic* iſles
And range with him th' *Heſperian* field, and ſee,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches ſhoot with gold; where'er his ſtep
Marks the glad ſoil, the tender cluſters grow
With purple ripeneſs, and inveſt each hill
As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou rather ſtoop thy vagrant plume,
Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd ſhades,
The ſmooth *Penèus* from his glaſſy flood
Reflects purpureal *Tempe's* pleaſant ſcene?
Fair *Tempe*! haunt belov'd of ſylvan pow'rs,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age

They

They play'd in ſecret on the ſhady brink
With antient *Pan*: while round their choral ſteps
Young *Hours* and genial *Gales* with conſtant hand
Show'r'd bloſſoms, odours, ſhow'r'd ambroſial dews,
And ſpring's *Elyſian* bloom. Her flow'ry ſtore
To thee nor *Tempe* ſhall refuſe; nor watch
Of winged *Hydra* guard *Heſperian* fruits
From thy free ſpoil. O bear then, unreprov'd,
Thy ſmiling treaſures to the green receſs
Where young *Dione* ſtays. With ſweeteſt airs
Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footſteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy poliſh'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuſe the mildneſs of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aſide
Thy radiant locks: diſcloſing, as it bends
With airy ſoftneſs from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the roſy lip,
Where winning ſmiles and pleaſure ſweet as love,
With ſanctity and wiſdom, temp'ring blend
Their ſoft allurement. Then the pleaſing force
Of Nature, and her kind parental care
Worthier I'd ſing: then all th' enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in *Zephyr's* arms the bluſhing May,
Moves onward; or as *Venus*, when ſhe ſtood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and ſmil'd
Freſh from the deep, and conſcious of her form,
To ſee the *Tritons* tune their vocal ſhells,
And each cerulean ſiſter of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To ſeek th' *Idalian* bow'r. Ye ſmiling band
Of youths and virgins, who thro' all the maze
Of young Deſire with rival ſteps purſue
This charm of beauty; if the pleaſing toil
Can yield a moment's reſpite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and truſt my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of ſuperſtition dreſſ'd in Wiſdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thund'rer fire the heav'ns,
Or ſhapes infernal rend the groaning earth
To fright you from your joys: my chearful ſong

With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use are strangers; Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lye;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
Th' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still more illustrious where the object holds
Its native pow'rs most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The gen'rous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
Th' integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was Beauty sent from heav'n,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tye?
O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flow'ry joys with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flatt'ring scene
Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your charge from folly? Wanting these,
Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good,
And truth eternal. Tho' the pois'nous charms
Of baleful Superstition guide the feet

Of ſervile numbers, thro' a dreary way
To their abode, thro' deſerts, thorns and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muſe at laſt, amid the ghoſtly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloiſter'd cells;
To walk with ſpectres thro' the midnight ſhade,
And to the ſcreaming owl's accurſed ſong
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart,
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentle ſtar
Your lovely ſearch illumines. From the grove
Where wisdom talk'd with her *Athenian* ſons,
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
Of *Plato's* olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then ſhould my pow'rful voice at once diſpell
Thoſe monkiſh horrors: then in light divine
Diſcloſe th' *Elyſian* proſpect, where the ſteps
Of thoſe whom Nature charms, thro' blooming walks,
Thro' fragrant mountains and poetic ſtreams,
Amid the train of ſages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurell'd Science and harmonious Art,
Proceed exulting to th' eternal ſhrine,
Where Truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleaſure's languid ſtrain,
Or crouching to the frowns of Bigot-rage,
O let not us a moment pauſe to join
That godlike band. And if the gracious pow'r
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful ſpirit; then thro' all our paths,
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the roſy mead,
When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of Luxury's allurement; whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the ſtrong divinity of ſoul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether ſtruck
For ſounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty ſummit, round her brow
To twine the wreathe of incorruptive praiſe;
To trace her hallow'd light thro' future worlds,
And bleſs heav'n's image in the heart of man.

Thus

Thus with a faithful aim have we preſum'd,
Advent'rous, to delineate Nature's form;
Whether in vaſt, majeſtic pomp array'd,
Or dreſt for pleaſing wonder, or ſerene
In beauty's roſy ſmile. It now remains,
Thro' various being's fair proportion'd ſcale,
To trace the riſing luſtre of her charms,
From their firſt twilight, ſhining forth at length
To full meridian ſplendour. Of degree
The leaſt and lowlieſt, in th' effuſive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd ſhape,
Where Truth's eternal meaſures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
Unites this varied ſymmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted ſhells indent their ſpeckled wreathe.
Then more attractive riſe the blooming forms
Thro' which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial pow'r to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moiſture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and ſeed prolific: thus the flow'rs
Their purple honours with the ſpring reſume;
And thus the ſtately tree which autumn bends
With bluſhing treaſures. But more lovely ſtill
Is Nature's charm, where to the full conſent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing ſenſe are giv'n,
And active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of *Juno*; ſo the ſteed
With rival ardour beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager air of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There moſt conſpicuous, ever in outward ſhape,
Where dawns the high expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps conducting our inraptur'd ſearch
To that eternal origin, whoſe pow'r,
Thro' all th' unbounded ſymmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent ſun,
This endleſs mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, *Mind* alone, (bear witneſs, earth and heav'n!)
The living fountains in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime: here hand in hand,

Sit

Sit paramount the Graces; here inthron'd,
Celeſtial Venus, with divineſt airs,
Invites the ſoul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad thro' Nature, to the range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken thro' the void immenſe;
And ſpeak, O man! does this capacious ſcene
With half that kindling majeſty dilate
Thy ſtrong conception, as when *Brutus* roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Caeſar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots: and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, ſhook his crimſon ſteel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free! Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
In the bright eye of *Hesper* or the morn,
In nature's faireſt forms, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous Friendſhip? As the candid bluſh
Of him who ſtrives with fortune to be juſt?
The grateful tear that ſtreams from other's woes?
Or the mild majeſty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuſe
Unenvy'd treaſures, and the ſnowy wings
Of innocence and Love protect the ſcene?
Once more ſearch, undismay'd, the dark profound
Where nature works in ſecret; view the beds
Of min'ral treaſure, and th' eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with inceſſant change
Their elemental round; behold the ſeeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the maſs with ever-active flame:
Then to the ſecrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break thro' Time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That ſaw the heav'ns created: then declare
If aught were found in thoſe external ſcenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconſcious matter wears,
Greatneſs of bulk, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, ſoon feeble grows

The ſuperficial impulſe; dull their charms,
And ſatiate ſoon, and pall the languid eye.
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the pow'rs
Of genius and deſign; the ambitious mind
There ſees herſelf: by theſe congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenſer act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal meaſures; thence to frame
The ſacred laws of action and of will,
Diſcerning juſtice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whoſe dictates bind
Aſſenting reaſon, the benignant fire,
To deck the honour'd paths of juſt and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue, riſing from the awful depth
Of truth's myſterious boſom, doth forſake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dreſs'd by fancy in ten thouſand hues,
Aſſumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms reſponſive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
Th' ingenuous youth whom ſolitude inſpires
With pureſt wiſhes, from the penſive ſhade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muſe
That wakes her lyre to ſome indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of ſervile minds, her ſtrenuous form
Indignant flaſhes on the patriot's eye,
And thro' the rolls of memory appeals
To antient honour, or in act ſerene,
Yet watchful, raiſes the maj ſtic ſword
Of public pow'r, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the ſacred volume of the law.

Genius of antient Greece! whoſe faithful ſteps
Well-pleas'd I follow thro' the ſacred paths
Of nature and of ſcience; nurſe divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair deſires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praiſe
Inſpire my kindling boſom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if amid the calm

That

That ſooths this vernal evening into ſmiles,
I ſteal impatient from the ſordid haunts
Of ſtrife and low ambition, to attend
Thy ſacred preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant foorsteps ne'er profan'd.
Deſcend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the *Perſian* tyrant, foil'd and ſtung
With ſhame and deſperation, gnaſh'd his teeth
To ſee thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy godlike ſires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the ſchools of glory. Guide my way
Thro' fair *Lycèum's* walk, the green retreats
Of *Academus*, and the thymy vale,
Where oft inchanted with *Socratic* ſounds
Iliſſus pure devolv'd his tuneful ſtream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming ſtore
Of theſe auſpicious fields, may I unblam'd
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of antient wiſdom; while I join
Thy name thrice honour'd! with th' immortal praiſe
Of nature; while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy ſons,
And tune to *Attic* themes the *Britiſh* lyre.

End of the firſt Part.

A MASQUE: DRYDEN.

Enter *Janus*.

Janus. Chronos, Chronos, mend thy pace,
And hundred times the rolling ſun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in ſight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter Chronos, *with a ſcythe in his hand, and a globe on his back; which he ſets down at his entrance.*

Chronos. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter *Momus* laughing.

Momus. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well haſt thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back,
The world was a fool; e'er ſince it begun,
And ſince neither Janus nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.
Chorus of all three. *'Tis better to laugh than to cry.*

Janus. Since *Momus* comes to laugh below,
Old *Time* begin the ſhow,
That he may ſee, in every ſcene,
What changes in this age have been.

Chronos. Then goddeſs of the ſilver bow begin.

[Horns, or hunting muſic within.]

Enter *Diana*.

Diana. With horns and with hounds, I waken the day;
And hye to the woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.

I courſe

I courſe the fleet ſtag, unkennel the fox,
And chace the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks.
With ſhouting and hooting we pierce thro' the ſky,
And Eccho turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Cho of all. *With ſhouting and hooting we pierce thro' the ſky,*
And Eccho turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Janus. Then our age was in in't's prime:
Chronos. Free from rage:
Diana. ——— And free from crime.
Momus. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinkingt time.
Cho. of all. *Then our age was in't's prime,*
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
[Dance of Diana's attendants.]

Enter *Mars.*

Mars. Inſpire the vocal braſs, inſpire;
The world is paſt its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the ſky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleaſure fly;
The ſprightly green,
In woodland-walks, no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.
Cho. of all. *Plenty, peace,* &c.
Mars. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Thro' all the world around,
Sound a reveille, ſound, ſound,
The warrior god is come.
Cho. of all. *Sound the trumpet,* &c.

Momus. Thy ſword within the ſcabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were faſt aſleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our coſt and care;
But neither ſide a winner,
For things are as they were.

Cho.

Cho. of all. *The fools are only*, &c.

Enter *Venus.*

Venus. Calms appear, when ſtorms are paſt;
Love will have his hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars deſtroys, and I repair;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry day.

Cho. of all. *Take her, take her*, &c.

Chronos. The world was then ſo light,
I ſcarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night.
But, ſince the Queen of pleaſure left the ground,
I faint, I lag
And feebly drag
The pondrous orb around.

Momus. All, all of a piece throughout;
Pointing to *Diana.* } Thy chace had a beaſt in view;
[To *Mars.*] Thy wars brought nothing about;
[To *Venus.*] Thy lovers were all untrue.
Janus. 'Tis well an old age is out,
Chronos. And Time to begin a new.
Cho. of all. *All, all of a piece throughout;*
Thy chace had a beaſt in view:
Thy Wars brought nothing about;
Thy Lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And Time to begin a new.

Dance of Huntsmen, Nymphs, Warriors, and Lovers.

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER. POPE.

Father of All! in ev'ry age,
In every clime ador'd,
By ſaint by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.
Thou great firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood

Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;
Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.
What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That more than heav'n purſue.
What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.
Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.
Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.
If am I right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.
Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.
Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.
Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.
This day be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.
To thee, whoſe Temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all Being raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

The *Squabble*: A Paſtoral. GAY.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Thy younglings *Cuddy*, are but juſt awake;
No throſtles ſhrill the bramble buſh forſake;
No chirping lark, the welkin ſheen * invokes;
No damſel yet the ſwelling udder ſtrokes;
O'er yonder hill does ſcant ** the dawn appear;
Then why does *Cuddy* leave his cot ſo rear † ?

CUDDY.

Ah *Lobbin Clout*! I ween ††, my plight is gueſt;
For *he that Loves, a ſtranger is to reſt.*
If ſwains belye not, thou has prov'd the ſmart,
And *Blouzalinda's* miſtreſs of thy heart.
This riſing rear betokeneth well thy mind;
Thoſe arms are folded for thy *Blouzalind.*
And well, I trow, our piteous pligh s agree;
Thee *Blouzalinda* ſmites, *Buxoma me.*

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah *Blouzalind!* I love thee more behalf,
Than deer their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf.
Woe worth the tongue, may bliſters ſore it gall,
That names *Buxoma, Blouzalind* withal!

CUDDY.

Hold, witleſs *Lobbin Clout*, I thee adviſe,
Let bliſters ſore on thy own tongue ariſe,
Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithſome ſwain,
The wiſeſt lout of all the neighb'ring plain!
From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the ſkies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds ariſe.
He taught us erſt the heifer's tail to view,
When ſtuck aloft, that ſhow'rs would ſtraight enſue:
He firſt that uſeful ſecret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.
When ſwallows fleet ſoar high and ſport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let *Cloddipole* then hear us twain rehearſe,
And praiſe his ſweet-heart in alternate verſe.

* Shining or bright ſky. ** Scarce. † Early. †† Conceive.

I'll wager this ſame oaken ſtaff with thee,
That *Cloddipole* ſhall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco pouch, that's lin'd with hair
Made of the ſkin of ſleekeſt fallow deer:
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddeſt hue,
I'll wager, that the prize ſhall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carrols then, thou vaunting ſlouch;
Be thine the oaken ſtaff, or mine the pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My *Blouzalinda* is the blitheſt laſs,
Than primroſe ſweeter, or the clover graſs.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daiſy that beſide her grows;
Fair is the gilly-flow'r of gardens ſweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet:
But *Blouzalind's* than gilly-flow'r more fair,
Than daiſy, marygold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown *Buxoma* is the feateſt maid,
That e'er at wake delightſome gambol play'd;
Clean as young lambkins, or the gooſe's down,
And like the gold finch in her ſunday gown.
The witleſs lamb may ſport upon the plain,
The friſking kid delight the gaping ſwain;
The wanton calf may ſkip with many a bound,
And my cur *Tray* play defteſt * feats around:
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor *Tray*,
Dance like *Buxoma* on the firſt of *May*.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when *Blouzalind* is near;
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With her no ſultry ſummer's heat I know;
In winter, when ſhe's nigh, with love I glow.

Come

* Nimbleſt.

Come, *Blouzalinda*, eaſe thy ſwain's deſire,
My ſummer's ſhadow, and my winter's fire.

CUDDY.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at hay,
E'en noon tide labour ſeem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply ſhe were gone,
Like worky-days I wiſh'd would ſoon be done.
Eftſoons †, O ſweet-heart kind, my love repay,
And all the year ſhall then be holiday.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As *Blouzalinda*, in a gameſome mood,
Behind a hay-cock loudly laughing ſtood,
I ſlily ran, and ſnatch'd a haſty kiſs;
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiſs.
Believe me *Cuddy*, while I'm bold to ſay,
Her breath was ſweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my *Buxoma*, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger ſtroak'd her milky care,
I quaintly * ſtole a kiſs; at firſt, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I ſwear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the *Welch*, to *Dutchmen* butter's dear,
Of *Iriſh* ſwains potatoes are the cheer;
Oats for their feaſts the *Scottiſh* ſhepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of *Blouzalind:*
While ſhe loves turneps, butter I'll deſpiſe,
Nor leeks nor oatmeal, nor potatoes prize.

CUDDY.

In good roaſt-beef my landlord ſticks his knife,
The capon fat, delights his dainty wife;
Pudding our parſon eats, the 'ſquire loves hare,
But white-pot thick, is my *Buxoma's* fare.

† Very ſoon. * Waggiſhly.

While ſhe loves white-pot, capon ne'er ſhall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *Blind-man's-buff*, it hapt
About my eyes, the towel thick was wrapt:
I miſs'd the ſwains, and ſeiz'd on *Blouzalind*,
True ſpeaks that antient proverb, *Love is blind*.

CUDDY.

As at *hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma, gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick roſe, and read ſoft miſchief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms, the ſlacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my *Blouzalinda* ſwung,
With the rude wind her rumpled garment roſe,
And ſhow'd her taper leg, and ſcarlet hoſe.

CUDDY.

Acroſs the fallen oak, the plank I laid,
And myſelf poiz'd againſt the tott'ring maid:
High leapt the plank, and down *Buxoma* fell,
I ſpy'd — but faithful ſweet-hearts never tell.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou canſt, explain;
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry ſwain:
What flow'r is that which bears the virgin's name,
The richeſt metal joined with the ſame? *

CUDDY.

Anſwer, thou Carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight:
What flow'r is that which royal honour craves?
Adjoin the virgin, *and 'tis ſtrown on graves* **

CLOD.

---

* Mary-gold. ** Roſemary

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your ſtrains;
An oaken ſtaff each merits for his pains.
But ſee the ſun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman *Hodges'* barn.
Your herds for want of water ſtand a-dry;
They're weary of your ſongs — and ſo am I.

Epitaph on *Mr. Dove*, an Apothecary, who unfortunately murdered himſelf by *canvaſſing* at *Elections*.

Here lie

Sequeſter'd from the various Calamities of life,
The remains of *Benjamin Dove*,
Doctor, and dealer in Politics;
Whoſe *Courage* and *Intrepidity* expoſed him
to many *Dangers* and *Difficulties*, and at
laſt to *Death* itſelf; for on the 26th
of May, 1778, he *fell a Victim*,
not to the *Sword*, but to the *Glaſs*.
He was in all reſpects a truly worthy man;
A kind and ſteady Friend,
A generous benefactor,
A warm patriot,
An agreeable companion,
A cutter of jokes,
And a great canvaſſer at elections.
In the moſt corrupt and abandoned age,
He maintain'd his independency,
Diſdain'd every bribe,
Nor cou'd the arts and inſinuations of the wicked
Induce him once to play
The part of a *jack-of-both ſides*;
But ever fix'd and determin'd in his choice,
And aided by the arms of *Bacchus*,
He gain'd many proſelytes to the cauſe
For which he Died.
He was a good *Chriſtian* in his day,
And rather inclin'd to the Church than to the Synagogue:
A man of Virtue,
Tho' a lover of the Wenches.
Some faults he had,

But none that his *Friends* could ſee,
Or that his *Enemies* can remember.

Here continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an Inflexible Conſtancy,
And inimitable uniformity of Life,
Perſiſted,
In ſpite of age and infirmities,
In the practice of *every human Vice*,
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocriſy:
His inſatiable Avarice exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs *Impudence* from the ſecond.
Nor was he more ſingular
In the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than ſucceſsful
In accumulating *Wealth*:
For, without Trade or Profeſſion,
Without Truſt of Public Money,
And without Bribe-worthy Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A Miniſterial Eſtate.
He was the only Perſon of his Time
Who could *Cheat* without the Maſk of *Honeſty*,
Retain his primæval *Meanneſs*
When poſſeſs'd of *Ten Thouſand* a year;
And having daily deſerved the *Gibbet* for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemn'd to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh indignant reader!
Think not his Life uſeleſs to Mankind:
Providence conniv'd at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-ages
A conſpicuous *Proof and Example*,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is *Exorbitant Wealth*
in the ſight of *God*,
By his beſtowing it on the moſt unworthy of all
Mortals.

Epitaph in Stow Gardens.

To the Memory
of
SIGNOR FIDO,
An *Italian* of good Extraction;
Who came into *England*,
Not to bite us, like moſt of his Countrymen,
But to gain an *honeſt Livelyhood.*
He hunted not after *Fame*,
Yet acquir'd it;
Regardleſs of the Praiſe of his Friends,
but moſt ſenſible of their *Love.*
Tho' he liv'd amongſt the *Great*,
He neither learnt nor flatter'd any *Vice.*
He was no Bigot,
Tho he doubted of none of the 39 Articles.
And if to follow *Nature*,
and to reſpect the Laws of *Society*,
be *Philoſophy*,
he was a perfect *Philoſopher*;
a faithful *friend*,
an agreeable *Companion*,
a loving *Huſband*,
diſtingu'ſh'd by a numerous Offspring,
all which he liv'd to ſee take *good courſes.*
In his old Age he retir'd
to the Houſe of a Clergyman in the Country,
where he finiſhed his earthly Race,
and died an *Honour* and an *Example* to the whole Species.
Reader,
This ſtone is guiltleſs of *Flattery*,
for he to whom it is inſcribed
was not a Man,
but a
GREY-HOUND.

HANS CARVEL. PRIOR.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
Married a lass of *London* mold:
Handsome enough; extremely gay;
Lov'd music, company, and play:
High flights she had, and wit at will;
And so her tongue lay seldom still;
For, in all visits, who but she,
To argue, or to repartee?
She made it plain, that human passion
Was order'd by predestination;
That if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies she had by heart;
Enter'd into *Roxana's* part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action, certainly, was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd;
Oh that dear conqu'ror of the world!
She pitied *Betterton* in age,
That ridicul'd the godlike rage.

She first of all the town, was told,
Where newest *India* things were sold:
So, in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen:
What else could so much virtue mean?
For, to prevent the least reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.
But, when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She, without fail, was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then slept again:
At twelve she rose; with much ado
Her cloaths were huddled on by two:
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes, sure; — but is the *Col'nel* come?
Next, how to spend the afternoon,
And not come home again too soon;
The change, the city, or the play,
As each was proper for the day;
A turn, in summer, to *Hyde Park*,
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleaſure cauſes huſband's pain:
Strange fancies came in *Hanſ's* brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform; but durſt not blame.
At firſt he, therefore, preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life:
Told her, how tranſient beauty was;
That all muſt die, and fleſh was graſs:
He bought her ſermons, pſalms, and graces;
And doubled down the uſeful places.
But, ſtill, the weight of worldly care
Allow'd her little time for pray'r;
And Cleopatra was read o'er,
While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's ſelf,
Stood unmoleſted on the ſhelf.
An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilette:
No fear that thumb of hers ſhould ſpoil it.
In ſhort, the trade was ſtill the ſame;
The dame went out; the *Col'nel* came.
What's to be done? Poor *Carvel* cry'd;
Another batt'ry muſt be try'd:
What if to ſpells I had recourſe?
'Tis but to hinder ſomething worſe.
The end muſt juſtify the means;
He only ſins, who ill intends:
Since, therefore, 'tis to combat evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.
Forthwith, the Devil did appear,
For name him and he's always near,
Not in the ſhape in which he plies
At Miſs's elbow when ſhe lies;
Or ſtands before the nurs'ry doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars:
But without ſawcer eye or claw,
Like a grave Barriſter at law.

Hans *Carvel*, lay aſide your grief,
The Devil ſays; I bring relief.
Relief, ſays *Hans*: pray let me crave
Your name, Sir — Satan. — Sir, your ſlave:
I did not look upon your feet:
You'll pardon me: — Ay, now I ſee't:
And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?
All well: but pr'ythee, honeſt *Hans*,
Says Satan, leave your complaiſance:

The truth is this: I cannot ſtay
Flaring in ſun-ſhine all the day:
For, *entre nous*, we helliſh ſprites,
Love more the freſco of the nights;
And oftner our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you, therefore, as a friend,
Ere morning dawns your fears ſhall end:
Go, then, this evening, maſter *Carvel*,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine diſſolve your care,
Whilſt I the great receipt prepare:
To-night I'll bring it, by my faith;
Believe, for once, what *Satan* ſaith.

Away went *Hans*, glad not a little;
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle;
Invited friends ſome half a dozen,
The *Col'nel*, and my lady's couſin.
The meat was ſerv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were ſung; and healths went round:
Barbadoes waters for the cloſe;
'Till *Hans* had fairly got his doſe:
The *Col'nel* toaſted to the beſt:
The Dame mov'd off, to be undreſt:
The chimes went twelve: the gueſts withdrew;
But when, or how, *Hans* hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow chair;
From thence was carried off to bed;
John held his heels, and *Nan* his head.
My Lady was diſturb'd: new ſorrow!
Which *Hans* muſt anſwer for to morrow.
In bed, then view this happy pair;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
Hans, faſt aſleep as ſoon as laid;
The duty of the night unpaid:
The waking dame, with thoughts oppreſt,
That made her hate both him and reſt:
By ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife!
Twas *Achmet* and Septimius' life:
The lady ſigh'd; the lover ſnor'd:
The punctual Devil kept his word;
Appear'd to honeſt *Hans* again;
But not at all by Madam ſeen;
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king;

Dear *Han's*, ſaid he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's ſake;
'Twill do your buſineſs to a hair:
For, long as you this ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over *Lincoln*,
That ne'er ſhall happen which you think on.
Hans took the ring with joy extream,
All this was only in a dream,
And, thruſting it beyond his joint,
Tis done, he cry'd; I've gain'd my point.
What point, ſaid ſhe, you ug y beaſt?
You neither give me joy nor reſt.
Tis done — What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thruſt your finger G — d knows where.

NEW MARKET. A SATIRE.

His country's hope, when now the blooming Heir
Has left the parent's, or the guardian's care;
Fond to poſſeſs, yet eager to deſtroy,
Of each vain youth, ſay, what's the darling joy?
Of each fond frolic what the ſource and end,
His ſole and firſt ambition what? — to Spend.
Some Squires, to *Gallia's* cooks moſt dainty dupes,
Melt *manors* in ragouts, or drown in ſoups.
This coxcomb doats on fidlers, till he ſees
His morgag'd mountains deſtitute of trees;
Convinc'd too late, that modern ſtrains can move,
With mightier force than thoſe of *Greece*, the grove.
In headleſs ſtatues rich, and uſeleſs urns,
Marmoreo from the claſſic tour returns,
So poor the wretch of current coin, you'd laugh —
He cares not if his *Cæſars* * be but ſafe.
Some tread the ſlippery paths of love's delights,
Theſe deal the cards, or ſhake the box at *White's*.
To different pleaſures different taſtes incline,
Nor the ſame ſea receives the ruſhing ſwine.
Tho' drunk alike with *Circe's* poiſonous bowl,
In ſeparate ſties the mimic monſters roll.

But

* Antique medals,

But would ye learn, ye leiſure-loving Squires,
How beſt ye may diſgrace your prudent ſires;
How ſooneſt ſoar to faſhionable ſhame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin — and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!
Where fam'd New-Market ſpreads her tempting plain,
There let the choſen ſteed victorious ſtrain;
Where not † (as erſt was ſung in manly lays)
Men fly to different ends thro' different ways;
Thro' the ſame path, to the ſame goal ye run,
And are, at once, undoing and undone.
Forfeit, forget friends, honour, and eſtate,
Loſe all at once — for what? — to win the plate:
All are betray'd, and all alike betray,
To your own beaſts, *Acteon*-like, a prey.

What dreams of conqueſt fluſh'd Hillario's breaſt,
When the good Knight at laſt retir'd to reſt.
Behold the youth with new-felt raptures mark
Each pleaſing proſpect of the ſpacious Park:
That Park, where beauties undiſguis'd engage,
Thoſe beauties leſs the work of art than age;
In ſimple ſtate, where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable dreſs of antient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
The rude, the gay, the graceful and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which *Druids* might adore;
Pride and ſupport of *Britain's* conquering croſs,
Which diſtant anceſtors ſaw crown'd with moſs:
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here ſhoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
Here various trees compoſe a chequer'd ſcene,
Glowing in gay diverſities of green:
There the full ſtream, thro' intermingling glades,
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep caſcades.
Nor wants there hazle copſe, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with ſun or ſhade the bounding fawn.
And ſee the good old ſeat, whoſe Gothic towers
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers;
Whoſe rafter'd hall the crouding tenants fed,
And dealt to age and want their daily bread:

Where

† *Sir John Denham* ſays of *London*, in his poem of Cooper's Hill.
"———— Thro' ſeveral ways they run,
"Some to undo, and ſome to be undone."

Where garter'd knights, with peerleſs beauties join'd,
At high and ſolemn feſtivals have din'd;
Preſenting oft fair virtue's ſhining taſk,
In myſtic pageantries, and moral maſque.
But vain all antient praiſe, or boaſt of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
At once a bankrupt, and a proſperous heir,
Hilario bets — Park, houſe diſſolve in air.
With antique armour hung, high trophied rooms
Deſcend to gameſters, proſtitutes, and grooms.
He ſees his ſteel-clad ſires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely ſhook the lance, or ſweetly ſmil'd,
All the fair ſeries of the whiſker'd race,
Whoſe pictur'd forms the ſtately gallery grace,
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck ſome tavern vile, at auctions ſold.
The pariſh wonders at th' unopening door,
The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts ariſe;
And all the ſocial ſcene in ſilence lies.
Himſelf, the loſs politely to repair,
Turns atheiſt, fiddler, highwayman, or player.
At length, the ſcorn, the ſhame of man and god,
Is deem'd to rub the ſteeds that once he rode.
Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thouſands on the liſted plain!
Not more fantaſtic Sancho's airy courſe,
When madly mounted on the magic horſe,
He pierc'd heaven's opening ſpheres with dazzled eyes,
And ſeem'd to ſoar in viſionary ſkies.
Nor leſs, I ween, precarious is the meed,
Of young adventurers, on the muſe's ſteed;
For poets have, like you, their deſtin'd round,
And ours is but a race on claſſic ground.
Long time, ſoft ſon of patrimonial eaſe,
Hippolitus had eat ſirloins in peace:
Had quaff'd ſecure, unvex'd by toils or wife,
The mild october of a rural life:
Long liv'd with calm domeſtic conqueſts crown'd,
And kill'd his game on ſafe paternal ground.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His boſom kindles with ſublimer views.
Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaff, thy palms, Portmore,
Tempt him to rein the ſteed, and ſtake his ſtore.
Like a new bruiſer on Broughtonic ſand,
Amid the liſts our hero takes his ſtand;

Suck'd

Suck'd by the ſharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes that witneſs huge dismay;
When lo! the chance of one unlucky heat,
Strips him of game, ſtrong beer, and ſweet retreat.
How aukward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the poor's laſt refuge, to be pert.
The ſhiftleſs beggar bears of ills the worſt,
At once with dullneſs, and with hunger curſt.
And feels the taſteleſs breaſt equeſtrian fires?
And dwells ſuch mighty rage in graver Squires?
In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
Britain, thy conſcript counſellors behold;
(For ſome perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
May gain a borough, by a lucky bet,)
Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap and wig ſuccinct, the ſilken ſuit,
Mere modern Phætons uſurp the reins,
And ſcour in rival race New-Market's plains.
See ſide by ſide, the jockey and *Sir John*,
Diſcuſs th' important point of ſix to one.
For oh, my muſe, the deep-felt bliſs how dear,
How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear.

See, like a routed hoſt, with headlong pace,
Thy members pour amid the mingling race!
All aſk, what crouds the tumult could produce —
"Is Bedlam or the commons all broke looſe"?
Such noiſe and nonſenſe, betting, damning, ſinking,
Such emphaſis of oaths, and claret drinking!
Like ſchool-boys freed, they run as chance directs,
Proud from a well bred thing to riſque their necks.
The warrior's ſcar not half ſo graceful ſeems,
As at New-Market, diſlocated limbs.
Thy ſages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
Adjudge the ſtakes, moſt eloquently loud:
With critic ſkill, o'er dubious bets preſide,
The low diſpute, or kindle, or decide:
All empty wiſdom, and judicious prate,
Of diſtanc'd horſes gravely fix the fate,
Guide the nice conduct of a daring match,
And o'er th' equeſtrian rights with care paternal watch
Mean time, no more the mimic patriots riſe,
To guard *Britannia's* honour, warm and wiſe:
No more in ſenates dare aſſert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cauſe:
Neglect the counſels of a ſinking land,
And know no roſtrum, but New-Market's ſtand.

Are theſe the ſage directive powers deſign'd,
With the nice ſearch of a ſagacious mind,
In judgment's ſcales, the fate of realms to weigh,
Britannia's intereſt, trade, and laws ſurvey?
O ſay, when leaſt their ſapient ſchemes are croſt,
Or when a nation, or a match is loſt?
Who dams and ſires with more exactneſs trace,
Than of their country's kings the ſacred race:
Think *London* journies are the worſt of ills,
And ſet their hands to articles for bills:
Strangers to all hiſtorians ſage relate,
Theirs are the memoirs of th' equeſtrian ſtate:
Unſkill'd in Albion's paſt and preſent views,
Who Cheny's * records for Rapin peruſe.
Go on, brave youths, till, in ſome future age,
Whips ſhall become the ſenatorial badge;
Till *England* ſee her thronging ſenators
Meet all at Weſtminſter, in boots and ſpurs;
See the whole houſe, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad:
Of bets, for taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide, with equal reins, a Steed and State.
How would a virtuous *Houhnhym* ** neigh diſdain,
To ſee his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
Bear ſlavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoak thro' the glebe, or trace the deſtin'd road,
And robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
Suſtain each ſordid toil of ſervile life.
Yet oh, what rage would touch his generous mind,
To ſee his ſons of more than mortal kind;
A kind, with each ingenuous virtue bleſt,
That fills the prudent head, or valorous breaſt,
Afford diverſion to that monſter baſe,
That meaneſt ſpawn of man's half monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance conſpire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo-Squire.
How are th' adventurers of the britiſh race
Chang'd from the choſen chiefs of antient days:
Who, warm'd with genuine glory's honeſt thirſt,
Divinely labour'd in the *Pythian* duſt.
Theirs was the wreath that lifted from the throng,
Theirs was the *Theban* bard's recording ſong.

Mean

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* *Cheney* is the author of an annual hiſtorical liſt of the running horſes. ** See *Gulliver's* travels, voyage to the *Houhnhyms*.

Mean time, to manly emulation blind,
Slaves to each vulgar vice that ſtains the mind,
Our britiſh *Therons* iſſue to the race,
Of their own generous courſers the diſgrace.
What tho' the grooms of *Greece* ne'er took the odds,
They won no bets — but then they ſoar'd to gods;
And more an *Hiero's* palm, a *Pindar's* ode,
Than all the united plates of *George* beſtow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy ſolemn ſcenes, and awful viſions riſe,
In antient grace, before my muſing eyes.
Here *Sparta's* ſons in mute attention hang,
While ſage *Lycurgus* pours the mild harangue,
There Xerxes' hoſts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated Hero's * flaſhing ſpear.
Here, hung with many a lyre of ſilver ſtring,
The laureat walks of ſweet Iliſſus ſpring:
And Lo where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar *Plato* walks his oliv'd Academe.
Yet ah! no more the ſeat of art and arms
Delights with wiſdom, or with virtue warms,
Lo! the ſtern *Turk*, with more than gothic rage,
Has blaſted all the bays of antient age;
No more her groves by ſacred feet are trod,
Each *Attic* grace, has left the lov'd abode.
Fallen is fair *Greece!* by luxury's pleaſing bane
Seduc'd, ſhe drags a barbarous foreign chain.
Britannia watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou haſt rivall'd *Grecia's* praiſe,
Great nurſe of works divine; yet oh! beware
Leſt thou the fate of *Greece*, my country, ſhare.
Recall thy wonted worth with conſcious pride,
Thou too haſt ſeen a *Solon* in a *Hyde*;
Haſt bade thine *Edwards* and thine *Henries* rear,
With *Spartan* fortitude, the britiſh ſpear;
Alike haſt ſeen thy ſons deſerve the meed,
Or of the moral, or the martial deed.

---

* Leonidas.

The

The Ghoſt Scene in HAMLET. SHAKESPEARE.

Hamlet, *Horatio*, *Marcellus*.

Hamlet. The air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Hamlet. What hour now?
Horatio. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Marcellus. No, it is ſtruck.
Horatio. I heard it not. It then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk. (*Enter* Ghoſt.)
Horatio. Look my Lord, it comes!
Hamlet. (*Seeing the* Ghoſt.) Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane*: oh! anſwer me;
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? Why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corſe, again, in compleat ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What ſhould we do?
Ghoſt. Mark me. My hour is almoſt come
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up my elf.
Hamlet. Alas, poor ghoſt.
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Hamlet. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Hamlet. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires,
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,

I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood. Liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou did'ſt ever thy dear father love —
Hamlet. O heav'n!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.
Hamlet. Murder!
Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Hamlet. Haſte me to know it, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on *Lethe's* wharf,
Wouldſts thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear.
'Tis given out, that ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Hamlet. Oh, my prophetic ſoul! my uncle?
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce! won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air —
Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,

My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecret hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a viol,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body:
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager dropping into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine,
A moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body. —
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of Queen, at once diſpatcht;
Cut off ev'n in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd, diſappointed, unaneal'd:
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſover thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his unaffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me.

THE REVENGE: a Tragedy.

Dr. Young.

Zanga's artifice, to inflame the jealouſy of *Alonzo* againſt his wife *Leonora*; with the cataſtrophe that is the conſequence of the *Moor's* vengeance.

Iſabella. Zanga.

Iſabel. What commands my *Moor*?
Zanga. My fair ally! my lovely miniſter!
'Twas well *Alvarez*, by my arts impell'd,
(To plunge *Don Carlos* in the laſt deſpair,
And ſo prevent all future moleſtation)
Finiſh'd the nuptials ſoon as he reſolv'd them;
This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.
Scarce had the prieſt the holy rite perform'd,
When I, by ſacred inſpiration, forg'd
That letter, which I truſted to thy hand;
That letter, which, in glowing terms conveys,
From happy *Carlos* to fair *Leonora*,
The moſt profound acknowledgment of heart
For wondrous tranſports, which he never knew.
This is a good ſubſervient artifice,
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.
Iſabel. I quickly dropt it in the bride's apartment,
As you commanded.
Zanga. With a lucky hand;
For ſoon *Alonzo* found it; I obſerv'd him
From out my ſecret ſtand. He took it up;
But ſcarce was it unfolded to his ſight,
When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,
Started, and trembling dropt it on the ground.
Pale and aghaſt awhile my victim ſtood,
Diſguis'd a ſigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.
At firſt he look'd as if he meant to read it;
But check'd by riſing fears, he cruſh'd it thus,
And thruſt it, like an adder, in his boſom.
Iſabel. But if he read it not, it cannot ſting him;
At leaſt not mortally.
Zanga. At firſt I thought ſo;
But farther thought informs me otherwiſe,
And turns this diſappointment to account.

He

He more ſhall credit it becauſe unſeen,
(If 'tis unſeen) as thou anon may'ſt find.
Iſabel. That would indeed commend my *Zanga's* ſkil'.
Zanga. This, Iſabella, is *Don Carlos'* picture;
Take it, and ſo diſpoſe of it, that found,
It may riſe up, a witneſs of her love,
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
Or elſewhere, as ſhall beſt promote our end.
Iſabel. I'll weigh it as its conſequence requires,
Then do my utmoſt to deſerve your ſmile. (*Exit Iſabella.*)
Zanga. Is that *Alonzo* proſtrate on the ground?
Now he ſtarts up like flame from ſleeping embers,
And wild diſtraction glares from either eye.
If thus a ſl ght ſurmiſe can work his ſoul,
How will the fulneſs of the tempeſt tear him. (*Enter Alonzo.*)
Alonzo. And yet it cannot be. I am deceiv'd.
I injure her: ſhe wears the face of heav'n.
Zanga. (*Aſide.*) He doubts.
Alonzo. I dare not look on this again.
If the firſt glance, which gave ſuſpicion only,
Had ſuch effect, ſo ſmote my heart and brain,
The certainty would daſh me all in pieces.
It cannot.—(*He ſtarts.*) Ha! it muſt, it muſt be true.
Zanga. (*Aſide.*) Hold there, and we ſucceed. He has
deſcry'd me;
And (for he knows I love him) will unfold
His aching heart, and reſt it on my counſel.
I'll ſeem to go, to make my ſtay more ſure.
Alonzo. Hold, *Zanga*, turn.
Zanga. My Lord.
Alonzo. Shut cloſe the doors,
That not a ſpirit find an entrance here.
Zanga. My lord's obey'd:
Alonzo. I ſee that thou art frighted.
If thou doſt love me, I ſhall fill thy heart
With ſcorpions ſtings.
Zanga. If I do love, my lord!
Alonzo. Come near me, let me reſt upon thy boſom;
(What pillow like the boſom of a friend?)
For I am ſick at heart.
Zanga. Speak, Sir, O ſpeak,
And take me from the rack.
Alonzo. And is there need
Of words? Behold a wonder! See my tears!
Zanga. I feel them too. Heav'n grant my ſenſes fail me
I rather would loſe them, than have this real.

Alonzo. Go, take a round thro' all things in thy thought,
And find that one; for there is only one
Which could extort my tears; find that and tell
Thyſelf my miſery, and ſpare me the pain.
Zanga. Sorrow can think but ill. I am bewilder'd;
I know not where I am.
Alonzo. Think, think no more.
It ne'er can enter in an honeſt heart.
I'll tell thee then. — I cannot — Yet I do,
By wanting force to give it utterance.
Zanga. Speak, eaſe your heart; its throbs will break your boſom.
Alonzo. I am moſt happy: mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's ſhout,
And great men make their fortunes of my ſmiles.
O curſe of curſes! In the lap of bleſſing,
To be moſt curſt! My *Leonora's* falſe!
Zanga. Save me, my Lord.
Alonzo. My *Leonora's* falſe. (*Gives him the letter.*)
Zanga. Then heav'n has loſt its image here on earth.
[*While* Zanga *reads the letter, he trembles, and ſhews the utmoſt concern.*]
Alonzo. Good-natur'd man! he makes my pains his own.
I durſt not read it; but I read it now in thy concern.
Zanga. Did you not read it then?
Alonzo. Mine eye juſt touch'd it, and could bear no more.
Zanga. (*Tears the letter.*) Thus periſh all that give Alonzo pain.
Alonzo. Why didſt thou tear it?
Zanga. Think of it no more.
'Twas your miſtake, and groundleſs are your fears.
Alonzo. And didſt thou tremble then for my miſtakes?
Or give the whole contents, or by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.
Zanga. Is this *Alonzo's* language to his *Zanga*?
Draw forth your ſword, and find the ſecret here.
For whoſe ſake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this rage? Becauſe I ſeek your peace?
I have no intereſt in ſuppreſſing it,
But what good-natur'd tenderneſs for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
That will be damn'd, tho' all the world ſhould know it.
Alonzo. Then my worſt fears are true, and life is paſt.
Zanga. What has the raſhneſs of my paſſion utter'd?
I know not what; but rage is our diſtraction,
And all its words are wind. Yet ſure, I think,

I nothing own'd. But grant I did confeſs,
What is a letter? Letters may be forg'd.
For heav'n's ſweet ſake, my lord, lift up your heart.
Some foe to your repo'e —
Alonzo. So, heav'n look on me,
As I can't find the man I have offended.
Zanga. (*Aſide.*) Indeed! Our innocence is not our ſhield.
They take offence, who have not been offended;
They ſeek our ruin too, who ſpeak us fair,
And death is often ambuſh'd in their ſmiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain
A letter may be forg'd, and in a point
Of ſuch a dreadful conſequence as this,
One would rely on nought that might be falſe —
Think, have you any other cauſe to doubt her?
Away, you can find none. Reſume your ſpirit,
All's well again.
Alonzo. O that it were.
Zanga. It is;
For who would credit that, which credited,
Makes hell ſuperfluous by ſuperior pains,
Without ſuch proofs as cannot be withſtood?
Has ſhe not ever been to virtue train'd?
Is not her fame as ſpotleſs as the ſun,
Her ſex's envy, and the boaſt of *Spain?*
Alonzo. O *Zanga!* it is that confounds me moſt,
That full in oppoſition to appearance —
Zanga. No more, my lord, for you condemn yourſelf.
What is abſurdity, but to believe
Againſt appearances? You can't yet, I find,
Subdue your paſſion to your better ſenſe:
And, truth to tell, it does not much diſpleaſe me.
'Tis fit our indiſcretions ſhould be check'd,
With ſome degree of pain.
Alonzo. What indiſcretion?
Zanga. Come, you muſt bear to hear your faults from me.
Had you not ſent *Don Carlos* to the court
The night before the battle, that foul ſlave,
Who forg'd the ſenſeleſs ſcroll which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villainy.
Alonzo. I ſent him not.
Zanga. Not ſend him! Ha! that ſtrikes me.
I thought he came on meſſage to the king.
Is there another cauſe could juſtify
His ſhunning danger, and the promis'd fight?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly,

So long an abſence, and impatient love —
Alonzo. In my confuſion, that had quite eſcap'd me.
By heav'n, my wounded ſoul does bleed afreſh;
'Tis clear as day; for *Carlos* is ſo brave,
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,
And is enamour'd of the face of death.
How then could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the tranſports? Oh it muſt be ſo.
Inhuman! by the loſs of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend!
Zanga. You wrong him;
He knew not of your love.
Alonzo. Ha!
Zanga. (*Aſide.*) That ſtings home.
Alonzo. Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous love.
Proofs riſe on proofs, and ſtill the laſt the ſtrongeſt.
Th' eternal law of things declares it true,
Which calls for judgments on diſtinguiſh'd guilt,
And loves to make our crime our puniſhment.
Lov is my torture love was my firſt crime;
For ſhe was his, my friend's, and he (*O horror!*
Confided all in me. O ſacred faith!
How dearly I abide thy violation!
Zanga Were then their loves far gone?
Alonzo. The father's will
There bore a total ſway; and he, as ſoon
As news arriv'd that *Carlos'* fleet was ſeen
From off our coaſt, fir'd with the love of gold,
Determin'd, that the very ſun which ſaw
Carlos' return, ſhould ſee his daughter wed.
Zanga. Indeed, my lord, then you muſt pardon me
If I preſume to mitigate the crime.
Conſider ſtrong allurements ſoften guilt;
Long was his abſence, ardent was his love,
At midnight his return, the next day deſtin'd
For his eſpouſals: 'twas a ſtrong temptation.
Alonzo. Temptation!
Zanga. 'Twas but gaining of one night.
Alonzo. One night.
Zanga. That crime could ne'er return again.
Alonzo. Again! By heav'n, thou doſt inſult thy lord.
Temptation! One night gain'd! O ſtings and death!
And am I then undone? Alas! my *Zanga*,
And doſt thou own it too? Deny it ſtill,
And reſcue me one moment from diſtraction.
Zanga. My lord, I hope the beſt.

Alonzo. False, foolish hope,
And insolent to me! Thou know'st it false;
It is as glaring, as the noon-tide sun.
Devil! This morning, after three years coldness,
To rush at once into a passion for me!
'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,
When her first fool was fated with her beauties.
Zanga. What says my lord? Did *Leonora* then
Never before disclose her passion for you?
Alonzo. Never.
Zanga. Throughout the whole three years?
Alonzo. O never! never!
Why *Zanga*, should'st thou strive! 'Tis all in vain:
Tho' thy soul labours, it can find no reed
For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down
Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.
Zanga. Hold, Sir, I'll break your fall. Wave ev'ry fear,
And be a man again. Had he enjoy'd her,
Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you
With less reluctance.
Alonzo. Ha! resign her to me!
Resign her! Who resign'd her? Double death!
How could I doubt so long? My heart is broke.
First love her to distraction! then resign her!
Zanga. But was it not with utmost agony?
Alonzo. Grant that, he still resign'd her, that's enough.
Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?
Tear out his heart? She was his heart no more.
Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her.
By heav'n he ask'd, he courted me to wed.
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.
Zanga. Was't his request? Are you right sure of that?
I fear the letter was not all a tale.
Alonzo. A tale! There's proof equivalent to sight.
Zanga. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.
Alonzo. And so should I; by heaven, I think I should.
What! Leonora the divine, by whom
We guess'd at angels? Oh! I'm all confusion.
Zanga. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it,
Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh
Each circumstance: consider, above all,
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

Alonzo. Had I ten thouſand lives, I'd give them all
To be deceiv'd. I fear 'tis dooms-day with me;
And yet ſhe ſeem'd ſo pure, that I thought heaven
Borrow'd her form for virtue's ſelf to wear,
To gain her lovers with the ſons of men. (*Exit Alonzo.*)

Enter Iſabella.

Zanga. Thus far it works auſpiciouſly. My patient
Thrives underneath my hand in miſery.
He's gone to think, that is, to be diſtracted.
Iſabella. I overhear'd your conference, and ſaw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.
Zanga. There,
There, *Iſabella*, I out did myſelf.
For tearing it, I not ſecure it only
In its firſt force; but ſuperadd a new.
For who can now the character examine
To cauſe a doubt, much leſs detect the fraud?
And after tearing it, as loth to ſhew
The foul contents, if I ſhould ſwear it now
A forgery, my lord would diſbelieve me:
Nay more would diſbelieve, the more I ſwore.
But is the picture happily diſpos'd of?
Iſabella. It is.
Zanga. That's well.

Alonzo. Leonora.

Alonzo. (*Aſide.*) Ha! I'm ſurpriz'd, I ſtagger at her charms.
O angel devil! Shall I ſtab her now?
No, it ſhall be as I at firſt determin'd:
To kill her now were half my vengeance loſt.
Then muſt I now diſſemble — If I can.
Leonora. My lord, excuſe me; ſee, a ſecond time
I come in embaſſy from all your friends,
Whoſe joys are languid, uninſpir'd by you.
Alonzo. This moment, Leonora, I was coming
To thee, and all. But ſure, or I miſtake,
Or thou canſt well inſpire my friends with joy.
Leonora. Why ſighs my lord?
Alonzo. I ſigh'd not, *Leonora.*
Leonora. I thought you did; your ſighs are mine my lord,
And I ſhall feel them all.
Alonzo. Doſt flatter me?
Leonora. If my regards for you are flattery,
Full far indeed I ſtretch'd the compliment,

In

In this day's ſolemn rite.
Alonzo. What right.
Leonora. You ſport me.
Alonzo. Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.
Leonora. And ſo is mine. I look on chearfulneſs,
As on the health of virtue.
Alonzo. Virtue! — damn!
Leonora. What ſays my lord?
Alonzo. Thou art exceeding fair.
Leonora. Beauty alone is but of little worth;
But when the ſoul and body of a piece,
Both ſhine alike, then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,
Heav'n's pay on earth for ſuch great ſouls as yours;
If fair and innocent, I am your due.
Alonzo. (*Aſide.*) Innocent!
Leonora. How, my lord, I interrupt you.
Alonzo. No, my beſt life, I muſt not part with thee,
This hand is mine. Oh! what a hand is here?
So ſoft, ſouls ſink into it, and are loſt.
Leonora. In tears, my lord?
Alonzo. What leſs can ſpeak my joy?
I gaze, and I forget my own exiſtence;
'Tis all a viſion, my head ſwims in heav'n.
Wherefore? Oh! wherefore this expence of beauty?
And wherefore? Oh! —
Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,
And drink in all my being from thine eyes;
And I could ſnatch a flaming thunder bolt,
And hurl deſtruction —
Leonora. How, my lord! What mean you?
Accquaint me with the ſecret of your heart,
Or caſt me out for ever from your love.
Alonzo. Art thou concern'd for me?
Leonora. My lord, you fright me.
Is this the fondneſs of your nuptial hour?
I am ill-uſed, my lord, I muſt not bear it:
Why, when I woo your hand, is it deny'd me?
Your very eyes, why are they taught to ſhun me?
Nay, my good lord, I have a title here. (*Taking his hand.*)
And I will have it. Am not I your wife?
Have not I juſt authority to know
That heart, which I have purchas'd with my own?
Lay it before me then, it is my due.
Unkind *Alonzo*, though I might demand it,
Behold, I kneel! See *Leonora* kneels

And deigns to be a beggar for her own!
Tell me the ſecret, I conjure you tell me.
The bride foregoes the homage of her day,
Alvarez' daughter trembles in the duſt.
Speak then, I charge you ſpeak, or I expire,
And load you with my death. My lord, my lord!
Alonzo. Ha! ha! ha! [*He breaks from her, and ſhe ſinks upon the floor.*]
Leonera. Are theſe the joys which fondly I conceiv'd?
And is it thus a wedded life begins?
What did I part with, when I gave my heart?
I knew not that all happineſs went with it.
Why did I leave my tender father's wing,
And venture into love? The maid that loves,
Goes out to ſea upon a ſhatter'd plank,
And puts her truſt in miracles for ſafety.
Where ſhall I ſigh? Where pour out my complaints?
He that ſhould hear, ſhould ſuccour, ſhould redreſs,
He is the ſource of all.
Alonzo. Go to thy chamber,
I ſoon will follow; that which now diſturbs thee
Shall be clear'd up, and thou ſhalt not condemn me.
[*Exit* Leonora.]
Oh how like innocence ſhe looks! Wha, ſtab her,
And ruſh into her blood — I never can.
In her guilt ſhines, and nature holds my hand.
How then? Why thus — No more; it is determin'd.

Enter Zanga.

Zanga. (*Aſide.*) I fear his heart has fail'd him: ſhe muſt die.
Can I not rouze the ſnake that's in his boſom,
To ſting out human nature, and effect it?
Alonzo. This vaſt and ſolid earth, that blazing ſun,
Thoſe ſkies thro' which it rolls, muſt all have end.
What then is man? The ſmalleſt part of nothing.
Day buries day, month month, and year the year;
Our life is but a chain of many deaths;
Can then death's ſelf be fear'd? Our life much rather.
Life is the deſert, life the ſolitude,
Death joins us to the great majority:
'Tis to be borne to *Plato's*, and to *Cæſars*;
'Tis to be great for ever;
'Tis pleaſure, 'tis ambition then to die.
Zanga. I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

Alonzo.

Alonzo. I did.
Zanga. I give you joy, then *Leonora's* dead.
Alonzo. No, *Zanga*, the greateſt guilt is mine,
'Tis mine, who might have mark'd his midnight viſit,
Who might have mark'd his tameneſs to reſign her;
Who might have mark'd her ſudden turn of love:
Theſe, and a thouſand tokens more; and yet,
(For which the ſaints abſolve my ſoul) did wed.
Zanga. Where does this tend?
Alonzo. To ſhed a woman's blood
Would ſtain my ſword, and make my wars inglorious;
But juſt reſentment in myſelf bears in it
A ſtamp of greatneſs above vulgar minds.
He who, ſuperior to the checks of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reaſon,
Does in ſome ſort that reaſon deify,
And take a flight to heaven.
Zanga. Alas! my lord,
'Tis not your reaſon, but her beauty fin's
Thoſe arguments, and throws you on your ſword.
You cannot cloſe an ey that is ſo bright,
You cannot ſtrike a breaſt that is ſo ſoft,
That has ten thouſand extacies in ſtore —
For *Carlos*? — No, my lord, I mean for you.
Alonzo. Oh! thro' my heart, and marrow! Prythee
ſpare me;
No more upbraid the weakneſs of thy lord.
I own, I try'd, I quarrel'd with my heart,
And puſh'd it on, and bid it give her death;
But oh! her eyes ſtruck firſt, and murder'd me.
Zanga. I know not what to anſwer to my lord.
Men are but men; we did not make ourſelves.
Farewel then, my beſt lord, ſince you muſt die.
O that I were to ſhare your monument,
And in eternal darkneſs cloſe theſe eyes
Againſt thoſe ſcenes which I am doom'd to ſuffer!
Alonzo. What doſt thou mean?
Zanga. And is it then unknown?
O grief of heart, to think that you ſhould aſk it!
Sure you diſtruſt that ardent love I bear you,
Elſe could you doubt when you are laid in duſt,
But it will cut my poor heart thro' and thro'
To ſee thoſe revel on your ſacred tomb,
Who brought you thither by their lawleſs loves?
For there they'll revel, and exult to find
Him ſleep ſo faſt, who elſe might marr their joys.

Alonzo. Diſtraction! But *Don Carlos* well thou know'ſt,
Is ſheath'd in ſteel, and bent on other thoughts.
Zanga. I'll work him to the murder of his friend;
Yes, 'till the fever of his blood returns,
While her laſt kiſs ſtill glows upon his cheek. (*Aſide.*)
(*To Alonzo.*) But when he finds *Alonzo* is no more,
How will he ruſh like lightning to her arms!
There ſigh, there languiſh, there pour out his ſoul;
But not in grief: ſad obſequies to thee —
But thou wilt be at peace, nor ſee, nor hear
The burning kiſs, the ſigh of exſtacy,
Their throbbing hearts that juſtle one another:
Thank heav'n theſe torments will be all my own.
Alonzo. I'll eaſe thee of that pain. Let *Carlos* die,
O'ertake him on the road, and ſee it done.
'Tis my command. [*Gives his Signet*]
Zanga. I dare not diſobey.
Alonzo. My *Zanga*, now I have thy leave to die.
Zanga. Ah! Sir, think, think again. Are all men buried
In *Carlos'* grave? You know not woman-kind.
When once the throbbing of the heart has broke
The modeſt zone, with which it firſt was ty'd,
Each man ſhe meets will be a *Carlos* to her.
Alonzo. That thought has more of hell than had the former.
Another, and another, and another!
And each ſhall caſt a ſmile upon my tomb,
I am convinc'd; I muſt not, will not die.
Zanga. You cannot die; nor can you murder her.
What then remains? In nature no third way,
But to forget, and ſo to love again.
Alonzo. Oh!
Zanga. If you forgive the world will call you good;
If you forget the world will call you wiſe;
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you, very, very kind.
Alonzo. I underſtand thee well. She dies,
Tho' my arm tremble at the ſtroke, ſhe dies.
Zanga That's truly great. What think you 'twas ſet up
The *Greek* and *Roman* name in ſuch a luſtre;
But doing right in ſtern deſpite of nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, auguſt, and god-like juſtice call'd?
At *Aulis*, one pour'd out a daughters life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;
Another ſlew his ſiſter in juſt rage;

A third, the theme of all ſucceeding times,
Gave to the cruel ax a darling ſon.
Nay more, for juſtice ſome devote themſelves,
As he at *Carthage*, an immortal name!
Yet there is one ſtep left above them all,
Above their hiſtory, above their fable,
A wife, bride, miſtreſs unenjoy'd — do that,
And tread upon the *Greek* and *Roman* glory.
Alonzo. 'Tis done. Again new tranſports fire my brain:
I had forgot it, 'tis my bridal night.
Friend, give me joy, we muſt be gay together,
See that the feſtival be duly honour'd.
And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
And muſic gives the elevating ſound,
And golden carpets ſpread the ſacred floor,
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
Thou, *Zanga*, thou my ſolemn friends invite,
From the dark realms of everlaſting night,
Call vengeance, call the furies, call deſpair,
And death our chief invited gueſt be there;
He with pale hand ſhall lead the bride, and ſpread
Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed.

A bower. Leonora *aſleep.* *Enter* Alonzo.

Alonzo. Ye amaranths! ye roſes, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
Why do you ſmile? Why do you look ſo fair?
Are ye not blaſted as I enter in?
Yes, ſee how every flower lets fall its head!
How ſhudders every leaf without a wind!
How every green is as the ivy pale!
Did ever midnight ghoſts aſſemble here?
Have theſe ſweet echoes ever learnt to groan?
Joy-giving, love-inſpiring, holy bower!
Know, in thy boſom thou receiv'ſt
A — murderer. Oh! I ſhall ſtain thy lillies,
And horror will uſurp the place of bliſs.
So *Lucifer* broke into paradiſe,
And ſoon damnation followed. [*He advances.*] Ha!
She ſleeps —
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing eyes, your laſt full gaze.

Oh, what a ſight is here! how dreadful fair!
Who would not think that being innocent?
Where ſhall I ſtrike? Who ſtrikes her, ſtrikes himſelf.
My own life-blood will iſſue at her wound.
O my diſtracted heart. O cruel heaven!
To give ſuch charms as theſe, and then call man,
Meer man, to be your executioner.
Was it becauſe it was too hard for you?
But ſee ſhe ſmiles! I never ſhall ſmile more.
It ſtrongly tempts me to a parting kiſs.
[*Going, he ſtarts back.*]
Ha! ſmile again? ſhe dreams of him ſhe loves.
Curſe on her charms! I'll ſtab her thro' them all.
[*As he is going to ſtrike, ſhe awakes.*]
Leonora. My lord, your ſtay was long, and yonder lull
Of falling waters tempted me to reſt,
Diſpirited with noon's exceſſive heat.
Alonzo. (*Aſide.*) Ye powers! with what an eye ſhe mends the day!
While they were cloſ'd I ſhou'd have giv'n the blow.
O for a laſt embrace! and then for juſtice;
Thus heaven and I ſhall both be ſatisfy'd.
Leonora. What ſays my lord?
Alonzo. Why this Alonzo ſays.
If love were endleſs, men were gods: 'Tis that
Does counter-balance travel, danger, pain —
'Tis heaven's expedient to make mortals bear
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.
Leonora. Alas! my lord, why talk you of the grave?
Your friend is dead; in friendſhip you ſuſtain
A mighty loſs, repair it with my love.
Alonzo. Thy love! Thou piece of witchcraft! I would ſay,
Thou brighteſt angel! I could gaze for ever.
Where hadſt thou this? Enchantreſs, tell me where,
Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain!
Ev'n now thou ſwim'ſt before me. I ſhall loſe thee.
No, I will make thee ſure, and claſp thee all.
Who turn'd this ſlender waſte with ſo much art,
And ſhut perfection in ſo ſmall a ring?
Who ſpread that pure expanſe of white above,
On which the dazzled ſight can find no reſt,
But drunk with beauty, wanders up and down
For ever and for ever finds new charms?
But, O thoſe eyes! thoſe murderers! O whence,
Whence didſt thou ſteal their burning orbs? From heav'n?

Thou

Thou didſt; and 'tis religion to adore them.
Leonora. My beſt *Alonzo*, moderate your thought:
Extremes ſtill fright me, though of love itſelf.
Alonzo. (*Aſide.*) Extremes indeed! it hurried me away;
But I come home again — and now for juſtice —
And now for death — It is impoſſible —
Sure ſuch were made by heaven guiltleſs to ſin,
Or in their guilt to laugh at puniſhment.
I leave her to juſt heaven. [*Drops the dagger, and goes off.*]
Leonora. Ha! a dagger!
What doſt thou ſay, thou miniſter of death?
What dreadful tale doſt tell me? Let me think.

Enter Zanga.

Zanga. (*Aſide.*) Death to my tow'ring hopes! O fall from high.
My cloſe long labour'd ſcheme at once is blaſted.
That dagger found will cauſe her to enquire,
Enquiry will diſcover all, my hopes
Of vengeance periſh; I myſelf am loſt —
Curſe on the coward's heart! wither his hand,
Which held the ſteel in vain! What can be done?
Where can I fix? That's ſomething ſtill — 'twill breed
Fell rage, and bitterneſs betwixt their ſouls,
Which may perchance grow up to greater evil;
If not, 'tis all I can — It ſhall be ſo.
Leonora. O *Zanga*! I am ſinking in my fears.
Alonzo dropt this dagger as he left me,
And left me in a ſtrange diſorder too.
What can this mean? Angels preſerve his life!
Zanga. Yours, madam, yours.
Leonora. What, *Zanga*, doſt thou ſay?
Zanga. Carry your goodneſs then to ſuch extremes,
So blinded to the faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous.
Leonora. Heav'ns!
And yet a thouſand things recur that ſwear it.
What villain could inſpire him with that thought?
It is not of the growth of his own nature.
Zanga. Some villain. Who, hell knows; but he is jealous;
And 'tis moſt fit a heart ſo pure as yours
Do itſelf juſtice, and aſſert its honour,
And make him conſcious of his ſtab to virtue.
Leonora. Jealous! it ſickens at my heart: unkind,
Ungenerous, groundleſs, weak, and inſolent!

Why? Wherefore? On what ſhadow of occaſion?
'Tis faſcination, 'tis the wrath of heaven
For the collected crimes of all his race.
Oh how the great man leſſens to my thought!
How could ſo mean a vice as jealouſy,
Unnatural child of ignorance and guilt,
Which tears and feeds upon its parent's heart,
Live in a throng of ſuch exalted virtues?
I ſcorn and hate, yet love him, and adore.
I cannot, will not, dare not think it true,
'Till from himſelf I know it. (*Exit.*)
Zanga. This ſucceeds
Juſt to my wiſh. Now ſhe with violence
Upbraids him. He well knowing ſhe is guilty,
Rages no leſs; and if on either ſide
The waves run high, there ſtill lives hope of ruin.
Zanga. (*Seeing* Alonzo *enter.*) My lord!
Alonzo. O Zanga! hold thy peace, I am no coward;
But heav'n itſelf did hold my hand; I felt it,
By the well being of my ſoul, I did.
I'll think of vengeance at another ſeaſon.
Zanga. My lord, her guilt —
Alonzo. Perdition on the *Moor*,
For that one word. Ah! do not rouze that thought;
I have o'erwhelm'd it much as poſſible:
Away then, let us talk of other things.
I tell thee, *Moor*, I love her to diſtraction.
If 'tis my ſhame, why be it ſo — I love her;
Nor can I help it, 'tis impos'd upon me
By ſome ſuperior and reſiſtleſs pow'r.
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
It ſhocks my nature like a ſtroke from heav'n.
Angels defend her, as if innocent.
But ſee, my *Leonora* comes: be gone. (*Exit.* Zanga.)

Enter Leonora.

Alonzo. (*Aſide.*) O ſeen for ever! yet for ever new
The conquer'd thou doſt conquer o'er again,
Inflicting wound on wound.
Leonora. Alas, my lord!
What need of this to me?
Alonzo. Ha! doſt thou weep?
Leonora. Have I no cauſe?
Alonzo. If love is thy concern,
Thou haſt no cauſe; none ever lov'd like me.
But wherefore this? Is it to break my heart,

Which loſes ſo much blood for every tear?
Leonora. Is it ſo tender?
Alonzo. Is it not? O heaven!
Doubt of my love? Why, I am nothing elſe;
It quite abſorbs my every other paſſion.
O that this one embrace would laſt for ever!
Leonora. (*Aſide.*) Could this man ever mean to wrong my virtue?
Could this man e'er deſign upon my life?
Impoſſible! I throw away the thought.
(*To him.*) Theſe tears declare how much I taſte the joy
Of being folded in your arms and heart;
My univerſe does lie within that ſpace.
This dagger bore falſe witneſs.
Alonzo. Ha! my dagger?
It rouzes horrid images. Away,
Away with it, and let us talk of love.
Plunge ourſelves deep into the ſweet illuſion,
And hide us there from every other thought.
Leonora. It touches you.
Alonzo. Let's talk of love.
Leonora. Of death.
Alonzo. As thou lov'ſt happineſs —
Leonora. Of murder.
Alonzo. Raſh, raſh woman, yet forbear.
Leonora. Approve my wrongs!
Alonzo. Then muſt I fly for thy ſake and my own.
Leonora. Nay, by my injuries, you firſt muſt hear me;
Stab me, then think it much to hear my groan!
Alonzo. Heav'ns, ſtrike me deaf!
Leonora. It well may ſting you home.
Alonzo. Alas! thou quite miſtak'ſt my cauſe of pain,
Yet, yet diſmiſs me; I am all in flames.
Leonora. Who has moſt cauſe? you or myſelf? What act
Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?
Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all:
The weak, ungenerous error of your ſex.
What could inſpire the thought? We oft-neſt judge
From our own hearts; and is yours then ſo frail,
It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?
He that can ſtoop to harbour ſuch a thought,
Deſerves to find it true. [*Holding him.*]
Alonzo. [*Turning to her.*] O ſex, ſex, ſex!
The language of you all. Ill fated woman!
Why haſt thou forc'd me back into the gulf

Of agonies, I had block'd up from thought?
I know the cauſe; thou ſaw'ſt me impotent
Ere while to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'ſt on me:
But, by the pangs I ſuffer, to thy woe.
For ſince thou haſt replung'd me in my torture,
I will be ſatisfy'd.
Leonora. Be ſatisfy'd!
Alonzo. Yes, thy own mouth ſhall witneſs it againſt thee!
I will be ſatisfy'd.
Leonora. Of what?
Alonzo. Of what?
How dar'ſt thou aſk that queſtion? Woman, woman!
Weak, and aſſur'd at once; thus 'tis for ever.
Who told thee that thy virtue was ſuſpected?
Who told thee I deſign'd upon thy life?
You found the dagger; but that could not ſpeak;
Nor did I tell thee; Who did tell thee then?
Guilt, conſcious guilt.
Leonora. This to my face? O heaven!
Alonzo. This to thy very ſoul.
Leonora. Thou'rt not in earneſt?
Alonzo. Serious as death.
Leonora. Then heav'n have mercy on thee.
'Till now I ſtruggled not to think it true,
I fought conviction, and would not believe it.
And doſt thou force me? This ſhall not be borne,
Thou ſhalt repent this inſult. (*Going.*)
Alonzo. Madam, ſtay.
Your paſſion's wiſe, 'tis a diſguiſe for guilt:
Tis my turn now to fix you here awhile;
You, and your thouſand arts ſhall not eſcape me.
Leonora. Arts?
Alonzo. Arts. Confeſs; for death is in my hand.
Leonora. 'Tis in your words.
Alonzo. Confeſs, confeſs, confeſs;
Nor tear my veins with paſſion to compel thee.
Leonora. I ſcorn to anſwer thee, preſumptuous man!
Alonzo. Deny then, and incur a fouler ſhame.
Where did I find this picture?
Leonora. Ha! *Don Carlos*?
By my beſt hopes, more welcome than thy own.
Alonzo. I know it; but is vice ſo very rank,
That thou ſhouldſt dare to daſh it in my face?
Nature is ſick of thee, abandon'd woman?
Leonora. Repent.
Alonzo. Is that for me.

Leonora. Fall, aſk my pardon.
Alonzo. Aſtoniſhment!
Leonora. Dar'ſt thou perſiſt to think I am diſhoneſt?
Alonzo. I know thee ſo.
Leonora. This blow then to thy cruel heart.
[*She ſtabs herſelf, he endeavours to prevent her.*]
Alonzo. Hoa! *Zanga! Iſabella!* Hoa! ſhe bleeds.
Deſcend, ye bleſſed angels, to aſſiſt her.
Leonora. This is the only way I would wound thee,
Though moſt unjuſt. Now think me guilty ſtill.

Enter Iſabella.

Alonzo. Bear her to inſtant help. The world to ſave her.
Leonora. Unhappy man! well may'ſt thou gaze and tremble.
But fix thy terror and amazement right;
Not on my blood, but on thy own diſtraction.
What haſt thou done? Whom cenſur'd? — *Leonora.*
When thou hadſt cenſur'd, thou wouldſt ſave her life!
O inconſiſtent! Should I live in ſhame,
Or ſtoop to any other means but this
To aſſert my virtue? No: ſhe who diſputes,
Admits it poſſible ſhe might be guilty.
While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,
While it might look like an excuſe to thee,
I ſcorn'd to vindicate my innocence;
But now, I let thy raſhneſs know, the wound
Which leaſt I feel, is that my dagger made.
[Iſabella *leads out* Leonora.]
Alonzo. Ha! was this woman guilty? — and if not —
How my thought darkens that way! Grant, kind heaven,
That ſhe prove guilty, or give being end.
Is that my hope then? — Sure the ſacred duſt
Of her that bore me trembles in its urn.
Is it in man the ſore diſtreſs to bear,
When hope itſelf is blacken'd to deſpair,
When all the bliſs I pant for is to gain
In hell a refuge from ſeverer pain. [*Exit* Alonzo.]

Enter Zanga.

Zanga. How ſtands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?
Though much is paid, yet ſtill it owes me much,
And I will not abate a ſingle groan.
Ha! That were well — but that were fatal too —

Why be it ſo — Revenge ſo truly great
Would come too cheap, if bought with leſs than life.
Come death, come hell then, 'tis reſolv'd, 'tis done.

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo. O *Zanga!*
Zanga. Do not tremble ſo; but ſpeak.
Alonzo. I dare not. [*Falls on his neck.*]
Zanga. You will drown me with your tears.
Alonzo. Have I not cauſe?
Zanga. As yet you have no cauſe.
Alonzo. Doſt thou too rave?
Zanga. Your anguiſh is to come.
You much have been abus'd.
Alonzo. Abus'd! by whom?
Zanga. To know, were little comfort.
Alonzo. Oh! 'twere much.
Zanga. Indeed!
Alonzo. By heav'n. O give him to my fury!
Zanga. Born for your uſe, I live but to oblige you.
Know then, 'twas *I*.
Alonzo. Am I awake?
Zanga. For ever.
Thy wife is guiltleſs, that's one tranſport to me;
And I, I let thee know it; that's another.
I urg'd *Don Carlos* to reſign his miſtreſs,
I forg'd the letter, I diſpos'd the picture;
I hated, I deſpis'd, and I deſtroy.
Alonzo. Oh! (*Swoons.*)
Zanga. Why this is well — why this is blow for blow.
Where are you? Crown me, ſhadow me with laurels,
Ye ſpirits, which delight in juſt revenge.
Let *Europe* and her pallid ſons go weep,
Let *Africk* and her hundred thrones rejoice.
O my dear countrymen! look down and ſee,
How I beſtride your proſtrate conqueror!
I tread on haughty *Spain*, and all her kings.
But this is mercy, this is my indulgence,
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation.
I muſt awake him into horrors. Hoa!
Alonzo, hoa! the *Moor* is at the gate;
Awake, invincible, omnipotent!
Thou who doſt all ſubdue.
Alonzo. Inhuman ſlave!

Zanga. Fall'n chriſtian, thou miſtak'ſt my character.
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou ſay'ſt,
The *Moor*, a ſlave, an abject, beaten ſlave;
(Eternal woes to him that made me ſo)
But look again. Has ſix years cruel bondage
Extinguiſh'd majeſty ſo far, that nought
Shines here, to give an awe to one above thee?
When the great mooriſh king *Abdalla* fell,
Fell by thy hand accurs'd, I fought faſt by him,
His ſon, tho' through his fondneſs, in diſguiſe,
Leſs to expoſe me to th' ambitious foe.
Ha! does it wake thee? O'er my father's corſe
I ſtood aſtride, 'till I had clove thy creſt,
And then was made the captive of a ſquadron,
And ſunk into thy ſervant. But Oh! what,
What were my wages? Hear nor heav'n, nor earth!
My wages were a blow; by heaven, a blow,
And from a mortal hand.
Alonzo. O villain! villain!
Zanga. (*Shewing a dagger.*) All ſtrife is vain.
Alonzo. Is thus my love return'd?
Is this my recompence? Make friends of tygers!
Lay not your young, O mothers, on the breaſt,
For fear they turn to ſerpents as they lie,
And pay you for their nouriſhment with death.
Carlos is dead, and *Leonora* dying;
Both innocent, both murdered, both by me.
That heav'nly maid, who ſhould have liv'd for ever,
At leaſt have gently ſlept her ſoul away;
Whole life ſhould have ſhut up as ev'ning flow'rs
At the departing ſun — was murdered! murder'd!
O ſhame! O guilt! O horror! O remorſe!
O puniſhment! Had *Satan* never fell,
Hell had been made for me — O Leonora!
Zanga. Muſt I deſpiſe thee too, as well as hate thee?
Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.
Priam from fortune's lofty ſummit fell,
Great *Alexander* 'midſt his conqueſts mourn'd;
Heroes and demi-gods have known their ſorrows,
Cæſars have wept, and I have had my blow:
But 'tis reveng'd, and now my work is done.
Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance,
To make thee to confeſs that I am juſt.
Thou ſeeſt a prince, whoſe father thou haſt ſlain,
Whoſe native country thou haſt laid in blood,
Whoſe ſacred perſon, Oh! thou haſt profan'd,

Whoſe reign extinguiſh'd: What was left to me
So highly born? No kingdom, but revenge;
No treaſure, but thy tortures, and thy groans.
If men ſhould aſk who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them, the *moor*, and they will not deſpiſe thee.
If cold white mortals cenſure this great deed,
Warn them, they judge not of ſuperior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the ſun,
With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well —
Now fully ſatisfy'd I ſhould take leave:
But one thing grieves me, ſince thy death is near,
I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to ſtab himſelf Alonzo *ruſhes upon him to prevent him.* Alvarez *enters attended. They diſarm and ſeize* Zanga. Alonzo *puts the dagger in his boſom.*

Alonzo. No, monſter, thou ſhalt not eſcape death.
O father!
Alvarez. O *Alonzo — iſabella*,
Touch'd with remorſe to ſee her miſtreſs' pangs,
Told all the dreadful tale.
Alonzo. What groan was that?
Zanga. As I have been a vulture to thy heart,
So will I be a raven to thine ear,
And true as ever ſnuff'd the ſcent of blood,
As ever flapt its heavy wing againſt
The window of the ſick, and croak'd deſpair.
Thy wife is dead.

[Alvarez *goes to the ſide of the ſtage and returns*]
Alvarez. The dreadful news is true.
Alonzo. Prepare the rack, invent new torments for him.
Zanga. This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage.
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou would'ſt not know,
That, thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee ſtill.
Torture thou may'ſt; but thou ſhalt ne'er deſpiſe me.
The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The fleſh will quiver where the pincers tear,
And ſighs and cries by nature grow on pain.
But theſe are foreign to the ſoul: not mine
The groans that iſſue, or the tears that fall;
They diſobey me; on the rack I ſcorn thee,
As when my falchion clove thy helm in battle.
Alvarez. Peace, villain!

Zanga.

Zanga. While I live, old man, I'll ſpeak,
And well I know thou dar'ſt not kill me yet;
For that would rob thy blood hounds of their prey.
Alonzo. (*Wildly.*) Who call'd *Alonzo*?
Alvarez. No one call'd, my ſon.
Alonzo. Again! 'tis *Carlos'* voice, and I obey.
Oh! (*Shewing the dagger.*) how I laugh at all that this can do.
The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,
Were giv'n before; I am already dead,
This (*Stabs himſelf.*) only marks my body for the grave.
Africk, thou art reveng'd — O *Leonora!* (*Dies.*)
Zanga. Good ruffians, give me leave, my blood is yours,
The wheel's prepar'd, and you ſhall have it all;
Let me but look one moment on the dead,
And pay yourſelves with gazing on my pangs.
[*He goes to* Alonzo's *body.*]
Is this *Alonzo*? Where's the haugh'ty mien?
Is that the hand which ſmote me? Heav'ns, how pale!
And art thou dead? So is my enmity.
I war not with the duſt: the great, the proud,
The conqueror of *Africk* was my foe.
A lion preys not upon carcaſes.
This was thy only method to ſubdue me.
Terror and doubt fall on me, all thy good
Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.
Never had man ſuch funeral applauſe;
If I lament thee, ſure thy worth was great.
Oh vengeance! I have followed thee too far,
And to receive me hell blows all her fires.
[*He is born off.*]
Alvarez. Dreadful effect of jealouſy! a rage
In which the wiſe with caution will engage;
Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,
Where ſway'd by nature we ourſelves deceive,
Where our own folly joins the villain's art,
And each man finds a Zanga in his heart.

End, of part of THE REVENGE.

DAMON and PHILLIDA: A Dramatic Entertainment.

Arcas, Corydon, Cymon, Mopſus, Damon, and Phillida. Scene, *Arcadia.*

CHORUS.

Hail the day, ye nymphs and ſwains,
To your plains
That gave a Lord;
Who crowns the truth
Of every youth,
And is defenceleſs virtue's guard.

Arcas. I am told, Corydon, that you want my advice in ſomething that materially concerns you.

Corydon My Lord, I have made bold to aſk it.

Arcas. Then let me hear your ſtory, and whatever power I have to ſerve you, you may freely command.

Corydon. Ah, my good Lord, you are our general friend. This is my daughter; I have ever ſtudied to make her happy; and to own the truth, her chearful compliance with all my commands, from her infancy, has rendered that taſk a great ſatisfaction to me: now, my Lord, leſt I ſhould die, and leave her in an unfriendly world, I would fain ſee her well married; and for that purpoſe have found her out a pair of well meaning youths to take her choice of, *Cymon* and *Mopſus* here; they are brothers; and their manners ſuit her condition: I am well aſſured ſhe might be happy with either of them, for they both love her ſincerely.

Cymon. Yes, an pleaſe you, we are both cruelly in love.

Arcas. A little patience, honeſt *Cymon.*

Corydon. Theſe lads, I ſay, my lord, if there was no obſtruction in the way, might one or t'other make her a good huſband perhaps — but this foppiſh rambling *Damon* here, has bewitch'd her I think; his ſqueaking pipe has rival'd both *Cymon* and *Mopſus*, and they toy and play together all day long.

Cymon Ay ſo they do, and pleaſe you.

Corydon. Nay, nay, *Cymon.*

Cymon. Well, well, I have done; I'm ſure 'tis true tho'.

Mopſus. Hoh! hoh! hoh! That fool, my brother, is always in the wrong.

Corydon. Nay, nay *Mopſus*, now you are worſe than he.
Arcas. Go on with your ſtory.
Corydon. So nothing now but *Damon* is thought of, and *Damon* I fear will ruin her, which would but ill recompence me for all my care and fatherly advice. The favour I would beg of you, my Lord, is to interpoſe your authority in my behalf; and, though you are not our king, 'tis well known you rule our hearts; and the continual good you do us every day, makes it but gratitude that we ſhould yield to whatever is your pleaſure: therefore, if you think my caſe deſerves pity, I hope your wiſdom will point out to me a way to prevent any ill that may enſue from it.
Arcas. I take your grief to heart, good *Corydon*, and wiſh I may have it in my power to make you eaſy; *Damon*, you hear your accuſation; do you think it honeſt to trifle in an affair like this; or that it will add to your reputation to ſay you purchas'd this unwary maids affection at the price of all ſhe poſſeſſed, for which ſhe could be accounted amiable? Think ſeriouſly, and tell me what I ſhall ſay I've done to right this good old man.
Damon. My Lord, my profeſſions are ſincere; let the girl pleaſe herſelf: if ſhe has a mind to marry, there's her choice; if ſhe has a mind to make a frolic of life, here's her man.

AIR.

The man for life,
That takes a wife,
Is like a thouſand diſmal things;
A fox in trap,
Or worſe, mayhap,
An owl in cage, that never ſings:
From morn till night.
He hates her ſight,
Yet he, poor ſoul, muſt endure it;
Bed of thorns,
Head of horns:
Such a life;
Rope or knife,
Can only cure it.
A bull at ſtake,
To merry make,
He roars aloud, and the laugh is ſtrong;
Like dog and cat,

Or

Or puſs and rat,
He fights for life, and it laſts as long.
But the man that's free,
Is like the bee,
Who ev'ry flower is taſting;
Ne'er cloys,
With his joys,
Day or night:
New delight,
Is only laſting.

Corydon. You ſee, my Lord, I did not accuſe him falſely.
Arcas 'Tis true. Well, my friends, I hope your hearts are honeſt; endeavour to rival this *Damon*, you ſhan't want for my protection.
Cymon. Ah! Sir, I have no heart to ſpeak, an like you: ſhe flouts, and pouts, and glouts at me from morning till night. There, only ſee how ſhe looks now, becauſe ſhe can't abide me.
Arcas. Take courage, man; pluck up a ſpirit; that's her maiden ſhyneſs.
Cymon. Do you think ſo, Sir? Well, if you think ſo, I will take courage; and if an old ſong will win her heart, have at her.

AIR.

There's not a ſwain,
On the plain,
Would be as bleſt as I,
O could you but on me ſmile;
But you appear,
So ſevere,
That, trembling with fear,
My heart goes pit a pat all the while.
When I cry,
Muſt I die?
You make no reply,
But look ſhy,
And with a ſcornful eye
Kill me with your cruelty:
How can you be,
So hard to me?

Corydon. Well Phillida, has this no effect upon you?
Cymon. No, no, poor *Cymon*, thou art never the nearer; not all thy ſongs, nor ſighs, nor ſobs, can move her.

Arcas.

Arcas. Perhaps ſhe may like *Mopſus* better; come, my lad, let's hear what you have to ſay; you ſeem chearful.
Mopſus. Yes, I am always ſo; I loves to laugh, for my part, let things go how they will: what do I care for her frowns: it gives a body's mind ſome eaſe to think that *Cymon's* uſed as ill as I; all my comfort is, that happen as it will, I ſhall have him to laugh at.
Arcas But now, *Corydon*, let us enquire into your daughter's heart. *Phillida*, here are three youths who labour to deſerve your love; tell me freely which is the man that's favour'd moſt by you; truſt me with the ſecret of your wiſhes, that I may prove your friend.
Phillida. Since I am urg'd to ſpeak the truth, I own my heart, my Lord, has been fooliſhly impoſed upon; my father's will I never diſobeyed, and ſincerely wiſh I had it now in my power to pleaſe him; but I can never conſent to lead a ſavage life; and what could I expect better from the company of theſe lads?
Cymon. Oh! oh! oh! O ſcornful maid! My poor heart will burſt with grief.
Mopſus. Hoh! hoh! hoh! poor *Cymon's* in a bitter taking.
Phillida 'Tis hard that I muſt chuſe from ſuch extremes of folly. *Damon's* infidelity ſhould make me hate him; but I fear he has too many tender advocates in my heart; 'tis true I have try'd a thouſand times to ſhut him from my thoughts, as often found I try'd in vain; my weakneſs will find excuſes for his treatment of me; whenever he ſubmits, he's ſure to be forgiven; and whenever I forgive, I am ſure to be forſaken.

AIR.

What woman could do, I have try'd to be free;
Yet do all I can,
I find that I love him; and tho' he flies me,
Still, ſtill, he's the man.
They tell me, at once he to twenty will Swear;
When vows are ſo ſweet, who the falſehood can fear?
So, when you have ſaid all you can,
Still — ſtill he's the man.
I caught him one day making love to a maid:
When to him I ran,
He turn'd and he kiſs'd me, then who could upbraid
So civil a man?
The next day I found to a third he was kind;
I rated him ſoundly, he ſwore I was blind;

So

So let me do all that I can,
Still — ſti!l he's the man.
The ſhepherds all bid me beware of his art;
I do what I can;
But he has taken ſuch hold of my heart,
I doubt he's the man.
So ſweet are his kiſſes, his looks are ſo kind,
He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
Who can do more than they can?
He — ſtill is the man.

Arcas. Take comfort, *Corydon*; your daughter's unreſerved confeſſion of her love, perſuades me of the goodneſs of her heart; and tho' licentious *Damon* may deſerve ſevere reproof, yet for her ſake let us not harden him by puniſhment, but rather tempt him by reward to virtue; my favour ſhall be ſhown to every one who ſeeks by honeſt means to gain it; therefore, if he, or any other ſwain, can win this gentle maid to be his bride, the portion ſhe expected from her father, I'll double on the marriage day. Come, friends, let's leave theſe lovers.

CHORUS.

Hail the day, ye nymphs and ſwains,
To your plains
That gave a Lord;
Who crowns the truth,
Of every youth,
And is defenceleſs virtue's guard. [*Exit* Arcas.]

Corydon. A double portion! Now, my lads, there's brave encouragement to warm your hearts; now ſhew your ſkill; now ſing, now dance; now try which is the feateſt fellow. Ah! *Phillida*, let faithleſs *Damon* ſee what honeſty has gain'd by truth; and what his pranks have loſt by wickedneſs!

Phillida. Diſhoneſty ſhall never gain me.

Mopſus. A double dow'ry, *Cymon*; now's our time.

Cymon. Ah but I am tender hearted; my poor hopes will never bloſſom while ſhe looks ſo froſty.

Corydon. Learn of your brother, lad; you ſee he's all mirth; up with your heart, and at her.

Cymon. Shall I? Well, ſince you encourage me I will.

Corydon. Well ſaid, my boy; this joyful day makes my heart bound with pleaſure; let me but ſee that graceleſs *Damon* diſſappointed; let me but live to ſee him wear the willow, and I'll jump into my grave with joy.

AIR.

AIR.

When a fox for a while,
Hath rejoic'd in the ſpoil,
Which with villainous craft he hath plunder'd;
And eſcap'd ev'ry ſnare
That the hounds could prepare,
When alarm'd by the cries of the hundred;
What pleaſure at laſt,
To ſee the cur faſt,
And grinning with pain and deſpair!
The vallies all ring,
The peaſants all ſing,
The felon is conquer'd, O rare! (*Exit* Corydon.)

Damon. So, now I ſuppoſe I ſhall have all my work to do over again; this double dowry will turn her brain.
Mopſus. Now, *Cymon*, now!
Cymon. I'd rather you ſpeak firſt.
Mopſus. No, you are the elder.
Cymon. Ah! but my heart miſgives me.
Phillida. Still ſilent — no kind offer from *Damon*?
Cymon. I ſhall never be able to hit the tune alone.
Mopſus. Waunds, you know you can well enough, an you will.
Cymon. I tell you I can't; do you begin.
Mopſus. Well then, be ſure you back me.
Cymon. I wull, I wull.

AIR.

Mop. *Tell me, Philly, tell me roundly,*
When you will your heart ſurrender?
Cym. *Faith and troth I love thee woundly:*
And I was thy firſt pretender.
Mop. *Of us boys,*
Take thy choice;
Cym. *Here's a heart;*
Mop. *And here's a hand too:*
Cym. *His or mine;*
Mop. *All is thine;*
Cym. *Body and goods at thy command too.*
Both. *While you both pretend a paſſion,*
Phil. *'Twould be cruel to chuſe either;*
To preſerve your inclination,
I muſt kindly fix on — neither.
To be juſt, I now muſt,

Make yours, and yours, both equal caſes;
Therefore pray, from this day,
I never may
Behold your faces.

Phillida. I have heard enough of your odious love; 'tis *Damon's* turn to ſpeak now if he chuſes it.
Mopſus. Well, let him ſpeak; mayhap you'll get as little good from him, as we have from you; 'tiſn't every man will marry you — 'tiſn't you — you — don't cry, *Cymon*, it only makes her prouder.
Cymon. She has given me ſuch a kick of the heart I ſhall never get over it.
Phillida. How tedious is the voice of love from any but the object of our wiſhes — *Cymon*?
Cymon. Well.
Phillida. Come here.
Cymon. Yes.
Phillida. I like thee by far better than thy brother.
Cymon. Do you?
Phillida. I do.
Cymon. O the gracious! but do you truly and truly —
Phillida. I'll convince you on't this moment; take him away, and don't let me ſee him for an hour at leaſt; and then do you come without him.
Cymon. Give me your hand on't.
Phillida. Huſh, huſh, not now, they'll ſee us; away with him
Cymon. A word's enough; I'll do it. Come, *Mopſus*, come away, for I have ſuch a thing to tell thee, boy.
Mopſus. What ails the fool! Thou'rt mad.
Cymon. Mad! Ay, and ſo would you be too, if you were in my place; but come away.
Mopſus. Nay, not ſo faſt, good *Cymon*.
Cymon. Faſter, *Mopſus*, faſter. (*Exit* Mopſus *and Cymon.*)
Damon. This was kind, my *Phillida*; was ever any thing ſo well diſſembled?
Phillida. Yes, I have learnt to diſſemble from you; and I ſuppoſe you'll diſſemble with me again to reward me.
Damon. How ſuſpicious you are! Don't I love you? This buſtle at my heart when I touch your hand, my tranſport when I gaze upon you, may convince you you're miſtaken.

AIR.

Away with ſuſpicion,
That bane to deſire;

The

The heart that loves truly, all danger defies;
The rules of diſcretion
But ſtifle the fire;
On its merits alone, true beauty relies.
What a folly to tremble,
Leſt the lover diſſemble
His fire!
Turtles that woo,
Bill and coo,
While we enjoy we muſt be true.
And to repeat it, is all,
All, we can deſire.

Phillida. Ah! *Damon*, you always have decoyed my heart with ſuch language as this; but now 'tis time to end our fooling; conſent to marry me, or never ſee me again.

AIR.

While you purſue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure ruin lies in all you ſay;
To bring your toying,
Up to enjoying,
Call firſt the prieſt, then name the day.
Laſſes are willing
As lads for billing,
When marriage vows are kindly preſt;
Let holy father,
Tye us together,
Then bill your fill, and bill your beſt.

Damon. What then I'm to be ſtarved into marriage I find.
Phillida. I'll ſtarve myſelf ſooner than ſuffer my heart to be deluded by one whoſe baſeneſs merits my ſcorn.
Damon. Mighty well; this double dowry has ſtrangely altered you: why your brain's turned, child; and you would have me as mad as yourſelf: make a huſband of me! No, no, *Phillida*, I'll never be that fool, to plod on in one dull path of life; to be afraid to ſpeak or look, for fear I ſhould offend; in ſhort, to wear a yoke, that, in ſpite of all I can do to hinder it, will laſt for life. O what a thought! You muſt excuſe me, my dear, but you'll never perſuade me to think on't.
Phillida. Falſe *Damon!* I begin to hate you.

Damon. Ay, there's ſome ſenſe in this; many of your dainty nymphs will fool one on, and teaze one to death; but ſince I know your mind, adieu *Phillida*; I am for variety.

AIR.

Dam. *I'll range the world, where freedom reigns,*
And ſcatter Love around the plains.
Phil. *I'll ſtarve my love, and rather part,*
Than yield my hand to fool my heart.
Dam. *The frowns of this I'll ne'er take ill;*
Where one denies, there's two that will.
Phil. *Since maids by kindneſs are undone,*
Adieu mankind, I'll ſigh for none.
Dam. *No frozen laſs ſhall hold me long:*
Phil. *No ſwain that's falſe, my love ſhall wrong.*
Dam. *Farewell! Farewell! — 'Tis time to part:*
Phil. *Thus from thy hold I tear my heart.*
Both. *Farewell, farewell*, etc. (*Exeunt.*)

Re-enter Damon.

Damon. How could the little gipſey carry it off with ſuch an air? I am ſo provoked by her impertinent pride, that I ſhall never reſt in my bed 'till ſhe lies by me; but let me ſee, are her terms reaſonable? That my heart is ſubdued appears pretty plain; that the object of my love is a worthy one, every ſhepherd confeſſes; that during our laſt converſation, my whole behaviour was diſſimulation, the uneaſineſs I now feel will witneſs for me; what then ſhould I in honour and conſcience do? I have made the appeal, and am adviſed to call the ſhepherds together, and *Arcas* at their head, to be witneſſes of my converſion, and my determined reſolution to change the libertine to the married man.

AIR.

Come, thou roſy dimpled boy,
Source of every heart felt joy,
Haſte to Phillida away;
This is thine and Hymen's day;
Bid her thy ſoft bondage wear,
Bid her for love's rites prepare.
Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
Deck the roſy nuptial bow'r,
Thither lead the lovely fair,

And

And let Hymen too be there.
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Haſte to Phillida away. (*Exit.*)

Enter Corydon *and* Phillida.

Corydon. Well, well, but I ſay, think no more of him.
Phillida. If I conſent to ſee him no more, father, is not that enough?
Corydon. No, no, it is not; you muſt hate him; there is not ſuch a rake among the wenches in all *Arcadia*, he is worſe than a wolf in a ſheepfold, or a hungry fox among poultry, or a —
Phillida. Well, but father, ſuppoſe all this to be true, if he could be perſuaded to marry me —
Corydon. The girl puts me beyond all patience. Why, has not he already refuſed to marry you?
Phillida. And have not I declared againſt his love on that account?
Corydon. Ay, but for all that he lurks about your heart, I can't be eaſy till you have quite forgot him.
Phillida. I ſtrive to forget him; but if you knew what pain it gives me, you would pity me.

AIR.

A thouſand ways to wean my heart
I've try'd, yet can't remove him;
And tho' for life I've ſworn to part,
For life I find, I love him.
Still ſhould the dear falſe man return,
And with new vows purſue me;
His flattering tongue would kill my ſcorn,
And ſtill I fear undo me.

Corydon. Conſider, *Phillida*, how much it is my deſire to have you married; and you have your choice of *Cymon* and *Mopſus*.
Phillida. I do conſider, father, and I think you ſhould too; is not a ſmall fortune with the man I love, better than to be rich and miſerable?
Corydon. See yonder *Cymon* comes: now dear *Phillida*, for my ſake ſmile upon him, perhaps in time he may be brought to pleaſe you.
Phillida. I will, ſince you deſire it; but *Mopſus* has the ſame right to be heard as *Cymon*; ſend him too;

and till he comes, I'll hear what his brother has to ſay.
Corydon. Ah, *Phillida*, you gain my heart, I'll ſend him to you directly.

AIR.

Ah, Philly, look before you leap.
No comfort in a fop you'll find,
Vain are the joys you hope to reap;
Love roots not in a giddy mind.
Young Damon's all feather — all ſmoke,
A weathercock turn'd by each wind;
The lads I prefer — hearts of oak,
Will ever be conſtant and kind. (*Exit.*)

Enter Cymon.

AIR.

Cym. *Behold and ſee thy wounded lover,*
Whoſe truth from thee will ne'er depart;
O let my tears at length diſcover,
One gentle ſmile to heal my heart.
Phil. *Were in the world no man but Cymon,*
None of the female kind but I;
With me ſhould end the name of woman,
With thee the race of man ſhould die.

Cym. O cruel falſe hearted *Phillida*! Why now didn't you ſay to day you loved me a good deal better than my brother *Mopſus*.
Phillida. Yes, I own I told you ſo, to get rid of you.
Cymon. And don't you love me at all?
Phillida. Once for all, I tell you no; how long muſt I be teazed with you?
Cymon. And ſo I have been a believing all this for nothing.

AIR.

Cym. *O what a plague is love!*
I cannot bear it:
What life ſo curſt can prove,
Or pain come near it?
When I would tell my mind,
My heart miſdoubts me;
Or when I ſpeak I find
With ſcorn ſhe routs me.

In

In vain is all I ſay,
Her anſwer ſtill is nay:
O diſmal, doleful day!
Phillida flouts me.

Enter Mopſus.

Mop. *Ah poor Cymon! dud a cry!*
Well-a-day! wipe an eye! O fie Phillida.
To treat him ſo ſcornfully,
Shamefully, mournfully.
Phillida fie!
Phil. *No, no, no Sir pert, and dull!*
Simpleton, paperſkull! I for ever ſhall
Think thee far the greater fool!
Therefore will give thee cauſe
With him to cry.
Cym. *Toll, loll, loll, loll! — now, I pray,*
Who has cauſe moſt to cry, Ah! well-a-day!
Mop. *What care I! why let her ſcoff,*
I can laugh; play her off, better than you.
Cym. *Ah! poor Mopſus thou'rt a fool!*
Mop. *I ſay you're a greater owl.*
Cym. *Nay, now I'm ſure shat's a lie.*
Mop. *What's a lie?*
Cym. *— That's a lie.*
Mop. *I ſay 'tis true.*
Phil. *Give over your love, you great loobies;*
I hate you both; you Sir, and you too:
Did ever a brace of ſuch boobies,
The laſs that deteſts them purſue?
Mop. *How! —*
Phil. *Go! —*
Cym. *Oh! I'm ready to faint!*
How are you?
Mop. *Why truly ſhe treats us but ſo, ſo.*
For my part I think ſhe's a devil.
A woman would ſcorn for to do ſo.
Cym. *O fie, fie! ſuch words are uncivil.*
Phil. *Prepare then to hear my laſt ſentence:*
Before I'd wed either, much rather,
I'd ſtand on the ſtool of repentance,
And want for my bantling a father.
Go! —
Cym. *Oh! woe! I'm ready to faint.*
Mop. *And I too.*
In ſhort this won't do, Mrs. Vixen,

For one of us two you muſt chuſe;
Phil. *Then you are the man that I fix on,*
And you are the fool I refuſe.
[Strikes each a box on the ear]

Cym. *Wounds!* } Mop. *The devil wou'd fly ſuch a*
Phil. *Go!* } Cym. *Spouſe.* (*Exit* Mopſus.)
Cym. See if I don't go and tell your daddy. (*Exit Cymon.*)
Phillida. Go any where. I am teazed to death with theſe odious wretches. O *Damon*! how little you deſerve that I ſhould give myſelf ſo much uneaſineſs for you? But I am born to be unhappy, and muſt learn to endure whatever fortune chuſes to inflict.

Enter Damon, and Shepherds.

Damon. No, *Phillida*, you have endured enough; here is your comforter and your convert; convinced of my crimes, Lord *Arcas* and theſe ſhepherds will witneſs for me, with what eagerneſs I have flown to make atonement for them; I am aſhamed of my treatment of you, and with tranſport confirm it at your feet.

AIR.

See! behold and ſee
With an eye kind and relenting,
Damon now repenting;
Only true to thee,
Content to love, and love for life.

Phil. *If you now ſincere,*
With an honeſt declaration,
Mean to prove your paſſion;
To the purpoſe ſwear,
And make at once a maid a wife.

Both. *Thus for life I take thee,*
Never to forſake thee,
Soon or late we find that fate,
To heart's aſtray directs the way,
And brings to laſting joys the rover home.

Enter Corydon, Cymon, Mopſus.

Cymon. There, didn't I ſay, I'd tell your daddy?
Corydon. Indeed *Phillida*, 'tis unkind to trifle with me ſo,

ſo, didn't you promiſe you would receive *Cymon* and *Mopſus* civilly; how comes it then that you have affronted them?

Arcas. Come, *Corydon*, I hope you'll approve of all your daughter's conduct, when I tell you that *Damon* has confeſſed his error, and deſires he may receive from you your *Phillida* in marriage.

Damon. I have not deſerved it, Sir, but my *Phillida* ſhall be my advocate to you for your bleſſing.

Corydon. I love my child, but I know you'll make her a bad huſband.

Damon. You have reaſon to think ſo, I own, but if you'll venture ſuch a treaſure in my care, as I ſhall ever eſteem your daughter, I hope my future behaviour will convince you your fears are groundleſs.

Corydon. Then take her — I am ſorry for poor *Cymon* and *Mopſus*.

Arcas. To ſay the truth *Corydon*, I thought your daughter a little hardly dealt with, in being peſtered with their courtſhip; but however, *Damon* who has made her happy, will I hope deſerve her, he ſhall have what I promiſed with her as an addition to her dower, and if I am not very much deceived, will prove, that when a rover becomes a convert to truth, reaſon will compleat the work, by teaching him to make a good huſband.

AIR.

Damon. *Inconſtancy hence to a city or court,*
Where the herd of gay rakes and vain coxcombs reſort;
Where noiſe is call'd ſpirit, where love's but a name,
And where nymphs are made wretched, and no one to blame;
Let ſuch a new way to be happy invent,
Our way to be happy's the way to content.

Mop. *Since things have fallen out thus, thy hand honeſt boy,*
And Philly I wiſh you abundance of joy;
If I can't be quite happy myſelf, I don't ſee
Why I ſhould grudge others what's not meant for me,
My joking and laughing old Nick ſhan't prevent;
So happen what will I ſhall ſtill be content.

Phil. *How ſmoothly the minutes henceforward will flow,*
Kind love will attend us wherever we go;
The morning and evening their pleaſures will bring,
While the lark and the nightingale round us will ſing,
Each hour will convince us that nature has meant
The Shepherd's plain life, for a life of content.

Cory. *And now my dear children if happy you'd live,*
Attend to the counſel I'm going to give;
You Phillida, ſtill be good natured and kind,
And Damon no longer a rover you'll find;
Your truth that reclaim'd him will hourly invent
Some new act of love to increaſe his content.

Cym. *To be ſerv'd ſuch a trick, 'tis a monſterous ſhame,*
To flout one and ſcold one, and make one your game;
I could cry for vexation, 'ſheart what ſhall I do?
Icod there's one way, and a clever one too,
And ſo miſtreſs Philly your malice is ſpent;
For one ſmile from theſe friends will enſure my content.

The Night Adventure of *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes*. Pope's Homer's *Iliad*.

Diomed and *Ulyſſes*, going privately at night to make diſcoveries in the Trojan camp, ſurprize *Dolon*, whom Hector had ſent on a like deſign to the camp of the *Grecians*. From him they are informed of the ſituation of the *Trojan* and auxiliary forces, particularly of *Rheſus*, and the *Thracians* who were lately arrived. They kill *Rheſus*, with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to *Diomed*.
O friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet,
Moving this way, or haſt'ning to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain.
Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace;
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,
Betwixt the camp and him our ſpears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to *Troy*.
With that they ſtepp'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head,
As *Dolon* paſs'd, behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the ſpy unwary flew;
Soft, at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.

Now

Now *Dolon* liſt'ning heard them as they paſt;
Hector, he thought had ſent, and check'd his haſte,
Till ſcarce at diſtance of a jav'lin's throw.
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two ſkilful hounds the lev'ret wind;
Or chace thro' woods obſcure the trembling hind;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears the *Trojan* flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold *Greeks* purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave *Tydides* ſtopp'd; a gen'rous thought
Inſpir'd by *Pallas* in his boſom wrought,
Leſt on the foe ſome forward *Greek* advance,
And ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: who'er thou art, remain;
This jav'lin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
He ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;
Then fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
The wretch ſtood propp'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood.
A ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his turning head;
His looſe teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors ſeize him as he ſtands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.
O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.
Vaſt heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told,
And ſteel well temper'd, and refulgent gold.
To whom *Ulyſſes* made this wiſe reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By *Hector* prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led
Thro' heaps of carnage, to deſpoil the dead?
Then thus pale *Dolon* with a fearful look,
(Still, as he ſpoke, his limbs with horror ſhook)
Hither I came, by *Hector's* words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd;
No leſs a bribe than great *Achilles'* car,
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take:

If now ſubdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?!
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
Ulyſſes, with a ſcornful ſmile replies;
Far other rulers thoſe proud ſteeds demand,
And ſcorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great *Achilles* ſcarce their rage can tame,
Achilles ſprung from an immortal dame.
But ſay, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the *Trojan* chief to-night?
Where ſtand his courſers? in what quarter ſleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep:
Say, ſince this conqueſt, what their counſels are;
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to *Ilion's* walls transfer the war.
Ulyſſes thus, and thus *Eumedes'* ſon:
What *Dolon* knows, his faithful tongue ſhall own.
Hector, the peers aſſembling in his tent,
A council holds at *Ilus'* monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where e'er yon' fires aſcend, the *Trojans* wake:
Anxious for *Troy*, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces ſleep,
Whoſe wives and infants, from the danger far,
Diſcharge their ſouls of half the fears of war.
Then ſleep thoſe aids among the *Trojan* train,
(Enquir'd the chief) or ſcatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the ſpy: Their pow'rs they thus diſpoſe:
The *Pæons*, dreadful with their bended bows,
The *Carians*, *Caucons*, the *Pelaſgian* hoſt,
And *Leleges* encamp along the coaſt.
Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land
The *Lycian*, *Myſian*, and *Mæonian* band,
And *Phrygia's* horſe, by *Thymbras'* antient wall;
The *Thracians* utmoſt, and a-part from all.
Theſe *Troy* but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by *Rheſus*, great *Eioneus'* ſon:
I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter ſnow:
Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;
His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
Celeſtial *Panoply*, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,

In cruel chains; 'till your return reveal,
The truth or falſehood of the news I tell.
To this *Tydides*, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be ſhown:
Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife
To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'ſt explore?
No — once a traitor, thou betray'ſt no more.
Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandiſhment to ſtroke his beard,
Like lightning ſwift the wrathful falchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and ſpear;
Theſe great *Ulyſſes* lifting to the ſkies,
To fav'ring *Pallas* dedicates the prize.

Great queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the *Thracian* ſteeds reward our toil:
Thee firſt of all the heav'nly hoſt we praiſe;
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!
This ſaid, the ſpoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a ſpreading tamariſk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footſteps to the place again.
Through the ſtill night they croſs the devious fields,
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of ſhields,
Arriving where the *Thracian* ſquadrons lay,
And eas'd in ſleep the labours of the day.
Rang'd in three lines they view the proſtrate band:
The horſes yok'd beſide each warriour ſtand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown ſhade the fulg'd weapons ſhin'd;
Admidſt lay *Rheſus*, ſtretch'd in ſleep profound,
And the white ſteeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome ſight *Ulyſſes* firſt deſcries,
And points to *Diomed* the tempting prize.
The man, the courſers, and the car behold!
Deſcrib'd by *Dolon*, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave *Tedides*! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the ſteeds untie;
Or if thy ſoul aſpire to fiercer deeds;
Urge thou the ſlaughter, while I ſeize the ſteeds.

Pallas, (this ſaid) her hero's boſom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and ſtrung his nervous arms;

Where

Where e'er he paſs'd, a purple ſtream purſu'd;
His thirſty falchion, fat with hoſtile blood,
Bath'd all his footſteps, dy'd the field with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the ſhore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On ſheep or goats, reſiſtleſs in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardleſs prey.
Nor ſtopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
'Till twelve lay breathleſs of the *Thracian* band.
Ulyſſes following, as his partner flew,
Back by the foot each ſlaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk white courſers ſtudious to convey
Safe to the ſhips, he wiſely clear'd the way;
Leſt the fierce ſteeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should ſtart, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve diſpatch'd, the monarch laſt they found;
Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground.
Juſt then a dreadful dream *Minerva* ſent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whoſe viſionary ſteel his boſom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he laſh'd along;
(The ſcourge forgot, on *Rheſus'* chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the ſignal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:
Doubtful he ſtood, or with his reeking blade
To ſend more heroes to th' infernal ſhade,
Drag off the car where *Rheſus'* armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unreſolv'd the ſon of *Tydeus* ſtands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.
Enough, my ſon, from farther ſlaughter ceaſe,
Regard thy ſafety, and depart in peace;
Haſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hoſtile gods of *Troy*.
The voice divine confeſs'd the martial maid;
In haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courſers fly before *Ulyſſes'* bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter ſnow.
Not unobſerv'd they paſs'd: the God of light
Had watch'd his *Troy*, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw *Tydeus'* ſon with heav'nly ſuccour bleſt,
And vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.

Swift to the *Trojan* camp deſcends the pow'r,
And wakes *Hippocoön* in the morning hour,
(On *Rheſus'* ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithful kinſman, and inſtructive friend.)
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet warm *Thracians* panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his *Rheſus* moſt:
Now while on *Rheſus'* name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the *Trojans* ruſh, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the ſlaughter of the night.
Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of *Hector's* ſpy were laid,
Ulyſſes ſtopp'd; to him *Tydides* bore
The trophy, dropping yet with *Dolon's* gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.

The Death of Hector. Pope's Homer's *Iliad.*

The Gods debate concerning the fate of *Hector*; at length *Minerva* deſcends to the aid of *Achilles*, who is to engage the *Trojan* hero. She deludes *Hector* in the ſhape of *Deiphobus*; he ſtands the combat, and is ſlain. *Achilles* drags the dead body at the tail of his chariot before *Troy*, in the ſight of *Priam* and *Hecuba*.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending heroe's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
Low ſinks the ſcale ſurcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then *Phoebus* left him. Fierce *Minerva* flies
To ſtern *Pelides*, and triumphing, cries:
Oh lov'd of *Jove!* this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on *Greece*.
Great *Hector* falls; that *Hector* fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight,
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.

See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting *Jove!*
Reſt here: myſelf will lead the *Trojan* on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance reclin'd.
While like *Deïphobus* the martial dame
(Her face, her geſture, and her arms the ſame)
In ſhow an aid, by hapleſs Hector's ſide
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.
Too long, O *Hector!* have I borne the ſight
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he. O Prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that *Hecuba* to *Priam* bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own.
Again the goddeſs. Much my father's pray'r,
And much my mother's, preſt me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the ſteel ſparkle, and the jav'lin fly;
Or let us ſtretch *Achilles* on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before;
The *Dardan* hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The ſilence *Hector* broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke.

Enough, O ſon of *Peleus! Troy* has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſu'd.
But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate.
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour ſhall thy corpſe purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due)

The

The reſt to *Greece* uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact *Achilles* plights with thee:
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never ceaſing ſtrife,
'Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouſe then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives thee to my lance.
Each *Grecian* ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He ſpoke, and lanch'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But *Hector* ſhun'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great *Achilles*' hand,
Unſeen of *Hector*, who, elate with joy,
Now ſhakes his lance, and braves the dread of *Troy*.
The life you boaſted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have miſt My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee, preſumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what muſt prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terrors ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall Hector die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt,
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held,
Unerring, but the heav'nly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; reſulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground.
Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls *Deïphobus*, demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no *Deïphobus* was there.

All comfortleſs he ſtands: then, with a ſigh,
Tis ſo — heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd *Deïphobus* had heard my call,
But he ſecure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me; *Pallas*, 'twas thy deed.
Death, and black fate approach! 'tis I muſt bleed.
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above,
Great *Jove* deſerts me, and the ſon of *Jove*,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on *Achilles* flew.
So *Jove's* bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quiv'ring hare.
Nor leſs *Achilles* his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above the fourfold cone
The gilded horſe hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at ev'ry ſtep: (*Vulcanian* frame!)
And as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant *Heſper* ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great *Achilles'* ſpear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail *Patroclus* lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
One place at length he ſpies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave ent'rance: thro' that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus triumphing, ſtern *Achilles* cries.
At laſt is *Hector* ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for *Patroclus* ſlain:
Then, Prince! you thou'd have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was *Achilles* ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory lay'd.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:

While caſt to all the rage of hoſtile pow'r,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then *Hector* fainting at th' approach of death.
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for *Grecian* dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And *Hector's* aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt; relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhou'd bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No — to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should *Troy*, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should *Dardan Priam*, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame:
Their *Hector* on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods, ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phoebus and *Paris* ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.
He ceas'd. The fates ſuppreſt his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt!
Achilles, muſing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.
Die thou the firſt! When *Jove* and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee — he ſaid, and ſtripp'd the ſlain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, caſt it on the ground.
The thronging *Greeks* behold with wond'ring eyes
His manly beauty and ſuperior ſize:
While ſome ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts diſgrae.

"How chang'd that *Hector*! who like *Jove* of late,
"Sent light'ning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate?"
High o'er the ſlain the great *Achilles* ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the hoſt attends.
Princes and leaders! Countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
The dire deſtroyer to our arm has giv'n,
Is not *Troy* fall'n already? Haſte, ye pow'rs!
See, if already their deſerted tow'rs
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, their great *Hector* ſlain?
But what is *Troy*, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on ought but thee,
Divine *Patroclus*! Death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies.
Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my ſhade.
Mean while, ye ſons of *Greece*, in triumph bring
The corpſe of *Hector*, and your *Pæans* ſing.
Be this the ſong, ſlow-moving tow'ard the ſhore,
"*Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more."
Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred.
(Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead)
The nervous ankles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted thro' the double wound;
Then fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.
Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long deſcending hair,
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And, in his parent's ſight, now dragg'd along!

SPRING. THOMSON.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.
And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhattered foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And winter oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightleſs: ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht
To ſhake the ſounding marſh; or from the ſhore
The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſtening waſte.
At laſt from Aries rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, looſened from the froſt.
There, unrefuſing, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.
White thro' the neighbouring fields the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd ſtep; and liberal throws the grain
Into the fai hful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye foſtering breezes, blow!
Ye ſoftening dews, ye tender ſhowers, deſcend!

And temper all, thou world-reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the rural *Maro* ſung
To wide imperial *Rome*, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by *Greece* refin'd.
In antient times, the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye generous *Britons*, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the ſea,
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations cloathe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs granary of a world!
Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming *power*
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues: but chiefly thee, gay *Green*!
Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever new delight.
From the moiſt meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd,
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales;
Where the deer ruſtle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once, array'd
In all the colours of the flufhing year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand

The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the town
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſom damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling drops
From the bent buſh, as thro' the verdant maze
Of ſweet-briar hedges I purſue my walk;
Or taſte the ſmell of diary; or aſcend
Some eminence, *Auguſta*, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white-empurpled ſhower
Of mingled bloſſoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies:
If, bruſh'd from *Ruſia* wilds, a cutting gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely froſt; before whoſe baleful blaſt
The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide dejected waſte.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, inſect armies warp
Keen in the poiſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,
Their eager way. A feeble race. yet oft
The ſacred ſons of vengeance; on whoſe courſe
Corroſive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff,
And blazing ſtraw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
From every cranny ſuffocated falls:
Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungent duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the froſty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt;
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.
Be patient, ſwains; theſe cruel ſeeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repreſs'd
Thoſe deepening clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vaſt *Atlantic* hither borne,
In endleſs train, would quench the ſummer blaze,
And, chearleſs, drown the crude unripened year.
The north-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up

Within his iron cave, th'effuſive ſouth
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhowers diſtent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining ether; but by ſwift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour ſails
Along the loaded ſky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom:
Not ſuch as wintry-ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem thro' deluſive lapſe
Forgetful of their courſe. Tis ſilence all,
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe,
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And foreſts ſeem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields;
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow,
In large effuſion, o'er the freſhened world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the weſtern ſky, the downward ſun

Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful *Newton*, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A softened shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank
With what they dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing mold,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores

Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam:
For their light ſlumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they roſe as vigorous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the ſong went round; and dance and ſport.
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole
Their hours away: while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs, ſave the ſweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor ſurly deed,
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of *Heaven*;
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful ſun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he join'd his ſullen joy.
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round,
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.
But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid theſe iron times,
Theſe dregs of life! Now the diſtemper'd mind
Has loſt that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the ſoul of happineſs; and all
Is off the poiſe within: the paſſions all
Have burſt their bounds; and reaſon half extinct,
Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees
The foul diſorder. Senſeleſs, and deform'd,

Con-

Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grow
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrefies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.
Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the center to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms

Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the ſprings of life.
But now, of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſt, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholeſome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of art, 'tis copious bleſt.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the ſteer,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,
Nor lodges pity in their ſhaggy breaſt.
But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thouſand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: ſhall he, fair form!
Who wears ſweet ſmiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beaſt of prey,
Blood-ſtain'd, deſerves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luſcious ſtreams, and lent us your own coat
Againſt the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal,
In what has he offended? he, whoſe toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harveſt; ſhall he bleed,
And ſtruggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To ſwell the riot of th' autumnal feaſt,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the *Samian* ſage.

High heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.
When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream

The ſpeckled captive throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly;
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear.
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death,
With ſullen plunge. As once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.
Thus paſs the temperate hours: but when the ſun
Shakes from his noon day throne the ſcattering clouds,
Even ſhooting liſtleſs languor thro' the deeps,
Then ſeek the bank where flowering elders croud,
Where ſcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy eſſence breathes, where cowſlips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the ſhade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon ſpreading aſh,
Hung o'er the ſteep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The ſounding culver ſhoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
There let the claſſic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural ſcenes; ſuch as the *Mantuan* ſwain
Paints in the matchleſs harmony of ſong.
Or catch thyſelf the landſkip, gliding ſwift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loſt in lonely muſing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careleſs ſolitude, where mix
Ten thouſand wandering images of things,
Soothe every guſt of paſſion into peace;
All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah what ſhall language do? ah where find words
Ting'd with ſo many colours, and whoſe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thoſe aromatic gales,
That inexhauſtive flow continual round?
Yet, tho' ſucceſsleſs, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, *Amanda*, come, pride of my ſong!
Form'd by the graces, lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the roſy footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Freſh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd boſom that improves their ſweets.
See, where the winding vale its laviſh ſtores,
Irriguous, ſpreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, ſcarce oozing thro' the graſs,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profuſion decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of bloſſom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the ſenſe, and takes the raviſh'd ſoul.
Nor is the meed unworthy of thy foot,
Full of freſh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undiſguis'd by mimic Art, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Thro' the ſoft air, the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inſerted tube,
Suck its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul;

And oft, with bolder wing, they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.
At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps:
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.
But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderneſs of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop, and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes,
The yellow wall-flower, ſtain'd with iron brown;
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round:
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-duſt,
The varied colours run; and, while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting floriſt marks,
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's muſky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every buſh, the damaſk roſe.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells,
With hues on hues expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endleſs bloom.
Hail, Source of Being! Univerſal Soul
Of Heaven and Earth! Eſſential Preſence hail!
To *Thee* I bend the knee; to *Thee* my thoughts,

Con-

Continual, climb; who, with a maſter-hand,
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By *Thee* the various vegetative tribes
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By *Thee* diſpos'd into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy tide; a twining maſs of tubes.
At *Thy* command the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-colour'd ſcene of things.

As riſing from the vegetable world
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcend,
My panting Muſe; and hark, how loud the woods
Invites you forth in all your gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running ſoul of melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt note the hollow cuckoo ſings,
The ſymphony of ſpring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the Paſſion of the Groves.*
When firſt the ſoul of Love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up-ſprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the meſſenger of morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening *Philomela* deigs
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whiſtles from the thorny brake;

The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſhening ſhade
Of new ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the ſtock dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.
Tis Love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of Love;
That even to birds, and beaſts, the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive Love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of the regardleſs ch rmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then, on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.
Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts;
That *Nature's* great command may be obey'd:
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts.
Others apart far in the graſſy dale,
Or roughening waſte, their humble texture weave.
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or ſhaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſoothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plantive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes;

Dry

Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs hurry thro' the buſy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build his hanging houſe
Intent. And often, from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks, a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw: till ſoft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Tho' the whole looſened Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young;
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Even ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cott amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential *Heaven*,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they ſcorn: exalting love,
By the great *Father of the Spring* inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the *fearful* race,
And to the *ſimple* art. With ſtealthy wing,
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchool-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering ſwain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on

In long excurſion ſkims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.
Be not the Muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your boſom innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or piety perſuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low drooping ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade;
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her ſorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-ſitting, ſtill at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky:
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves,
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown.
Unlaviſh *wiſdom* never works in vain.
Tis on ſome evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their range and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge
Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill,

In looſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void
Trembling refuſe: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their ſelf-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till vaniſh'd every fear, and every power
Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents ſee their ſoaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.
High from the ſummit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, ſuch as amazing frowns
On utmoſt * *Kilda's* ſhore, whoſe lonely race
Reſign the ſetting ſun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raiſe a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering ſeat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unſtain'd he holds, while many a league to ſea
He wings his courſe, and preys in diſtant iſles.

Should I my ſteps turn to the rural ſeat,
Whoſe lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early ſpring, his airy city builds,
And ceaſeleſs caws amuſive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity ſurvey
Of the mixt houſhold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearleſs cock;
Whoſe breaſt with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately-ſailing ſwan
Gives out his ſnowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſſer-iſle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatning, reddens; while the peacock ſpreads
His every-colour'd glory to the ſun,
And ſwims in radiant majeſty along.

* The fartheſt of the weſtern islands of Scotland.

O'er the whole homely ſcene, the cooing dove
Flies thick on amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes below, ruſh furious into flame,
And fierce deſire. Thro' all his luſty veins
The bull, deep ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels.
Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample ſides the rambling ſprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
Crops, tho' it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe.
And oft, in jealous madning fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the fight, and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flaſh fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling ſteed,
With this hot impulſe ſeiz'd in every nerve,
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the ſounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but toſſing high his head,
And by the well known joy to diſtant plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aërial ſummit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, ſteep-deſcending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madneſs of the ſtraiten'd ſtream
Turns in black eddies round: ſuch is the force
With which his frantic heart and ſinews ſwell.

Nor undelighted by the boundleſs Spring
Are the broad monſters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unweildy joy.
Dire were the ſtrain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel raptures of the ſavage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath ſublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far reſounding waſte in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I ſing, enraptur'd, to the *Britiſh-Fair*,

For

Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where ſits the ſhepherd on the graſſy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the deſcending ſun,
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his ſportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friſkful glee,
Their frolicks play. And now the ſprightly race
Invites them forth; when ſwift, the ſignal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the maſſy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in antient barbarous times,
When diſunited *Britain* ever bled,
Loſt in eternal broil: ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid indiſſoluble ſtate,
Where wealth and commerce lift their golden heads;
And o'er our labours, liberty and law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!
What is this *mighty Breath*, ye ſages, ſay,
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
Inſtructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breaſt
Theſe arts of Love diffuſes? What, but *God*?
Inſpiring God! who boundleſs Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjuſts, ſuſtains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaſeleſs works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with ſuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ſtupendous ſcheme of things.
But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy ſoft ſcenes,
The *Smiling* God is ſeen; while water, earth,
And air atteſt his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning hearts
Profuſely thus in tenderneſs and joy.

Still let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
To raiſe his being, and ſerene his ſoul.
Can he forbear to join the general ſmile
Of Nature? Can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid ſons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only laviſh to yourſelves; away!

But come, ye generous minds, in whoſe wide thought,
Of all his works, *Creative Bounty* burns
With warmeſt beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt Want. Nor, till invok'd
Can reſtleſs goodneſs wait; your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like ſilent-working *Heaven*, ſurprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world;
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In theſe green days,
Reviving ſickneſs lifts her languid head;
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the boſom; 'till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture, and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent *Deity*, and taſte
The joy of *God* to ſee a happy world!
Theſe are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reaſon's purer ray,
O *Lyttelton*, the friend! thy paſſions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the muſe, thro' *Hagley Park* thou ſtrayeſt;
Thy *Britiſh Tempe*! There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and ſhagg'd with moſſy rocks,
Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
And down the rough caſcade white-daſhing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened viſta thro' the trees,
You ſilent ſteal; or ſit beneath the ſhade
Of ſolemn oaks, that ruft the ſwelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,
And penſive liſten to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whiſpering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twiſted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs ſhake
On the ſooth'd ear. From theſe abſtracted oft,
You wander thro' the philoſophic world;

Where

Where in bright train continual wonders riſe,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by hiſtoric truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honeſt zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulph
To raiſe her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, theſe graver thoughts
The Muſes charm: while, with ſure taſte refin'd,
You draw th' inſpiring breath of antient ſong;
Till nobly riſes, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd *Lucinda* ſhares thy walk,
With ſoul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of Love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toſt by ungenerous paſſions, ſinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treaſures forth,
In varied converſe, ſoftening every theme,
You, frequent-pauſing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekened ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſweetneſs dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameleſs ſpirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happineſs! which Love,
Alone, beſtows, and on a *favour'd few.*
Meantime you gain the height, from whoſe fair brow
The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around:
And ſnatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſhold ſmoak, your eye excurſive roams:
Wide ſtretching from the *Hall*, in whoſe kind haunt
The *hoſpitable Genius* lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſkip, by degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.

Fluſh'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round;
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes,
In brighter flow, her wiſhing boſom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize

Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear extatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Down caſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbinds flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying Man.
And let th' aſpiring youth beware of Love,
Of the ſmooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-ſoftneſs pours.
Then wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away; while the fond ſoul,
Wrapt in gay viſions of unreal bliſs,
Still paints th' illuſive form; the kindling grace;
Th' inticing ſmile; the modeſt-ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty and death:
And ſtill falſe warbling in his cheated ear,
Her ſyren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.
Even preſent, in the very lap of Love
Inglorious laid; while muſic flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky creſt: a quick returning pang
Shoots thro' the conſcious heart; where honour ſtill,
And great deſign, againſt the oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But abſent, what fantaſtic woes, arrouz'd,
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin, fall his ſcorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: The darkened ſun
Loſes his light. The roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends;
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls: while, borne away
On ſwelling thought, his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair;
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy ſite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades, and ſympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the penſive duſk
Strays in heart-thrilling meditation loſt,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoftened ſoul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or, while the world
And all the ſons of Care lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear;
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving meſſenger of Love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pilow flies.
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by Love: and then perhaps
Exhauſted nature ſinks a while to reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,
And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks;
Sometimes in crouds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd
To ſecret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares

Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' foreſts huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapt; or ſhrinks aghaſt,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther ſhore; where ſuccourleſs, and ſad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But ſtrives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks.

Theſe are the charming agonies of Love,
Whoſe miſery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealouſy its venom once diffuſe,
Tis then delightful miſery no more,
But agony unmix'd, inceſſant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blaſting all
Love's paradiſe. Ye fairy proſpects, then,
Ye beds of roſes, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your laſt! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal viſion taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! inſtead of Love-enlivened cheeks,
Of ſunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aſpect. and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd ſoul malignant, ſits,
And frightens Love away. Ten thouſand fears
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent anguiſh, and conſuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and reſolution frail,
Giving falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afreſh, her beauties on his buſy thought,
Her firſt endearments twining round the ſoul,
With all the witchcraft of enſnaring Love.
Straight the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart:
For even the ſad aſſurance of his fears
Were eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,

Whom

Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care;
His brighteſt flames extinguiſh'd all, and all
His brighteſt moments running down to waſte.
But happy They! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into Love;
Where friendſhip full-exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem enlivened by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him; ungenerous; who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman Love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a meer, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom Love cements in holy faith,
And equal tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent *Heaven*.
Meantime a ſmiling offſpring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
The infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,

To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous Love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting *Spring*
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of Life,
Enamour'd more, as more reſemblance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where Love and Bliſs immortal reign.

End of the firſt Part, of *Thomſon's* Seaſons.

AVGVST. an ODE.

The garden blooms with vegetable gold,
And all *Pomona* in the orchard glows,
Her racy fruits now glory in the ſun,
The wall-enamour'd flower in ſaffron blows,
Gay annuals their ſpicy ſweets unfold;
To cooling brooks the panting cattle run:
Hope, the fore-runner of the farmer's gain,
Viſits his dreams, and multiplies the grain.

More hot it grows, ye fervors of the ſky
Attend the *Virgin* — lo! ſhe comes to hail
Your ſultry radiance — Now the God of day
Meets her chaſte ſtar — be preſent *Zephyr's* gale
To fan her boſom — let the breezes fly
On ſilver pinions to ſalute his ray;
Bride of his ſoft deſires with comely grace
He claſps the virgin to his ſoft embrace.

The

The reapers now their ſhining ſickles bear,
A band illuſtrious, and the ſons of health!
They bend, they toil acroſs the wide champaign,
Before them *Ceres* yields her flowing wealth;
The partridge-covey to the copſe repair
For ſhelter, ſated with the golden grain,
Baſk on the bank, or thro' the clover run,
Yet ſafe from ſetters, and the ſlaughtering gun.

Courtly *Auguſtus*, whom the bards rever'd,
Patron of ſcience, and the genial arts,
Nam'd this fair Month, which permanent
ſhall live
Long as his bright idea in our hearts,
And laſting as the monument he rear'd!
Like him, ye princes, would ye long ſurvive
Thro' time's ſucceſſive eras, thus beſtow,
Like him, thoſe bounties, whence your honours flow.

Myra and I, together in the ſhade,
Where yonder Jaſmine forms a proud alcove,
Will taſte the cooling ſherbet, or regale
On juicy melons — Will my roſy love
Or there retire? — or walk this green parade,
And talk of nuptials in the cheſnut vale?
Nuptials our hearts, which ſhall for ever bind,
While the ſwain's conſtant, and the damſel kind.

Advice to a young Lady, on ſeeing her Dance.

O! may you walk, as years advance,
Smooth and erect, as now you dance;
May you on each important ſtage,
From bloom of youth to wither'd age,
Aſſert your claim to merit's prize,
And, as at preſent, charm our eyes;
Obſervant of decorum's laws,
And moving with the ſame applauſe,
May you, thro' life's perplexing maze,
Direct your ſteps with equal praiſe;
Its intricate meanders trace
With regularity and grace;
From the true figure never ſwerve,

And time in every ſtep obſerve;
Give ear to harmony and reaſon,
Nor make one motion out of ſeaſon!
Thus will life's current gently flow,
And pour forth every bliſs below;
Till nature failing, ebb ſhall bring
Death with his dart — but not his ſting.

Character *of the* Knight, *in* HUDIBRAS. BUTLER.

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very ſhy of uſing it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unleſs on holidays, or ſo,
As men their beſt apparel do.
Beſides, 'tis known, he could ſpeak *Greek*
As naturally as pigs ſqueak;
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Than to a black-bird 'tis a whiſtle:
B'ing rich in both, he never ſcanted
His bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For *Hebrew* roots, altho' they're found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd.
And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.
He was in *logic* a great critic,
Profoundly ſkill'd in analytic,
He could diſtinguiſh and divide
A hair twixt *ſouth* and *ſouth-weſt* ſide;
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horſe;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an *owl*,
A calf an *alderman*, a gooſe a *juſtice*,
And rooks *committee-men* and *truſtees*.

He'd

He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For *Rhetoric*, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I'th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk:
For all a *rhetorician's* rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich,
A *Babylonish* dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect:
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages;
'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like fustian heretofore on sattin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
They heard three labourers of *Babel*,
Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly wou'd vent
As if his stock wou'd ne'er be spent;
And truly to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That, had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones,
When he harrangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In *Mathematics* he was greater
Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;

Reſolve by ſines and tangents ſtreight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does ſtrike by *algebra*.
Beſides, he was a ſhrewd philoſopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloſs over;
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hath
He underſtood b'implicit faith;
Whatever ſceptic could enquire for,
For ev'ry *why* he had a *wherefore*;
Knew more than forty of 'em do,
As far as words and terms could go:
All which he underſtood by rote,
And, as occaſion ſerv'd would quote:
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their neighbours by abſtracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghoſts of defunct bodies fly;
Where truth in perſon does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *metaphyſic* wit can fly.

Dean SWIFT's Verſes *on his own* Death.

The time is not remote, when I,
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;
When I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And tho' 'tis hardly underſtood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak;
See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace;
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, 'till he's dead.

Beſides,

Beſides, his memory decays;
He recollects not what he ſays:
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where laſt he din'd:
Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can ſit
To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who, for his wine, will hear his jokes.
Faith he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There muſt another ſet be found.
For poetry, he's paſt his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
I'd have him throw away his pen;
But there's no talking to ſome men!
And then, their tenderneſs appears,
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the ſecond.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
His ſtomach too begins to fail;
Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing;
I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring.
Then hug themſelves, and reaſon thus;
It is not yet ſo bad with us.
In ſuch a caſe they talk in tropes;
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can march a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs
The merit of a lucky gueſs,
When daily how d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, "Worſe and Worſe,"
Would pleaſe them better, than to tell,
That "God be prais'd, the Dean is well.
Then he who propheſied the beſt,
Approves the judgment to the reſt:
"You know I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.

Not one foretells I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain,
Juſt in the parts where I complain,
How many a meſſage would he ſend!
What hearty prayers that I ſhould mend!
Enquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept.
And more lament, when I was dead,
Than all the ſnivelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verified at laſt.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the Dean? He's juſt alive.
Now the departing prayer is read,
He hardly breathes. The Dean is dead.
Before the paſſing bell begun,
The news through half the town has run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? And who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is,
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
To public uſes! there's a whim;
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride;
He gave it all — but firſt he dy'd.
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do ſtrangers good,
Forgetting his own fleſh and blood!
Now *Grubſtreet* wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd;
Some paragraph in every paper
To curſe the *Dean*, or bleſs the *Drapier*;
The Doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
"We muſt confeſs, his caſe was nice;
"But he would never take advice;
"Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
"He might have liv'd theſe twenty years:
"For, when we open'd him, we found,
"That all his vital parts were ſound."
From *Dublin* ſoon to *London* ſpread,
Tis told at court, the Dean is dead.

And lady S — in the ſpleen
Runs laughing up, to tell the K — g.
He, ſo gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone, 'tis time he ſhou'd.
" - - - - - - "
" - - - - - - "
Now *Chartres*, at the K — g's *levee*,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy;
"Why, if he died without his ſhoes,"
(Cries —) "I'm ſorry for the news:
"Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
"And in his place my good friend *Will!*
"Or had a mitre on his head,
"Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now *Curl* his ſhop from rubbiſh drains,
Three genuine tomes of *Swift's* remains!
And then, to make them paſs the glibber,
Reviſ'd by *Tibbald*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publiſh my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope muſt bear, as well as I.

Here ſhift the ſcene, to repreſent
How thoſe I love my death lament.
Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*
A week, and *Arbuthnot* a day.
St. John himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The reſt will give a ſhrug, and cry,
"I'm ſorry — but we all muſt die!"
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between;
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling,
They mourn for me without diſſembling.
My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead (pray what is trumps?)
"Then, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole)
"Six Deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall,
"(I wiſh I knew what king to call.)
"Madam, your huſband will attend
"The funeral of ſo good a friend.

"No, Madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight,
"And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
"My lady *Club* will take it ill,
"If he ſhould fail her at Quadrille.
"He lov'd the Dean (I lead a heart)
"But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.
"His time was come, he ran his race;
"We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt, a different ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean;
Who now, a laſs! no more is miſs'd,
Than if he never did exiſt.

CARE and GENEROSITY: an Allegory. SMART.

Old Care with Induſtry and Art,
At length ſo well had play'd his part
He heap'd up ſuch an ample ſtore,
That av'rice cou'd not ſigh for more:
Ten thouſand flocks his ſhepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crouded granaries groan.
In ſhort, ſo vaſt his charge and gain,
That to poſſeſs them was a pain;
With happineſs oppreſs'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wiſe.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, ſincere and free,
Her name was *Generoſity*.
Twas hers the largeſs to beſtow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might ſafe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirſty crew,
The bread ſhe broke, the drink ſhe drew;
There ſickneſs laid her aching head,
And there diſtreſs could find a bed.

Each

Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd ſhe bleſſings round the land:
Her gifts and glory laſted long,
And numerous was th' accepting throng.
At length pale penury ſeiz'd the dame,
And fortune fled, and ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that ſhe had not made one friend.
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what ſhe'd done before;
She wept, ſhe rav'd, ſhe tore her hair,
When lo! to comfort her came *Care*.
And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
All will be well — You ſhall have ſtore,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Tho I reſtrain your bounteous heart,
You ſtill ſhall act the generous part.
The bridal came; great was the feaſt
And good the pudding and the prieſt.
The bride in nine months brought him forth,
A little maid of matchleſs worth;
Her face was mixt with *care* and *glee*,
They chriſten'd her *Occonomy*;
And ſtyl'd her fair diſcretion's queen,
The miſtreſs of the *golden mien*.
Now Generoſity confin'd
Is perfect eaſy in her mind;
She loves to give, yet knows to ſpare,
Nor wiſhes to be free from *Care*.

Scenes, in KING LEAR: A Tragedy.

SHAKESPEAR.

King *Lear* divides his kingdom among his three daughters. — Is displeased with the seeming want of affection in the youngest, and gives his whole dominions to the two eldest. Their ingratitude, and cruel behaviour to their father — Amiable disposition of *Cordelia*. * —

Lear. Cornwall. Albany. Burgundy. Goneril.
Regan. Cordelia. Kent.

Lear. Attend my Lords of *Albany* and *Cornwall*,
With princely *Burgundy*.
Albany. We do, my liege.
Lear. Give me the map. — Know, my lords, we have divided
In three, our kingdom, having now resolv'd
To disengage from our long toil of state,
Conferring all upon your younger years.
You *Burgundy* *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
Long in our court have made your amourous sojourn,
And now are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,
Which of you loves us most, that we may place
Our largest bounty with the largest merit.
Goneril, our eldest born, speak first.
Goneril. Sir, I do love you more than words can utter,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare;
Nor liberty, nor sight, health, fame, or beauty,
Are half so dear; my life for you were vile;
As much as child can love the best of fathers.
Lear. Of all these bounds, e'en from this *line* to this,
With shady forests, and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and *Albany's* issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter]
Regan wife to *Cornwall*?
Regan. My sister. Sir, in part, expresst my love;
For such as hers, is mine, though more extended:
Sense has no other joy that I can relish;
I have my all in my dear liege's love.

Lear.

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* The above scenes are taken from *King Lear*, as altered by *Tate* who has cleared it of many improprieties in the original, and *it is* at present thus represented upon the *british* Theatres.

Lear. Therefore, to thee and thine hereditary,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom.
Cordelia. (*Aſide.*) Now comes my tryal. How am I diſtreſt,
That muſt with cold ſpeech tempt the cholerick king
Rather to leave me dowerleſs, than condemn me
To loath'd embraces!
Lear. Speak now our laſt, not leaſt in our dear love;
So ends my taſk of ſtate — *Cordelia*, ſpeak.
What canſt thou ſay to win a richer third
Than what thy ſiſters gained?
Cordelia. Now muſt my love, in words, fall ſhort of theirs,
As much as it exceeds in truth. — Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: ſpeak again.
Cordelia. Unhappy am I that I can't diſſemble:
Sir, as I ought, I love your majeſty, no more, nor leſs.
Lear. Take heed, *Cordelia*;
Thy fortunes are at ſtake; think better on't,
And mend thy ſpeech a little.
Cordelia. O my liege!
You gave me being, bred me, dearly love me,
And I return my duty as I ought;
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they love you all?
Hap'ly, when I ſhall wed, the lord whoſe hand
Shall take my plight, will carry half my love;
For I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all.
Lear. And goes thy heart with this?
Tis ſaid that I am chol'rick. Judge me, Gods,
Is there not cauſe? Now, minion, I perceive
The truth of what has been ſuggeſted to us;
Thy fondneſs for the rebel ſon of *Gloſter*,
Falſe to his father, as thou art to my hopes:
And, oh! take heed, raſh girl, leſt we comply
With thy fond wiſhes, which thou wilt too late
Repent; for know our nature cannot brook
A child ſo young, and ſo ungentle.
Cordelia. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Thy truth then be thy dower;
For by the ſacred ſun, and ſolemn night,
I here diſclaim all my peternal care,
And from this minute hold thee as a ſtranger
Both to my blood and favour.
Kent. This is frenzy. Conſider, good my liege —
Lear. Peace, *Kent*; come not between a dragon and
his rage.

I lov'd her moſt, and in her tender truſt
Deſign'd to have beſtow'd my age at eaſe.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
My heart from her, and with it all my wealth.
My lords of *Cornwall*, and of *Albany*,
I do inveſt you jointly with full right
In this fair third, *Cordelia's* forfeit dower.
Mark me, my lords, obſerve our laſt reſolve;
Our ſelf, attended with an hundred knights,
Will make abode with you in monthly courſe;
The name alone of king remain with me,
Yours be th' execution and revenues.
This is our final will; and to confirm it,
This coronet part between you.
Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
And, as my patron, thought on in my pray'rs —
Lear. Away, the bow is bent, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. No, let it fall, and drench within my heart;
Be *Kent* unmannerly when *Lear* is mad;
Thy youngeſt daughter —
Lear. On thy life no more.
Kent. What wilt thou do, old man?
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better firſt.
Lear. Now by the gods —
Kent. Now by the gods, raſh king, thou ſwear'ſt in vain,
Lear. Ha, traitor!
Kent. Do, kill thy phyſician, *Lear*;
Strike thro' my throat, yet with my lateſt breath
I'll thunder in thine ear my juſt complaint,
And tell thee to thy face, that thou doſt ill.
Lear. Hear me, raſh man; on thy allegiance hear me:
Since thou haſt ſtriven to make us break our vow,
And preſt between our ſentence and our pow'r,
Which nor our nature, nor our place can bear,
We baniſh thee for ever from our ſight
And kingdom: if when three days are expir'd,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death — Away.
Kent. Why, fare thee well, king; ſince thou art reſolv'd,
I take thee at thy word, and will not ſtay
To ſee thy fall: the gods protect thee, maid,
That truly thinks, and haſt moſt juſtly ſaid.
Thus to new climates my old truth I bear;

Friendſhip lives hence, and baniſhment is here. (*Exit.*)
Lear. Now, *Burgundy*, you ſee her price is fall'n;
Yet if the fondneſs of your paſſion ſtill
Affects her as ſhe ſtands, dowerleſs, and loſt
In our eſteem, ſhe's yours; take her, or leave her.
Burgundy. Pardon me, royal *Lear*, I but demand
The dower yourſelf propos'd, and here I take
Cordelia by the hand, dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.
Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for, by a father's rage,
I tell you all her wealth. Away.
Burgundy. Then, Sir, be pleas'd to charge the breach
Of our alliance on your own will, not my inconſtancy.
(*Exeunt.*)

Cordelia *Solus.*

Cordelia. Some comfort yet, that 'twas no vicious blot
Th has depriv'd me of a father's grace,
But merely want of that that makes me rich
In wanting it; a ſmooth profeſſing tongue.
O ſiſters! I am loth to call your fault
As it deſerves; but uſe our father well,
And wrong'd *Cordelia* never ſhall repine.
This baſeneſs of the ignoble *Burgundy*,
Draws juſt ſuſpicion on the race of men;
His love was int'reſt, ſo may *Edgar's* be,
And he but with more compliment diſſemble;
If ſo, I ſhall oblige him by denying.
But if his love be fix'd, ſuch conſtant flame
As warms our breaſts, if ſuch I find his paſſion,
My heart as grateful to his truth ſhall be,
As cold *Cordelia* prove as kind as he.

Lear. Kent, *diſguiſed.* *Attendants.*

Kent. (*Aſide.*) Now baniſhed *Kent*, if thou canſt pay thy duty
In this diſguiſe, where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
Thy maſter *Lear* ſhall find thee full of labours.
Lear. In there, and tell our daughter we are here. (*To Kent.*) Now, what art thou.
Kent. A man, Sir.
Lear. What doſt thou profeſs, or woúld'ſt with us?
Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly that puts me in truſt; to love him that's honeſt, to converſe with him that's wiſe and ſpeaks little, to fight when I can't chuſe, and to eat no fiſh.
Lear. I ſay, what art thou?
Kent. A very honeſt hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.
Lear. Then art thou poor indeed. What canſt thou do?
Kent. I can keep honeſt counſel, mar a curious tale in the telling, deliver a plain meſſage bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the beſt of me is diligence.
Lear. Follow me; thou ſhalt ſerve me. (*Enter* Goneril's *gentleman Uſher.*) Now, Sir?
Uſher. Sir? (*Runs off*; Kent *purſues him.*)
Lear. What ſays the fellow; call the clodpole back.
1. *Attendant.* (*To Lear.*) My lord, I know not; but Methinks your
Highneſs is entertain'd with ſlender ceremony.
2. *Attendant.* He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.
Lear. Why came not the ſlave back when I called him?
3. *Attendant.* My lord, he anſwered me i'th' furlieſt manner, that he would not. (*Re-enter the* Uſher, *brought in by* Kent.)
Lear. I hope our daughter did not ſo inſtruct him. Now, who am I Sir?
Uſher. My lady's father.
Lear. My lord's knave. (*Strikes him.*)

Enter Goneril,

Uſher. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.
Kent. Nor tript neither, thou vile civet-box. (*Strikes up his heels.*)
Goneril. By day and night, this is inſufferable. I will not bear it.

Lear.

Lear. Now, daughter, why that frontlet on?
Speak, does that frown become our preſence?
Goneril. Sir; this licentious inſolence of your ſervants
Is moſt unſeemly: hourly they break out
In quarrels, bred by their unbounded riots:
I had fair hope, by making this known to you,
To have had a quick redreſs, but find too late
That you protect and countenance their outrage;
And therefore, Sir, I take this freedom, which
Neceſſity makes diſcreet.
Lear. Are you our daughter?
Goneril. Come, Sir, let me intreat you to make uſe
Of your diſcretion, and put off betimes
This diſpoſition that of late transforms you
From what you rightly are.
Lear. Does any here know me? Why, this is not *Lear*;
Does *Lear* walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Goneril. Come, Sir, this admiration's much o'th'ſavour
Of other your new humours; I beſeeck you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright;
As you are old, you ſhould be ſtaid and wiſe:
Here do you keep an hundred knights and ſqires,
Men ſo debauch'd and bold, that this our palace
Shews like a riotous inn, a tavern, brothel;
Be then adviſ'd by her that elſe will take
That ſhe begs, to leſſen your attendance;
Take half away, and ſee that the remainder
Be ſuch as may befit your age, and know themſelves
and you.
Lear. Darkneſs and devils! Saddle my horſes, call my
train together.
Degenerate viper, I'll not ſtay with thee!
I yet have left a daughter. Serpent! monſter!
Leſſen my train, and call 'em riotous?
All men approv'd, of choice and rareſt parts,
That each particulur of duty know.
How ſmall, *Cordelia*, was thy fault? O *Lear*,
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out. Go, go, my people.
Ingrateful duke, (*To* Albany *who is entering.*) was this
your will?
Albany. What, Sir?
Lear. Death! fifty of my followers at a clap!
Albany. (*To* Goneril) The matter, Madam?
Goneril. Never afflict yourſelf to know the cauſe,

But

But give his dotage way.
Lear. Blaſts upon thee;
Th' untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee; old fond eyes,
Lament this cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt ye with the waters that ye loſe
To temper clay. No, *Gorgon*, thou ſhalt find
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever.
Goneril. Mark ye that.
Albany. I'm ignorant —
Lear. It may be ſo my lord. Hear nature!
Dear goddeſs hear; and if thou doſt intend
To make that creature fruitful, change thy purpoſe;
Pronounce upon her womb the barren curſe,
That from her blaſted body never ſpring
A babe to honour her. But if ſhe muſt bring forth,
Defeat her joy with ſome diſtorted birth,
Or monſtrous form, the prodigy o'th' time;
And ſo perverſe of ſpirit, that it may live
Her torment as 'twas born: to fret her cheeks
With conſtant tears, and wrinkle her young brow.
Turn all her mother's pains to ſhame and ſcorn,
That ſhe may curſe her crime too late, and feel
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child! Away, away! (*Exit cum ſuis.*)
Goneril. Preſuming thus upon his num'rous train,
He thinks to play the tyrant here, and hold our lives at will.
Albany. Well, you may bear too far. (*Exit.*)

Kent, *in the character of* Lear's *ſervant, ſitting in the Stocks. Enter* Lear, *attended.*

Lear. 'Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.
Kent (*Seeing the king.*) Hail, noble maſter.
Lear. How! mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?
What's he that has ſo much miſtook thy place, to ſet thee here?
Kent. It is both he and ſhe, Sir; your ſon and daughter.
Lear. No. *Kent.* Yes. *Lear.* No I ſay. *Kent.* I ſay, yea.

Lear.

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I ſwear, no. *Kent.* By *Juno*, I ſwear, ay.
Lear. They durſt not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murder,
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage.
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou may'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe this uſage?
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was ris'n, arriv'd another poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, breathleſs and panting forth,
From *Goneril*, his miſtreſs, Salutations;
Whoſe meſſage being deliver'd, they took horſe,
Commanding me to follow and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; which I did:
But meeting that other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceived had poiſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Had ſhewn ſuch rudeneſs to your highneſs; I,
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
On which he rais'd the houſe with coward cries:
This was the treſpaſs, which your ſon and daughter
Thought worth the ſhame you ſee it ſuffer here.
Lear. O! this ſpleen ſwells upward to my heart,
And heaves for paſſage! — Down, thou climbing rage,
Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?
Kent. Within, Sir, at a maſque. (*Enter* Gloſter.)
Lear. Now *Gloſter*? (Gloſter *whiſpers* Lear.) Ha!
Deny to ſpeak with me? Th' are ſick, th' are weary,
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches:
Bring me a better anſwer.
Gloſter. My dear lord, you know the fiery quality of the duke.
Lear. Vengeance! death! plague! confuſion!
Fiery! what quality? Why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
I'd ſpeak with the duke of *Cornwall* and his wife.
Gloſter. I have inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? doſt thou underſtand me, man?
I tell thee, *Gloſter* — *Gloſter.* Ay my good lord.
Lear. The king would ſpeak with *Cornwall*, the dear father
Would with his daughter ſpeak, commands her ſervice.
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery! The fiery duke! Tell the hot duke —
No, but not yet; may be he is not well;
Infirmity does ſtill neglect all office;

I beg his pardon, and I'll chide my raſhneſs
That took the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
For the ſound man. But wherefore ſits he there?
Death on my ſtate, this act convinces me
That this retiredneſs of the duke and her
Is plain contempt. Give me my ſervant forth;
Go tell the duke and's wife I'd ſpeak with them:
Now inſtantly; bid them come forth and hear me;
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, ſleep to death. —

Enter, duke Cornwall *and* Regan.

Lear. (*To them.*) Oh! are you come?
Cornwall. Health to the king.
Regan. I am glad to ſee your highneſs.
Lear. *Regan*, I think you are; I know what cauſe
I have to think ſo. Shoud'ſt thou not be glad,
I wou'd divorce me from thy mother's tomb.
Beloved *Regan*, thou wilt ſhake to hear
What I ſhall utter: thou could'ſt ne'er ha' thought it.
Thy ſiſter's nought: O *Regan*, ſhe has ty'd
Ingratitude like a keen vulture here:
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thee. (Kent *here ſet at liberty.*)
Regan. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope
That you know leſs to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſlack her duty.
Lear. Ha! how's that?
Regan. I cannot think my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail in her reſpects; but if perchance
She has reſtrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on ſuch grounds, and to ſuch wholeſome ends,
As clear her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her!
Regan. O! Sir, you're old,
And ſhou'd content you to be rul'd and led
By ſome diſcretion that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you yourſelf; therefore, good Sir,
Return to our ſiſter, and ſay you have wrong'd her.
Lear. Hah! Aſk her forgiveneſs?
No, no, 'twas my miſtake, thou didſt not mean ſo
Dear daughter: I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary; but thou art good,
And wilt diſpenſe with my infirmity.
Regan. Good Sir, no more of theſe unſightly paſſions;
Return back to our ſiſter.

Lear.

Lear. Hah! Aſk her forgiveneſs?
No, no, 'twas my miſtake, thou didſt not mean ſo
Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old:
Age is unneceſſary; but thou art good,
And wilt diſpenſe with my infirmity.
Regan. Good Sir, no more of theſe unſightly paſſions;
Return back to our ſiſter.
Lear. Never, *Regan*; ſhe has abated me of half my train,
Look'd black upon me, ſtabb'd me with her tongue:
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heav'n fall
On her ungrateful head. Strike her young bones,
Ye taking airs, with lameneſs!
Regan. O the bleſt gods! Thus will you wiſh on me,
When the raſh mood —
Lear. No, *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe;
Thy tender nature cannot give thee o'er
To ſuch impiety: Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
And dues of gratitude; thou bear'ſt in mind
The half o'th' kingdom, which our love conferr'd
On thee and thine.
Regan. Good Sir, to the purpoſe.
Lear. Who put my man i'th' ſtocks?
Cornwall. What trumpet's that?
Regan. I know't, my ſiſter's; this confirms her letters.

Enter Goneril's *gentleman Uſher.*

Regan. (*To the* Uſher.) Sir, is your lady come?
Lear. More torture ſtill!
This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſy borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows;
A faſhion fop, that ſpends the day in dreſſing,
And all to bear his lady's flatt'ring meſſage;
That can deliver with a grace her lye,
And with as bold a face bring back a greater.
Out, variet, from my ſight!
Cornwall. What means your grace?
Lear. Who ſtock'd my ſervant? *Regan*, I have hope
Thou didſt not know it. (*Enter* Goneril.)
Who comes here? Oh heavens!
If you do love old men; if your ſweet ſway
Hallow obedience; if yourſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down, and take my part!
Why, (*To Goneril,*) *Gorgon*, doſt thou come to haunt
me here?

Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?
Darkneſs upon my eyes, they play me falſe;
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Goneril. Why not by the hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion finds, and dotage terms ſo.
Lear. Heart, thou art too tough!
Regan. I pray you, Sir, being old, confeſs you are ſo.
If till the expiration of your month,
You will return, and ſojourn with our ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that proviſion
That ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return with her, and fifty knights diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I'll forſwear all roofs, and chuſe
To be companion to the midnight wolf,
My naked head expos'd to th' merc'leſs air.
Than have my ſmalleſt wants ſupply'd by her.
Goneril. At your choice, Sir.
Lear. Now, I prithee daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewell;
We'll meet no more, no more ſee one another;
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſtrike,
Nor tell tales of thee to avenging heav'n.
Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy leiſure;
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I, and my hundred knights.
Regan. Your pardon, Sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken now?
Regan. My ſiſter treats you fair. What! fifty followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Goneril. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From thoſe whom ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?
Regan. Why not, my lord? If then they chance to ſlack you,
We could controul them. If you come to me,
For now I ſee the danger, I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more will I give place.
Lear. Oh gods! I gave you all!
Regan. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Hold now, my temper; ſtand this bolt unmov'd,
And I am thunder proof;
The wicked, when compar'd with the more wicked,
Seem beautiful; and not to be the worſt,
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe. Now, *Goneril*,

Thou

Thou art innocent again, I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet does double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Goneril. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command t'attend you?
Regan. What need one?
Lear. Blood! fire! Here: leproſies and blueſt plagues!
Room, room for hell to belch her horrors up,
And drench the *Circes* in a ſtream of fire;
Hark, how th' infernals echo to my rage
Their whips and ſnakes!
Regan. How lewd a thing is paſſion!
Goneril. So old and ſtomachful? [*Lightning and thunder.*]
Lear. Heav'ns drop your patience down!
You ſee me here, ye gods, a poor old man,
As full of griefs as age, wretched in both!
I'll bear no more. No, you unnatural hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall — I will do ſuch things,
What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth: You think I'll weep, [*Thunder again.*]
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand pieces
Before I'll weep. O Gods! I ſhall go mad! (*Exit.*)
Cornwall. 'Tis a wild night, come out o'th' ſtorm. (*Exit.*)

Gloſter *going off, is met by* Cordelia *entering.*

Cordelia. Turn, *Gloſter*, turn, by all the ſacred pow'rs
I do conjure you give my griefs a hearing;
You muſt, you ſhall, nay, I am ſure you will,
For you were always ſtil'd the juſt and good.
Gloſter. What wouldſt thou, princeſs? Riſe, and ſpeak thy griefs.
Cordelia. Nay, you ſhall promiſe to redreſs them too,
Or here I'll kneel for ever. I intreat
Thy ſuccour for a father, and a king,
An injur'd father, and an injur'd king.
Gloſter. Conſider, princeſs,
For whom thou beg'ſt, 'tis for the king that wrong'd thee.
Cordelia. O name not that; he did not, cou'd not wrong me.

Nay, muſe not, *Gloſter*, for it is too likely
This injur'd king ere this is paſt your aid,
And gone diſtracted with his ſavage wrongs.
Or, what if it be worſe? Can there be worſe?
As 'tis too probable, this furious night
Has pierced his tender body; the bleak winds
And cold rain chill'd, or lightning ſtruck him dead;
If it be ſo, your promiſe is diſcharged,
And I have only one poor boon to beg,
That you'd convey me to his breathleſs trunk,
With my torn robes to wrap his hoary head,
With my torn hair to bind his hands and feet,
Then with a ſhow'r of tears
To waſh his clay-ſmeared cheeks, and die beſide him.
Gloſter. Riſe, fair *Cordelia*, thou haſt piety
Enough to atone for both thy ſiſter's crimes;
I have already plotted to reſtore
My injur'd maſter, and thy virtue tells me
We ſhall ſucceed, and ſuddenly. (*Exit.*)
Cordelia. Diſpatch, *Arante*,
Provide me a diſguiſe; we'll inſtantly
Go ſeek the king, and bring him ſome relief.
Arante. How, madam! Are you ignorant
Of what your impious ſiſters have decreed?
Immediate death for any that relieve him.
Cordelia. I cannot dread the furies in this caſe.
Arante. In ſuch a night as this? Conſider, madam,
For many miles about there's ſcarce a buſh
To ſhelter in.
Cordelia. Therefore no ſhelter for the king,
And more our charity to find him out:
What have not women dar'd for vicious love?
And we'll be ſhining proofs that they can dare
For piety as much. Blow winds, and lightnings fall,
Bold in my virgin innocence I'll fly, (*Thunders.*)
My royal father to relieve or die. (*Exit.*)

Scenes, in the FAIR PENITENT. Rowe.

The encounter and diſpute of Horatio and Lothorio. — Altamont's credulity — He diſcovers his wife's falſity, and kills her lover in a duel.

Horatio. Still muſt I doubt ſome myſtery of miſchief;
Some artifice beneath. *Lothario's* father!
I know him well, he was ſagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counſels,
But of a cold, unactive hand in war;
Yet with theſe coward's virtues he undid
My unſuſpecting, valiant, honeſt friend.
This ſon, if fame miſtakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful. Hah! he's here! [*Seeing him.*]
Lothario. (*Aſide.*) Damnation! He again! The ſecond time
To-day he has croſt me like my evil genius.
Horatio. (*To him.*) I ſought you, Sir.
Lothario. 'Tis well then I am found.
Horatio. Tis well you are: The man who wrongs my friend,
To the earth's utmoſt verge would I purſue!
No place, tho' e'er ſo holy, ſhould protect him;
No ſhape, that artful fear e'er form'd ſhould hide him,
Till he fair anſwer made, and did me juſtice.
Lothario. Ha! doſt thou know me? that I am *Lothario*?
As great a name as this proud city boaſts of.
Who is this mighty man then, this *Horatio*,
That I ſhould baſely hide me from his anger,
Leſt he ſhould chide me for his friend's diſpleaſure?
Horatio. The Brave, 'tis true, do never ſhun, the light,
Juſt are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
Freely without diſguiſe they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heav'n and men are judges of their actions.
Lothario. Such let them be of mine; there's not a purpoſe
Which my ſoul ever fram'd, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once dar'd do, have dar'd to juſtify.
Horatio. Where was this open boldneſs, this free ſpirit?
When but this very morning I ſurpris'd thee,
In baſe diſhoneſt privacy, conſulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To ſell her lady's ſecrets, ſtain her honour,
And with a forg'd contrivance blaſt her virtue:
At ſight of me thou fled'ſt!
Lothario. Ha! fled from thee?

Horatio. Thou fled'ſt, and guilt was on thee, like a thief,
A pilferer deſcry'd in ſome dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd with miſchievous intent
To rob and ravage at the hour of reſt,
And do a midnight murder on the ſleepers.
Lothario. Slave! villain! (*Offers to draw.* Roſſano *holds him.*)
Roſſano. Hold, my lord! think where you are,
Think how unſafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And ſhock the peaceful city with a broil.
Lothario. Then, ſince thou doſt provoke my vengeance, know,
I would not for this city's wealth, for all
Which the ſea wafts to our *Ligurian* ſhore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of *Altamont*, ſhould be as public
As is the noon day ſun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature:
Think'ſt thou I meant the ſhame ſhould be conceal'd?
Oh no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was ſome fit meſſenger to bear the news
To the dull doting huſband: Now I have found him,
And thou art he.
Horatio. I hold thee baſe enough
To break through law, and ſpurn at ſacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this;
Yet mark me well, young lord; I think *Caliſta*
Too nice, too noble, and too great of ſoul,
To be the prey of ſuch a thing as thou art.
Twas baſe and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a ſcroll ſo villainous and looſe,
And mark it with a noble lady's name:
Theſe are the mean, diſhoneſt arts of cowards,
Strangers to manhood, and to glorious dangers;
Who bred at home in idleneſs and riot,
Ranſack for miſtreſſes th' unwholſome ſtews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.
Lothario. Think'ſt thou I forg'd the letter? Think ſo ſtill,
Till the broad ſhame come ſtaring in thy face,
And boys ſhall hoot the cuckold as he paſſes.
Horatio. Away! no woman could deſcend ſo low:
A ſkipping, dancing, worthleſs tribe you are;
Fit only for yourſelves: you herd together;
And when the circling glaſs warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never ſaw,

And fancy raptures that you never knew.
Legends of ſaints, who never yet had being,
Or being, ne'er were ſaints, are not ſo falſe
As the vain tales which you recount of love.
Lothario. But that I do not hold it worth my leiſure,
I could produce ſuch damning proof —
Horatio. Tis falſe:
You blaſt the fair with lies becauſe they ſcorn you,
Hate you like age, like uglineſs and impotence:
Rather than make you bleſt, they would die virgins,
And ſtop the propagation of mankind.
Lothario. It is the curſe of fools to be ſecure,
And that be thine and *Altamont's*. Dream on;
Nor think upon my vengeance 'till thou feel'ſt it.
Horatio. Hold, Sir, another word, and then farewel;
Tho' I think greatly of *Caliſta's* virtue,
And hold it far above thy power to hurt;
Yet as ſhe ſhares the honour of my *Altamont*,
That treaſure of a ſoldier bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I muſt not have
(Mark me, young Sir) her very name profan'd.
Learn to reſtrain the licence of your ſpeech;
Tis held you are too laviſh: when you are met
Among your ſet of fools, talk of your dreſs,
Of dice, of whores, of horſes, and yourſelves;
Tis ſafer, and becomes your underſtandings.
Lothario. What if we paſs beyond this ſolemm order?
And, in defiance of the ſtern *Horatio*,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter looſe,
And uſe his ſacred friendſhip for our mirth.
Horatio. 'Tis well! Sir, you are pleaſant.
Lothario. By the joys
Which my ſoul yet has uncontroll'd purſu'd,
I would not turn aſide from my leaſt pleaſure,
Tho' all thy force were arm'd to bar my way;
But like the birds, great nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flowry gardens,
Rifle the ſweets, and taſte the choiceſt fruits,
Yet ſcorn to aſk the lordly owner's leave.
Horatio. What liberty has vain preſumptuous youth,
That thou ſhould'ſt dare provoke me unchaſtis'd?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, ſhun my walks;
If in the bounds of yon forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a puniſhment,
Such as great ſouls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from thoſe who wrong 'em much, ev'n death;

Or ſomething worſe; an injur'd huſband's vengeance
Shall print a thouſand wounds, tear thy fine form,
And ſcatter thee to all the winds of heav'n.
Lothario. Is then my way in *Genoa* preſcrib'd,
By a dependent on the wretched *Altamont*,
A talking Sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation?
Horatio. Away, thy tongue is fouler than thy manners.
Lothario. Or if there be a name more vile, his paraſite,
A beggar's paraſite.
Horatio. Now learn humanity. (*Offers to ſtrike.*)
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.
Lothario Damnation. (*They draw.*)
Roſſano. Hold, this goes no farther here.
Lothario. (*To Horatio.*) Weſt of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee,
Thy ſingle hand to mine.
Horatio. I'll meet thee there. (*Exeunt* Lothario *and* Roſſano.)
Two hours ere noon to-morrow! ha! ere that
He ſees *Caliſta!* oh unthinking fool —
What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?
If any ſpark from heaven remain unquench'd
Within her breaſt, my breath perhaps may wake it;
Cou'd I but proſper there, I wou'd not doubt
My combat with that loud vain glorious boaſter.

Horatio. Caliſta.

Horatio. (*Seeing* Caliſta) She's here!
By h av'n ſhe weeps! — Forgive me fair *Caliſta*,
If I preſume on privilege of friendſhip,
To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
That hurt your peace, and quench thoſe eyes in tears.
Caliſta. To ſteal unlook'd for on my private ſorrow,
Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
But rather means a ſpy.
Horatio. Unkindly ſaid! For oh! as ſure as you accuſe me falſely,
I come to prove myſelf Caliſta's friend.
Caliſta. You are my huſtand's friend, the friend of *Altamont.*
Horatio. Are you not one? Are you not join'd by heaven;
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are you not mix'd like ſtreams of meeting rivers,

Whoſe

Whoſe blended waters are no more diſtinguiſh'd,
But roll into the ſea, one common flood!
Then who can give his friendſhip but to one?
Who can be *Altamont's* and not *Caliſta's*?
Caliſta. Force and the wills of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will ſtill look back to their own choice.
So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
Stands on the ſhore, and ſends his wiſhes back
To the dear native land from whence he came.
Horatio. When ſouls that ſhould agree to will the ſame,
To have one common object for their wiſhes,
Look different ways, regardleſs of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedneſs enſues:
Love ſhall be baniſh'd from the genial bed,
The night ſhall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry day ſhall be a day of cares.
Caliſta. Then all the boaſted office of thy friendſhip,
Was but to tell *Caliſta* what a wretch ſhe is;
Alas! what needed that?
Horatio. Oh! rather ſay,
I came to tell her how ſhe might be happy;
To ſoothe the ſecret anguiſh of her ſoul,
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her ſteps to know the paths of peace.
Caliſta. Say thou, to whom this paradiſe is known,
Where lies the bliſful region? Mark my way to it,
For oh! 'tis ſure, I long to be at reſt.
Horatio. Then — to be good is to be happy; Angels
Are happier than mankind, becauſe they are better.
Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and ſtings; the bleſt know none of this,
But reſt in everlaſting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n in goodneſs.
Caliſta. And what bold paraſite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax *Caliſta's* name with guilt?
Horatio. None ſhould; but 'tis a buſy, talking world,
That with licentious breath, blows like the wind,
As freely on the palace, as the cottage.
Caliſta. What myſtic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou would'ſt ſeem unwilling to expreſs,
As if it meant diſhonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambiguous ſhuffling phraſe,
And let thy oracle be underſtood. — *Hor. Lothario?*
Caliſta. Ha! what would'ſt thou mean by him.

Horatio. Lothario and Caliſta! — Thus they join
Two names, which heav'n decreed ſhould never meet;
Hence have the talkers of this populous city,
A ſhameful tale to tell for public ſport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a falſe fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When ſhe had given her honour to a wretch.
Caliſto. Death and confuſion! have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly inſolence!
To be the ſport of a looſe ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be us'd! Thus! Like the vileſt creature,
That ever was a ſlave to vice and infamy.
Horatio. By honour and fair truth you wrong me much;
For, on my ſoul, nothing but ſtrong neceſſity
Cou'd urge my tongue to this ungrateful office:
I came with ſtrong reluctance, as if death
Had ſtood a croſs my way to ſave your honour,
Yours and *Sciolto's*, yours and *Altamont's*;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
To ſave his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.
Caliſta. Is his, is this the famous friend of *Altamont*!
For noble worth and deed of arms renown'd?
Is this! the tale bearing, officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched *Argus* of a jealous huſband,
That fills his ears with monſtrous tales,
And make him toſs, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody revenge on his defenceleſs wife;
Who guiltleſs dies, becauſe her fool ran mad?
Horatio. Alas! this rage is vain; for if your fame,
Or peace be worth your care, you muſt be calm,
And liſten to the means are left to ſave 'em.
Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.
By me your genius ſpeaks, by me it warns you,
Never to ſee that curſt *Lothario* more;
Unleſs you mean to be deſpis'd, be ſhun'd
By all your virtuous maids and noble matrons;
Unleſs you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diſeaſe, proſtitution —
Caliſta. Diſhonour blaſt thee, baſe, unmanner'd ſlave!
That dar'ſt forget my birth, and ſacred ſex,
And ſhock me with the rude unhallow'd ſound.
Horatio. Here kneel, and in the awful face of heav'n
Breathe out a ſolemn vow, never to ſee,
Nor think, if poſſible, on him that ruin'd thee;

Or by my *Altamont's* dear life I ſwear,
This paper! Nay, you muſt not fly! This paper,
(*Holding her*)
This guilty paper ſhall divulge your ſhame.
Caliſta. What mean'ſt thou by that paper? What contrivance
Haſt thou been forging to deceive my father,
To turn his heart againſt his wretched daughter,
That *Altamont* and thou may ſhare his wealth?
A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The weakneſs of my ſex — Oh, for a ſword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand
That forg'd the ſcroll.
Horatio. Behold, can this be forg'd?
See where *Caliſta's* name — (*Shewing the letter near.*)
Caliſta. To atoms thus. (*Tearing it.*)
Thus let me tear the vile, deteſted falſehood,
The wicked, lying evidence of ſhame. — *Hor.* Confuſion!
Caliſta Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare ev'n on thy life
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue;
I am myſelf the guardian of my honour,
And wi'not bear ſo inſolent a monitor. (*Enter* Altamont)
Altamont. Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart, and pleaſure of my eyes,
The wiſh, and care, and buſineſs of my youth?
Oh! let me find her, ſnatch her to my breaſt,
And tell her ſhe delays my bliſs too long,
Till my ſoft ſoul ev'n ſickens with deſire.
Diſorder'd! and in tears! *Horatio* too!
My friend is in amaze. What can it mean?
Tell me, *Caliſta*, who has done thee wrong,
That my ſwift ſword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample Juſtice.
Caliſta. Turn to him. — *Altamont. Horatio!*
Caliſta. To that inſolent — *Altamont.* My friend?
Could he do this! He, who was half myſelf!
One faith has ever bound us, and one reaſon
Guided our wills. Have I not found him juſt;
Honeſt as truth itſelf? And could he break
The ſanctity of friendſhip? Could he wound
The heart of *Altamont* in his *Caliſta*?
Caliſta. I thought what juſtice I ſhould find from thee.
Go fawn upon him, liſten to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that would blaſt my fame,
And treat me like a common proſtitute.

Thou

Thou art perhaps confederate in his miſchief,
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.
Altamont. Oh impious! what preſumptuous wretch ſhall dare
To offer at an injury like that?
Prieſthood, nor age, nor cowardiſe itſelf,
Shall ſave him from the fury of my vengeance.
Caliſta. The man who dar'd to do it was *Horatio!*
Thy darling friend! 'Twas *Altamont's Horatio!*
But mark me well! While thy divided heart
Dotes on a villain that has wronged me thus,
No force ſhall drag me to thy hated bed;
Nor can my cruel father's power do more
Than ſhut me in a cloiſter; there, well pleas'd,
Religious hardſhip will I learn to bear,
To faſt, and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r:
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
With melancholy, ſpeechleſs ſaints to dwell;
But bleſs the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage chain, and from that tyrant Man. (*Exit* Caliſta.)
Altamont. She's gone; and as ſhe went ten thouſand fires
Shot from her angry eyes, as if ſhe meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow ſhe made.
Now as thou art a man, *Horatio*, tell me,
What means this wild confuſion in thy looks?
As if thou wer't at variance with thyſelf,
Madneſs and reaſon combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which ſhou'd get the better:
Horatio. I wou'd be dumb for ever but thy fate
Has otherwiſe decreed it: thou haſt ſeen
That idol of thy ſoul, that fair *Caliſta*;
Thou haſt beheld her tears.
Altamont. I have ſeen her weep;
I have ſeen that lovely one, that dear *Caliſta*,
Complaining in the bitterneſs of ſorrow,
That thou my friend Horatio! thou haſt wrong'd her.
Horatio. That I have wrong'd her! Had her eyes been fed
From that rich ſtream which warms her heart,
And number'd for ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much; for ſhe has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my *Altamont!* She has undone thee.
Altamont. Doſt thou join ruin with *Caliſta's* name?
What is ſo fair, ſo exquiſitely good?
Is ſhe not more than painting can expreſs,
Or youthful poets fancy, when they love?

Does ſhe not come, like wiſdom, or good fortune,
Replete with bleſſings, giving wealth and honour?
The dowry which ſhe brings is peace and pleaſure,
And everlaſting joys are in her arms.
Horatio. It had been better thou hadſt liv'd a beggar,
And fed on ſcraps at great men's ſurly doors,
Than to have match'd with one ſo falſe, ſo fatal —
Altamont. It is too much for friendſhip to allow thee:
Becauſe I tamely bore the wrong thou didſt her,
Thou doſt avow the barb'rous, brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.
Horatio. I ſee ſhe has got poſſeſſion of thy heart,
She has charm'd thee, like a ſyren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting ſounds;
Too late the rocks and quickſands will appear.
When thou art wreckt upon the faithleſs ſhore,
Then vainly wiſh thou hadſt not left thy friend,
To follow her deluſion.
Altamont. If thy friendſhip do churliſhly deny my love
a room,
It is not worth my keeping: I diſclaim it.
Horatio. Canſt thou ſo ſoon forget what I've been to thee?
I ſhar'd the taſk of nature with thy father,
And form'd with care thy unexperienc'd youth
To virtue and to arms.
Thy noble father, oh thou light young man!
Wou'd he have us'd me thus? One fortune fed us,
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flouriſh'd, and together fell.
He call'd me friend, like thee: wou'd he have left me
Thus? for a woman? nay a vile one too?
Altamont. Thou canſt not, dar'ſt not mean it; ſpeak again;
Say, who is vile? but dare not name *Caliſta.*
Horatio. I had not ſpoke at firſt, unleſs compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myſelf: but ſince thus urg'd,
I muſt avow I do not know a viler.
Altamont. Thou wert my father's friend, he lov'd
thee well;
A kind of venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance:
I cannot, dare not lift my ſword againſt thee;
But henceforth never let me ſee thee more. (*Going out.*)
Horatio. I love thee ſtill, unguarded as thou art,
And muſt, and will preſerve thee from diſhonour,
Ev'n in deſpite of thee. (*Holds him.*)
Altamont. Let go my arm.

Horatio.

Horatio. If honour be thy care, if thou would'ſt live,
Without the name of credulous, wittal huſband,
Avoid thy bride; ſhun her deteſted bed:
The joys it yields are daſh'd with poiſon.
Alt. Off! To urge me but a minute more is fatal.
Horatio. She is polluted! ſtain'd!
Altamont. Madneſs and raging! But hence!
Horatio. Diſhonour'd by the man you hate —
Altamont. I prythee looſe me yet, for thy own ſake,
If life be worth the keeping — *Hor.* By *Lothario.*
Altamont. Perdition take thee, villain, for the falſehood.
(*Strikes him*) Now nothing but thy life can make atonement.
Horatio. A blow! Thou haſt us'd me well — (*Draws.*)
Altamont. This to thy heart —
Horatio. Yet hold! By heaven his father's in his face,
Spite of my wrongs my heart runs o'er with tenderneſs,
And I cou'd rather die myſelf than hurt him.
Altamont. Defend thyſelf, for by my much wrong'd love,
I ſwear the poor evaſion ſhall not ſave thee.
Horatio. Yet hold! thou know'ſt I dare. Think how we've liv'd.
[*They fight*; Altamont *preſſes on* Horatio, *who retires.*]
Nay! then 'tis brutal violence! And thus;
Thus nature bids me guard the life ſhe gave. (*They fight.*)
Lavinia *enters and runs between their ſwords:*
Lavinia. My brother, my *Horatio!* is it poſſible?
Oh! turn your cruel ſwords upon *Lavinia.*
If you muſt quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart ſhall give you all your ſtore,
To ſave thoſe dearer ſtreams that flow from yours.
Alta. Tis well thou haſt found a ſafeguard; but this,
No pow'r on earth could ſave thee from my fury.

Altamont *alone.*

With what unequal tempers are we form'd?
One day the ſoul, ſupine with eaſe and fulneſs,
Revels ſecure, and fondly tells herſelf,
The hour of evil can return no more;
The next, the ſpirits pall'd. and ſick of riot,
Turn all to diſcord, and we hate our beings,
Curſe the paſt joy, and think it folly all,
And bitterneſs, and anguiſh. Oh! laſt night!
What has ungrateful beauty paid me back,
For all that maſs of friendſhip which I ſquander'd?
Coldneſs, averſion, tears, and ſullen ſorrow,
Daſh'd all my bliſs, and damp'd my bridal bed.
Soon as the morning dawn'd, ſhe vaniſh'd from me,
Relentleſs to the gentle call of love.
I have loſt a friend, and I have gain'd — a wife!
Turn not to thought, my brain; but let me find
Some unfrequented ſhade, there lay me down,
And let forgetful dulneſs ſteal upon me,
To ſoften and aſſuage this pain of thinking.

Caliſta *and* Lothario *enter, converſing.*

Altamont. (*Seeing them.*) Ha! do I live and wake!
Caliſta (*To* Lathario.) Hadſt thou been true, how happy had I been?
Not *Altamont*, but thou hadſt been my lord.
But wherefore nam'd I happineſs with thee?
It is for thee, for thee that I am curſt;
For thee my ſecret ſoul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to anſwer for my virtue ſtain'd,
My honour loſt to thee; for thee it haunts me;
With ſtern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me;
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs —
Altamont. (*Coming forward*) Behold him here —
Cal. Ah!
Alt. The wretch! whom thou haſt made:
Curſes and ſorrows haſt thou heap'd upon him,
And vengeance is the only good that's left. [*Drawing*]
Lothario. Thou haſt ta'en me ſomewhat unawares,
'tis true:
But love and war take turns like day and night,
And little preparation ſerves my turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.
We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;
Earth, heaven, and fair *Caliſta* judge the combat.
Caliſta. Diſtraction! fury! ſorrow! ſhame! and death!

Alt.

Alt. Thou haſt talk'd too much; thy breath is poiſon to me;
It taints the ambient air: this for my father,
This for Sciolto, and this laſt for *Altamont.*
They fight; Lothario *is wounded and falls.* Caliſta *catches up* Lothario's *ſword, and offers to kill herſelf.*

ANACREON. ODE 40. Cupid Wounded.

Once as *Cupid*, tir'd with play,
On a bed of roſes lay,
A rude *Bee*, that ſlept unſeen,
The ſweet breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With its little pointed lance.
Strait he fills the air with cries,
Weeps, and ſobs, and runs, and flies;
Till the god to *Venus* came,
Lovely, laughter-loving dame:
Then he thus began to plain;
"Oh! undone, — I die — with pain —
"Dear mamma, a ſerpent ſmall,
"Which a *Bee* the ploughmen call,
"Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,
"Oh! — has ſtung me to the heart."
Venus thus reply'd, and ſmil'd;
'Dry thoſe tears for ſhame! my child;
'If a Bee can wound ſo deep,
'Cauſing *Cupid* thus to weep
'Think, O think! what cruel pains
'He that's ſtung by thee ſuſtains."

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES. WOTY.

From gay St. James's *Myra* was return'd,
Within her breaſt the flames of envy burn'd,
Reclin'd upon the couch ſhe ſought relief,
But the ſoft plumage added to her grief;
Now to the citron cordial ſhe applies,
The cordial too its uſual balm denies;

Will

Will not kind *Morpheus* one ſhort nap beſtow?
He never perches on a breaſt of woe.
What! has her peerleſs face betray'd ſome flaws?
Or does ſome mighty loſs the conflict cauſe?
Has ſome dire pimple, to diſturb her eye,
Made an irruption where the lillies lie?
Smokes there leſs incenſe at her virgin ſhrine?
Or crowns ſome rival toaſt th' enamour'd wine?
What can ſhe dread, whoſe every charm ſubdues
The garter'd noble, and invites the muſe?
Not one of thoſe, nor all of them conjoin'd
Have ruffled the compoſure of her mind;
But at the court ſhe ſaw, what tongue can tell!
Worſe than *Quevedo's* viſionary hell —
A female implement! and at the ſight
Her ſpirit ſunk — ſhe ſwoon'd away for ſpight!
Clarinda's hand the glittering pageant grac'd,
With which ſhe led the beaux, and men of taſte;
Diſcarded *Myra* ſaw the envied prize;
She ſaw — and curſt it with her heart and eyes.
So, even at church, if ſome new dreſs arrive,
The blazing meteor galls the female hive;
Each eye, arreſted, on the faſhion glotes,
And every woman imprecates, and doats;
The clerk's proud wife neglects her huſband's ſong,
And comminations fly from every tongue.
A fan! the mighty cauſe of *Myra's* care,
For beauties envy trifles light as air!
The faſhion dawn'd from madam *Pompadour*,
Newly imported to the *Britiſh* ſhore:
Clarinda, to improve her magazine
Of charms — had lately at the toyſhop been,
Searching for trinkets, ſhe the bawble found,
And ſeiz'd the product of a foreign ground,
Reſolving to tranſplant it to the court,
She bought, and paid a hundred guineas for't;
Arm'd with this bright umbrella ſhe appear'd,
And, wafted by its gales, to conqueſt ſteer'd;
A hecatomb of hearts were ſoon reſign'd
To young *Clarinda's* eyes intrench'd behind;
While ſtars and garters emulating ſtrove
Which ſhould croud foremoſt to preſent his love,
His vows thro' this gay medium to enhance;
Such are thy faſhionable tools — oh *France!*
While thus *Clarinda's* innovating pride,
From *Myra's* charms drew dukes and lords aſide,

Like a diſcarded ſtateſman, in diſgrace
The fair one to the victor left the place;
Thus, like a beaten general, forc'd to yield,
She quits the glories of the long fought field:
In ſullen diſcontent ſhe ſeeks the gloom
To meditate revenge within her room.
At length to *Venus* with uplifted eyes,
A fervent prayer, the baffled maid applies:
"Oh! *Venus*, by thy myrtles and thy doves,
"And every ſymbol of the *Paphian* groves,
"By all thy bright regalia I implore,
"Oh! grant one favour to thy *Myra* more;
"Let not *Clarinda* ſuch a conqueſt boaſt,
"Nor lead of nobles, thus, her ſhining hoſt:
"For lo! what ſtars, like ſilver *Cynthia's* train,
"Attend her triumph, and ſupport her reign!
"See how each garter, like the *Zodiac*, vies
"To grace the blue horizon of her eyes!
"Debaſe her trinket, her new-fangled toy,
"And cruſh the infant dawning of her joy.
"Give me, by ſome rich implement, to win
"The men — tho' 'twere a diamond-headed pin:
"Then ſhall a thouſand hearts, a thouſand days,
"With ſweeteſt incenſe on thy altars blaze.
"Then, for each lover which thy gift imparts,
"A hymn ſhall carol to the god of hearts."

Propitious *Venus* heard the maiden's prayer,
And ſent a pleaſing dream to ſoothe her care:
Fair to her raptur'd fancy there aroſe
A crimſon orb, but richer far than thoſe
Which ſtately cardinals in triumph wear,
The boon and earneſt of the papal chair;
Its ample brim three rows of ſapphires grac'd,
The ceſtus, as a ribband, gave it taſte:
A thouſand brilliants, here and there diſplay'd,
With bluſhing rubies, lent it light and ſhade.
In emerald cut, a king imperial ſate
Beneath a golden canopy of ſtate,
Powder'd with hieroglyphics of his reign,
As undiſputed monarch of the main.
The conſort of his throne was ſeated nigh
In pearl, and cleareſt cryſtal form'd each eye;
Attending nobles the regalia bore,
The crown and ſceptre both of maſſy ore.
In ſolemn order the proceſſion moves,
A prelate waits to crown their happy loves.

Why ſhould we here deſcribe, what all have ſeen,
The coronation of a king and queen?
Or why attempt in colours to diſplay
That ſtate, when GEORGE and CHARLOTTE bleſt the day.
Dazzled with luſtre, *Myra* now awakes,
And from the viſionary model takes
A hat, which ſoon eclips'd *Clarinda's* fan,
Nor left the fair competitor a man.
With this ſhe claims *Love's* empire as her own,
Reigns abſolute, nor envies George his throne.

Story of an APPARITION. GAY.

Where *Arden's* foreſt ſpreads its limits wide,
Whoſe branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A trav'ler took his ſolitary way;
When low beneath the hills was ſunk the day.
And now the ſky, with gath'ring darkneſs lowr,
The branches ruſtle with the threaten'd ſhower;
With ſudden blaſts the foreſt murmurs loud,
Indenred lightnings cleave the ſable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempeſt roars,
And heav'n diſcharges all its watry ſtores.
The wand'ring trav'ler ſhelter ſeeks in vain,
And ſhrinks and ſhivers with the beating rain;
On his ſteed's neck the ſlacken'd bridle lay,
Who choſe with cautious ſtep th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noiſe foretold a village near.
At length from far a ſtream of light he ſees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he ſpeeds, and as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domeſtic flame
That trembled thro' the window: croſs the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and ſtands at bay.
It was an antient lonely houſe, that ſtood
Upon the borders of a ſpacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements ariſe,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies;
Some lord this manſion held in days of yore,
To chace the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd alas, from what it once had been!
Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Strait he dismounts, repeats his loud commands;
Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and every bed in use.
What not a garret, and no straw to spare?
Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the servant's right,
Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
The count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.
The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.
Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best;
If then your valour can the fright sustain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain,
If your courageous tongue has power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall;
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stairs ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terror's went.
When all was ready swift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn, tuckt warm in bed was laid
The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.
At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo! the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide;
In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
Expos d his mangled bosom dy'd with blood,
Then silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath his frighted guest,
The bed-cords trembled, and with shudd'ring fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then mutt'ring hasty pray'rs, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud; Say, whence and who thou art?

The ſtalking ghoſt with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted, ſince with mortal eyes
I ſaw the ſun, and vital air reſpir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within theſe walls I ſlept. O thirſt of gain!
See ſtill the planks the bloody marks retain;
Stretch'd on this very bed, from ſleep I ſtart,
And ſee the ſteel impending o'er my heart;
The barb'rous hoſteſs held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my guſhing life.
My treaſure now they ſeize, the golden ſpoil
They bury deep beneath the graſs grown ſoil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, ariſe,
My ſteps ſhall lead thee to thy ſecret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on juſtice, bid her not retard
To puniſh murder; lay my ghoſt at reſt,
So ſhall with peace ſecure thy nights be bleſt;
And when beneath theſe boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in ſome ſacred ground.
Here ceas'd the ghoſt. The ſtranger ſprings from bed,
And boldly follows where the phantom led;
The half worn ſtony ſtairs they now deſcend,
Where paſſages obſcure their arches bend,
Silent they walk; and now through groves they paſs,
Now through wet meads their ſteps imprint the graſs;
At length amidſt a ſpacious field they came:
There ſtops the ſpectre, and aſcends in flame.
Amaz'd he ſtood, no buſh, nor briar was found,
To teach his morning ſearch to find the ground;
What could he do? The night was hideous dark,
Fear ſhook his joints, and nature dropt the *mark*;
With that he ſtarting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden *mark* was left in bed.

The MIRY WAY; *or obſtinate* Farmer.

In *Suſſex* road, as you go down
To *Chicheſter*, there ſtands a town,
Where you would think, the diſtant church
Had left its pariſh in the lurch;
For all who'd hear the parſon preach,
Muſt trudge a mile the church to reach,
And what is worſe, for years ago,
All were oblig'd to trudge quite thro'
A long, long lane of miry clay,
Becauſe there was no other way;
Hence thoſe, who did not nags beſtride,
Or thoſe, who had no nags to ride,
Oft times in winter had the luck
In miry dirt to be faſt ſtuck:
And when one foot they rais'd with t'other,
Deeper and faſter ſtuck the other.
Thus had this miry toilſome Lane,
A conſtant pariſh nuiſance been
From ſire to ſire, from ſon to ſon;
Each curs'd the road, yet kept it on,
'Till a new *Vicar* did perſuade,
That a new path-way might be made,
On which the people clean might go,
And leave the miry ſlime below:
A *Veſtry's* call'd — they all agree,
And had a path made inſtantly.
Now without labour, pain or toil,
They trip it o'er the gravel-ſoil;
The laſſes no heart-aching know
For the white coat, or red-heel ſhoe;
But all along the high way-ſide,
Each ſeem'd a bridegroom or a bride.
You'd think that all wou'd leave the lane,
And to the *dirt* prefer the *clean*;
Yet one there was, within the town,
Call'd *Hodge*, — a head-ſtrong, ſtubborn clown,
With miry boots, and coat high girt,
Would ſtill trudge thro' the *antient dirt*.
Trudge thro' the dirt Sir! — What pretence?
'Tis e'en againſt all common ſenſe.
What ſeems 'gainſt common ſenſe to you,
Quoth he, my reaſon proveth true;
And when once jeer'd at by his friend,
Who clean on the high path did go,

He did his conduct thus defend,
And ſurly anſwer'd from below.
"As long as I remember can;
"Nay paſt the memory of man,
"Our fathers, and their fathers too,
"This very ſelf ſame Lane went thro'
"And ſurely, *Sam*, you muſt agree,
"Our fathers were as wiſe as we:
"As well as we, they might have laid
"Their gravel, and that path-way made;
"But thro' this Lane they took their rout,
"And had their reaſons for't, no doubt.
"And tho' their reaſons are unknown,
"Yet ſure our duty ſhould be ſhown;
"For ſwerving from our father's rules
"Is calling all our fathers fools.
"The prejudices you may name,
"In you, it is the very ſame;
"The only diff'rence I'll unfold;
"You are for *new things*, I for *old*:
"Therefore let no diſpute be had;
"I count you *fool* — you count me *mad*."

THE DECLINE OF AUTUMN.

The boſom of earth is all matted with leaves,
The honours of Autumn decay;
Brown *Ceres* no longer exhibits her ſheaves,
To the golden-eyed monarch of day.
With diſſonant guns hills and vallies reſound,
The ſwains thro' the coppices rove;
The partridges bleed on the arable ground,
The pheaſants lie dead in the grove:
The coats of the hedges look languidly green,
The ſwallows relinquiſh the meads;
Rude winter approaches with horrible mien,
The flowrets give place to the weeds.
The ſun too is lazy, and ſlumbers abed,
As loathing ſo early to riſe:
When riſen, how dim looks his vapoury head!
How faint he illumines the ſkies.
No more on the poles hang the cluſtering hops,
Or form a magnificent ſhade;

No more on the ſkirts ſhine the ſhowery drops,
For Autumn, their nurſe, is decay'd.
The gale that was wont to approach me ſo kind,
Grows ſharp and flies haſtily by,
To give me ſweet kiſſes no longer inclin'd,
It bids the tear ſtart from my eye.
O! ſee, while I ſpeak, from the gun's levell'd aim
Death pierces the birds of the air!
Ye rovers, will nothing your conduct reclaim,
And move your hard boſoms to ſpare?
No, nothing — ye cry with unanimous voice,
While ridicule falls from your tongue:
Ye think not, ye cruel ones, as ye rejoice,
How once the poor innocents ſung.
To others ſuch barbarous ſports I reſign,
And fly to my *Florimel's* arms;
Her ſanctified love ſhall be totally mine,
For virtue adds force to her charms.
On the baſe of religion, my fair, let it riſe!
To crown us with bleſſings 'twas given,
To bid our ſouls mount from the earth to the ſkies,
And give us a foretaſte of heaven.

COLIN and LUCY. TICKELL.

Of Leinſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright *Lucy* was the grace;
Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face.
Till luckleſs love, and pining care,
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips, and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.
Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.
Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And, ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing:

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound;
And thus, in dying words, beſpoke,
The virgins weeping round;
"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
Which beckons me away.
By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame becauſe his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?
"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou fond maid, receive his kiſs,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare!
But know, fond maid; and know falſe man,
That *Lucy* will be there!
"Then bear my corſe, my comrades bear,
This bridegroom blith to meet;
He in his wedding trim ſo gay,
I in my winding ſheet."
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd; her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blith to meet,
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding ſheet.
Then what were perjur'd *Colin's* thoughts?
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The brideſmen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow;
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.
From the vain bride, ah bride no more!
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his *Lucy's* new made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mould with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever he remains.
Oft, at his grave, the conſtant hind,
And plighted maid, are ſeen;

With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the ſacred green;
But, ſwain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember *Colin's* dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

HYMN; from PSALM. VIII.

Almighty power! amazing are thy ways;
Above our knowledge, and above our praiſe!
How all thy works thy excellence diſplay!
How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
Thy hand yon wide-extended heaven uprais'd,
Yon wide-extended heaven with ſtars emblaz'd,
Where each bright orb, ſince time his courſe begun,
Has roll'd a mighty world, or ſhin'd a ſun:
Stupendous thought! how ſinks all human race!
A point, an atom, in the field of ſpace!
Yet even to us, O Lord, thy care extends,
Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends;
Yet even to us, as delegates of thee,
Thou giv'ſt dominion over land and ſea;
Whate'er or walks on earth, or flits in air;
Whate'er of life the watery regions bear;
All theſe are ours, and for th' extenſive claim,
We owe due homage to thy ſacred name!
Almighty power! How wond'rous are thy ways!
How far above our knowledge and our praiſe!

ODE: to HOPE. WOTY.

Thou bleſſing, ſent us from above,
Rich offspring of celeſtial love!
Fair *Hope!* thy preſence let me hail,
When grief intrudes, when pains aſſail.
O'er life's rough ſea, amid the tempeſt's roar,
Pilot my rolling bark, and ſet me ſafe on ſhore.

'Tis thine, when troubles rack the heart,
Thy lenient balſam to impart.
This load of life, oh! who could bear,

Didſt

Didſt thou not 'ſwage each galling care?
Thy frowns all human happineſs deſtroy;
Thy ſmiles dawn peace upon the ſoul, and endleſs joy.

The wretch, of ev'ry friend bereft,
By kindred ſcorn'd, by fortune left,
The orphan plung'd in ſeas of care,
The *widow'd* wife, the injur'd heir,
Thro' the dark cloud, that intercepts thy blaze,
Perceive thy glimmering light, and own thy chearing rays.

Repentants gaſping out their breath,
And ſtruggling with convulſive death,
Faintly lift up their dying eyes,
While nature tells her pangs in ſighs;
To thee their ardent, genuine wiſhes ſend,
Implore thy healing aid, and in thee find a friend.

Supported by thy kindly hand,
The *patriot*, in a ſinking land,
Anxious to prop a falling ſtate,
Smiles at fatigue, ſerenely great;
Retorts the dart of *malice*, truely brave,
And boldly ſtems the force of *Faction's* rapid wave.

The law's delay, the lover's pain,
Oppreſſion's whip, confinement's chain,
The ſcorn of pride, and guilt's keen ſmart,
Would ſoon ſubdue the lab'ring heart:
But thou ſtep'ſt in, the drooping ſoul to eaſe
And giv'ſt a future proſpect of more pleaſing days.

Why may not *Britain* then once more
Strike terror to proud *France's* ſhore.
Hence, fell *Deſpair!* Go fix thy throne
In *Gallic* breaſts! — there reign alone
Hope ſtill in *England* lives; nor will ſhe die,
Till *George*, and *George's* race aſcend the greeting ſky.

Scenes, in The Merchant of *Venice*. SHAKESPEAR.

Shylock the jew, inſiſts on the forfeiture of a pound of the fleſh of *Anthonio*, his creditor, for not paying him a debt at the time ſtipulated in the agreement.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* here?
Anthonio. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace.
Duke. I'm ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Anthonio. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rig'rous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the jew into the court,
Solarino. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.
(*Enter* Shylock)
Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddl'd on his back,
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſie.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, *jew.*
Shylock. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy ſabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon

Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!
You'll aſk me, why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll not anſwer that
But ſay, it is my humour, is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? what, are you anſwer'd yet?
Baſſanio. This is no anſwer thou unfeeling man,
T'excuſe the current of thy cruelty.
Shylock. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſſanio. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?
Shylock. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?
Anthonio. I pray you, think, you queſtion with a *jew.*
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height.
You may as well uſe queſtion with a wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that, than which what's harder!
His *jewiſh* heart. Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *jew* his will.
Baſſanio. For thy three thouſand ducats here are ſix.
Shylock. If ev'ry ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
Shylock. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice.*
I ſtand for judgment. Anſwer; ſhall I have it?
Duke. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.
Salanio. My lord, here ſtays, without,
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from *Padua.*

Duke

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the meſſenger.
(*Enter* Narciſſa, *dreſs'd like a lawyer's clerk.*)
Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario*?
Neriſſa. From both, my lord. *Bellario* greets your grace.
Baſſanio. (*To the Jew.*) Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Shylock. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.
Gratiano. Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh *Jew.*
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shylock. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gratiano. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd!
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit,
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.
Shylock. Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario*, doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court. Where is he?
Neriſſa. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Enter Portia, *dreſs'd like a doctor of laws.*
Duke. Came you from old *Bellario*?
Portia. I did, my lord.
Duke. You're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?
Portia. I am informed throughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here; and which the *jew*?
Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.
Portia. Is your name *Shylock*? *Shy.* *Shylock* is my name.
Portia. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

(To *Anth.*) You ſtand within his danger, do you not?
Anthonio. Ay, ſo he ſays.
Portia. Do you confeſs the bond. *Anth.* I do.
Portia. Then muſt the *jew* be merciful.
Shylock. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Portia. The quality of mercy is not ſtrained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſſ'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His ſcepter ſhows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, *jew*,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this ſtrict court of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.
Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Portia. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſſanio. Yes, here I tender it to him in court,
Yea, twice the ſum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Portia. It muſt not be; there is no pow'r in *Venice*,
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate. It cannot be.
Shylock. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!

Portia.

Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shylock. Here 'tis, moſt rev'rend doctor, here it is.
Portia. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shylock. An oath, an oath; I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice.
Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the *jew* may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.
Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.
Anthonio. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgment.
Portia. Why, then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.
Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Portia. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shylock. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Portia. Therefore lay bare your boſom.
Shylock. Ay, his breaſt;
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Portia. It it ſo. Are there ſcales, to weigh the fleſh?
Shylock. I have them ready.
Portia. Have by ſome ſurgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.
Shylock. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Portia. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that,
Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Shylock. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Portia. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Anthonio. But little; I am armed, and well prepared.
Give me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare ye well!
Grieve not, that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,

Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth.
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of *Anthonio's* end;
Say, how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you ſhall loſe your friend;
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the *jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſanio. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Who is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all; ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.
Gratiano. I have a wife, whom I proteſt, I love;
I would, ſhe were in heav'n, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome pow'r to change this curriſh *jew*.
Neriſſa. Tis well, you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.
Shylock. Theſe be the chriſtian huſbands. I've a daughter;
Would, any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had been her huſband, rather than a chriſtian! (*Aſide.*)
— We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.
Portia. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shylock. Moſt rightful judge!
Portia. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shylock. Moſt learned judge — a ſentence — come prepare.
Portia. Tarry a little — there is ſomething elſe.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood; thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of *Venice*, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of *Venice*.
Gratiano. O upright judge: mark, *jew*, O learned judge!

Shylock. Is that the law?
Portia. Thyſelf ſhall ſee the act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
Gratiano. O learned judge: mark, *jew*; a learned judge!
Shylock. I take this offer then. Pay the bond thrice,
And let the chriſtian go.
Baſſanio. Here is the money.
Portia. The *jew* ſhall have all juſtice: ſoft! no haſte —
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gratiano. O *jew*, an upright judge! a learned judge!
Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſs than juſt a pound, be't but ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtance,
On the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair;
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gratiano. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *jew!*
— Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Portia. Why doth the *jew* pauſe; take the forfeiture.
Shylock. Give me my principal and let me go.
Baſſanio I have it ready for thee, here it is.
Portia. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.
Gratiano A *Daniel*, ſtill ſay I; a ſecond *Daniel*!
I thank thee. *jew*, for teaching me that word.
Shylock. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Portia. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture.
To be ſo taken at thy peril, *jew.*
Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
Portia. Tarry *jew*. The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He ſeeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainſt all other voice:
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt.

For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gratiano. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.
Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the diff'rence of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it.
For half thy wealth it is *Anthonio's*:
The other half comes to the gen'ral ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive into a fine.
Portia. Ay, for the ſtate; not for *Anthonio.*
Shylock. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Portia. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio*?
Gratiano. A halter gratis; nothing elſe, for god's ſake.
Anthonio. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman,
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently became a chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon *Lorenzo* and his daughter.
Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Portia. Art thou contented, *jew*? what doſt thou ſay?
Shylock. I am content.
Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shylock. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me, and I will ſign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it,

The *Wolf* and the *Lamb*; A Fable: from *Æsop*.

A *Wolf and Lamb*, one ſultry day,
To the ſame meadow chanc'd to ſtray:
By thirſt conſtrain'd, they ſought the rill
That iſſues from a neighbouring hill.
The *Wolf* ſtood near the fountain head,
The *Lamb* far diſtant down the mead.
Iſgrim, who dearly lov'd diſputes,
With fell intent, the *Lamb* ſalutes:
"You, Sir! ſtand off! you tread the brink in,
"And mud the ſtream ſo, there's no drinking."
The harmleſs *Lamb*, with much ſurprize,
Looks up, and trembling, thus replies.
I can't think, Sir, how that can be:
The ſtream runs down from you to me.
"You can't think, ſcoundrel, don't be ſaucy;
"I'll tell you, raſcal, what the laws ſay.
"Beſides, you mutter'd ſo and ſo,
Behind my back, ſix months ago."
Upon my word, Sir! you miſtake;
(But don't be angry, for heav'n's ſake;)
I never could have ſuch intention:
Nor was I born the time you mention.
The *Wolf*, by force of truth repell'd,
With ſhame and anger, foam'd and ſwell'd:
"It was your father then cries he,
"And that's the very ſame to me."
He ſaid — and ſeiz'd the helpleſs victim;
Then to the bones the villain pick'd him.

The Pinch of Snuff: an Imitation of Mr. *Pope's* Stile.

Oh Snuff! our faſhionable end and aim!
Straſbourgh, *Rappee* *Dutch* *Scotch*, whate'er thy name!
Powder celeſtial! quinteſſence divine!
New joys enwrap my ſoul while thou art mine.
Who takes? who takes thee not? where'er I range,
I ſmell thy ſweets, from Pall mall to the change.
By thee aſſiſted, ladies kill the day,
And breathe, more freely, ſcandal o'er their tea:
Nor leſs they prize thy virtues when in bed;
One pinch of thee revives the vapour'd head;

Remo-

Removes the ſpleen, removes the qualmiſh fit,
And gives a briſker turn to female wit;
Warms in the noſe, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the head, and tickles in the ſneeze.
Without it, *Tinſel*, what would be thy lot?
What — but to ſtrut neglected, and forgot.
What boots it, for thee to have dipt thy hands
In odours wafted from *Arabian* lands?
Ah! what avails thy ſcented ſolitaire,
Thy careleſs ſwing, and pertly tripping air,
The crimſon waſh, that blooms upon thy face,
Thy modiſh hat, and coat that flames with lace?
In vain thy cloaths, in vain thy trimmings ſhine,
If the *Pariſian* ſnuff box be not thine.
Come to my noſe then, ſnuff, nor come alone,
Bring taſte with thee, for taſte is all thy own.

The Lawyer and his Clients, from *Boileau*, imitated.

Tom and *Will* one ſummer's day,
Pick'd up an oyſter near the ſea;
While each requires the prize in rage,
There paſſes by a lawyer ſage:
Both warmly plead the right of laws,
And aſk his judgment of the cauſe.
He paus'd — at length, with artful ſneer,
Says he, my Friends — the caſe is clear.
The fiſh he eat — gave each a ſhell,
Then bid the wrangling fools farewel.

A SOLILOQUY; written in a Church Yard. MOORE.

Struck with religious awe, and ſolemn dread,
I view theſe gloomy manſions of the dead,
Around me tombs in mix'd diſorder riſe,
And in mute language teach me to be wiſe.
Time was, theſe aſhes liv'd — a time muſt be
When others thus ſhall ſtand — and look at me;
Alarming thought! no wonder 'tis we dread
O'er theſe uncomfortable vaults to tread;
Where blended lie the aged and the young,
The rich and poor, an undiſtinguiſh'd throng:
Death conquers all, and time's ſubduing hand
Nor tombs, nor marble ſtatues can withſtand.
Mark yonder aſhes in confuſion ſpread!
Compare earth's living tenants with her dead!
How ſtriking the reſemblance, yet how juſt!
Once life and ſoul inform'd this maſs of duſt;
Around theſe bones, now broken and decay'd,
The ſtreams of life in various channels play'd:
Perhaps that ſkull, ſo horrible to view!
Was ſome fair maid's, ye *Belles*, as fair as you;
Theſe hollow ſockets two bright orbs contain'd,
Where the loves ſported, and in triumph reign'd:
Here glow'd the lips; there white, as Parian ſtone,
The teeth diſpos'd in beauteous order ſhone.
This is life's goal — no farther can we view,
Beyond it, all is wonderful and new:
O deign, ſome courteous ghoſt! to let us know
What we muſt ſhortly be, and you are now!
Sometimes you warn us of approaching fate;
Why hide the knowledge of your preſent ſtate?
With joy behold us tremblingly explore
Th' unknown gulph, that you can fear no more?
The grave has eloquence — its lectures teach
In ſilence, louder than divines can preach;
Hear what it ſays — ye ſons of folly hear!
It ſpeaks to you — O give it then your ear!
It bids you lay all vanity aſide,
O what a lecture this for human pride!

The clock ſtrikes twelve — how ſolemn is the ſound!
Hark, how the ſtrokes from hollow vaults rebound!
They bid us haſten to be wiſe, and ſhow,
How rapid in their courſe the minutes flow.

See yonder yew, how high it lifts its head!
Around, the gloomy ſhade their branches ſpread!
Old and decay'd it ſtill retains a grace,
And adds more ſolemn horror to the place.
Whoſe tomb is this? it ſays, 'tis *Myra's* tomb,
Pluck'd from the world in beauty's faireſt bloom.
Attend ye *Fair!* ye thoughtleſs, and ye gay!
For *Myra* dy'd upon her nuptial day!
The grave, cold bridegroom! claſp'd her in his arms,
And the worm rioted upon her charms.
In yonder tomb the old *Avaro* lies:
Once he was rich; the world eſteem'd him wiſe:
Schemes unaccompliſh'd labour'd in his mind,
And all his thoughts were to the world confin'd;
Death came unlook'd for — from his graſping hands
Down dropt his bags, and morgages of lands.
Beneath that ſculptur'd pompous marble ſtone,
Lies youthful *Florio*, aged twenty one;
Cropt like a flower he wither'd in his bloom,
Tho' flattering life had promis'd years to come:
Ye ſilken ſons! ye *Florios* of the age,
Who tread in giddy maze life's flowery ſtage!
Mark here the end of man, in *Florio* ſee
What you, and all the ſons of earth ſhall be!
There low in duſt the vain *Hortenſio* lies,
Whoſe ſplendour once we view'd with envious eyes:
Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,
With a long hiſtory of his noble race;
Still after death his vanity ſurvives,
And on his tomb all of Hortenſio lives.
Around me as I turn my wandering eyes,
Unnumber'd graves in awful proſpect riſe.
Whoſe ſtones ſay only when their owners dy'd,
If young, or aged, and to whom ally'd.
On others pompous epitaphs are ſpread
In memory of the virtues of the dead:
Vain waſte of praiſe! ſince, flattering or ſincere,
The judgment-day alone will make appear.
How ſilent is this little ſpot of ground!
How melancholy looks each object round!
Here man diſſolv'd in ſhatter'd ruin lies
So faſt aſleep — as if no more to riſe;
Tis ſtrange to think how theſe dead bones can live,
Leap into form, and with new heat revive!
Or how this trodden earth to life ſhall wake,
Know its own place, its former figure take!

But whence theſe fears? when the laſt trumpet ſounds
Thro' heaven's expanſe to earth's remoteſt bounds,
The dead ſhall quit theſe tenements of clay,
And view again the long extinguiſh'd day:
It muſt be ſo — the ſame almighty power
From duſt who form'd us, can from duſt reſtore.
Cheer'd with this pleaſing hope, I ſafely truſt
Jehovah's power to raiſe me from the duſt;
On his unfailing promiſes rely,
And all the horrors of the grave defy.

The dying Chriſtian to his Soul: An Ode. POPE.

Vital ſpark of heav'nly flame;
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me my Soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

A Paſtoral Ballad. ROWE.

Deſpairing beſide a clear ſtream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid;
And, while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was;
(Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd;)
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd her dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, it was pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cry'd when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine folk of the town;
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have ſkill to complain,
Though the Muſes my temples have crown'd;
What tho', when they hear my ſoft ſtrains,
The virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign,
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

All you, my campanions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Tho thro' the wide world I ſhould range,
Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
Twas her's to be falſe and to change,
Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If, while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of he plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground:
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

The Force Of Love: COWLEY.

Throw an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles ſtill,
Roll it down, it never ſtops,
'Till within the vale it drops;
So are all things prone to love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the ſtream,
Up aſcends the lambent flame,
Smoke and vapour mount the ſkies,
All preſerve their unities,
Nought below, and nought above,
Seems averſe, but prone to love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
Or the orient rays of light,
Bid Dan Phoebus not to ſhine,
Bid the planets not incline,
'Tis as vain below, above,
To impede the courſe of love.

Salamanders live in fire,
Eagles to the ſkies aſpire,

Diamonds in their quarries lie,
Rivers do the ſea ſupply:
Thus appears, below, above,
A propenſity to love.

Metals grow within the mine,
Lucious grapes upon the vine,
Still the needle marks the pole,
Parts are equal to the whole,
'Tis a truth as clear, that love
Quickens all below, above.

Man is born to live and die,
Snakes to creep, and birds to fly,
Fiſhes in the waters ſwim,
Doves are mild, and lions grim,
Nature thus below, above,
Puſhes all things on to love.

Does the cedar love the mountain?
Or the thirſty deer the fountain?
Does the Shepherd love his crook?
Or the willow court the brook?
Thus by Nature all things move,
Like a running ſtream, to love.

Is the valiant hero bold,
Does the miſer doat on gold?
Seek the birds in ſpring to pair?
Breathes the roſe-bud ſcented air?
Should you this deny, you'll prove,
Nature is averſe to love.

As the wencher loves a laſs,
As the toper loves his glaſs,
As the friar loves his cowl,
Or the miller loves his toll,
So do all, below, above,
Fly precipitate to Love.

When young maidens courtſhip ſhun,
When the moon outſhines the ſun,
When the tygers lambs beget,
When the ſnow is black as jet,
When the planets ceaſe to move,
Then ſhall nature ceaſe to love.

The ſhepherd's Invitation. MARLOWE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hill, or field,
Or wood, or ſteepy mountain yield.

There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown, made of the fineſt wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull.
Slipper's lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold.

A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds;
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy ſilver diſhes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

MESSIAH, a Sacred Eclogue. POPE.

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,
Delight no more — O thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd *Iſaiah's* hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive a Virgin bear a Son!
From *Jeſſe's* root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' ethereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and antient fraud ſhall fail,
Returning juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See Nature haſtes her earlier wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty *Lebanon* his head advance.
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:
See ſpicy clouds from lowly *Saron* riſe,
And *Carmel's* flowery top perfume the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by antient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eyeball pour the day:
Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

No ſigh, nor murmur, the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriours meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſerts with ſurprize
See lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And odorous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial *Salem*, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!

See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of *Sabæan* ſprings!
For thee *Idume's* ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in *Ophir's* mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

The Choice of a Wife.

Let the girl that kind heav'n allots to be mine,
Her actions to virtue and prudence incline,
Let her perſon be ſlender, complexion too ſhow
The white of the lily, and roſe's fair glow;
Her eye ſpeaking love I would have, and her mind
In proſperity gay, in misfortunes reſign'd;
Good humour at all times ſhould ſmile on her face,
For that gives to beauty ineffable grace.
The faults of her ſex may ſhe know to deſpiſe,
And virtue revere, as a gueſt from the ſkies;
Wit too may ſhe have, for that can ſupply
The flame of our loves, which without it would die;
For angels alone can the happineſs prove,
Of e'er flouriſhing beauty, and endleſs pure love.
Nor ſhould I repine if ſome learning was join'd,
To improve, with its culture, the ſeeds in her mind;
For learning to beauty adds luſtre and grace,
As the ſun's beaming influence chears nature's fair face.
Thus bleſs'd with my fair one, no trouble I'd know,
But my life, crown'd with halcyon, quiet ſhould flow;
Content in ſome cottage I'd ſpend all my days,
Not ambitious of riches, nor envious of praiſe.

AN ELEGY on the Death of Mr. *Addiſon* TICKELL.

If dumb too long, the drooping muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to *Addiſon* unpaid,
Blame not her ſilence, *Warwick*, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night, that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Thro' breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed friend;
Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And ſleep in peace, nex't thy lov'd *Montague*.
To ſtrew freſh laurels let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue.
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy iſles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls, where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reigns of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom imperial laws were given;
And ſaints who taught, and led the way to heav'n;

Ne'er

Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt;
Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit, or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind;
A winged Virtue, through th' etherial ſky,
From world to world, unweary'd, does he fly?
Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell
How *Michael* battel'd, and the *Dragon* fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A taſk well ſuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if, ſometimes, thy ſpotleſs form deſcend;
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When Rage miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When Pain diſtreſſes, or when Pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliſs ſhall join, nor Death can part us more.

That awful form, which, ſo ye Heav'ns decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill deplor'd by me;
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If buſineſs calls, or crouded courts invite;
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſoothe my care,
I meet his ſoul which breathes in Cato there;
If, penſive, to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong:
There, patient, ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of *Warwick's* noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, when e'er thy bow'r appears,
O'er my dim eye balls glance thudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects, freſh and fair
Thy ſloping walks, and unpolluted air!

How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bow'rs reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.
From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muſe's art I found;
Reluctant, now, I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him who taught me how to ſing;
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence they attempt to mourn.
O! muſt I, then, (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And *Craggs* in death to *Addiſon* ſucceeds)
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!
Theſe works divine, which on his death bed laid,
To thee O Craggs, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt, farewel,
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

The Youth and the Philoſopher. A Fable.

A Grecian Youth, of talents rare,
Whom *Plato's* philoſophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel.
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they expreſt
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.
At length quite vain, he needs would ſhew
His maſter what his art could do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To *Academus'* ſacred ſhade.

The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright;
The wood-nymphs ſtartled at the ſight,
The muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire!
Howe·er, the youth with forward air,
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car,
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath·ring crowds with eager eyes,
And ſhouts purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th· indented plain,
The ſelf ſame track he marks again,
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling crow'd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded ſ ges hail'd the boy,
And all but *Plato*, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, fluſh·d with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me, (and ſigh'd)
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and jud;ment thrown away.
The time profuſely ſquander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais·d thee from a rider's fate
To govern men, and guide the ſtate.

Generoſity rewarded, or the grateful Turk: A Tale.

Where, mid *Italia's* ever ſunny lands,
Faſt by the ſtreams of *Po*, Ferrara ſtands,
At manhood's full extent now juſt arriv'd,
In ſplendid leiſure young *Cornaro* liv'd;
Of a full bed, the firſt and beſt belov'd,
Each gift, kind nature lent him, art improv'd.
He knew, and lov'd his city, yet would know,
What other cities, diff'rent had to ſhow;
Eager to gratify his ſtretching mind,
In one ſmall realm too narrowly confin'd.
To tell his ſire his wiſh, was to ſucceed;
The ſon but hinted, and the ſire agreed.
Then, as became him, full ſupply'd he went,
And to *Livornia* firſt his way he bent;
On whoſe fair ſhore each diſtant nation meets,
And fills with various tongues her peopled ſtreets.
Each object there his ſtrict attention drew,
Much he obſerv'd, yet ſtill found ſomething new,
And ſought it ſtill; for knowledge all his end;
He, who cou'd that advance, he thought his friend.
On rich and poor alike he caſt his eye,
As 'twas a treaſure they might both enjoy.
And he might teach him, who the veſſel ſteer'd,
What the rich freighter thought not worth regard.
Of graceful preſence and inviting mien,
He in each place of full reſort was ſeen;
On the throng'd quay, or in the buſy hall,
And, ſkill'd in tongues, ſeem'd countryman to all;
To obſervation deep attention join'd,
And fix'd the gather'd honey in his mind.
His lodging on a large quadrangle's ſide,
To him ſtill thinking, farther thought ſupply'd;
And as each hour of paſſing day went by,
Some ſcene worth note ſtill met his curious eye.
Yet one among the reſt he long had weigh'd,
And oftneſt ſeen, the ſtronger mark it made;
For the ſad ſigh, that keen misfortune drew,
Still to his breaſt an eaſy paſſage knew.
As he each morn the riſing ſun beheld,
E'er yet the moving ſquare with crowds was fill'd;
On one ſame ſpot, as ſtill he look'd around,
One ſolitary wretch he always found.
A porter's garb declar'd his preſent yoke,
But his whole mien a birth far diff'rent ſpoke;

From

From his ſwoln breaſt, ſighs ſpite of ſhame would riſe,
And tears, kept back, flow'd faſter from his eyes,
Which with the knotted rope he wiped away;
Sad enſign of his fortune's deep decay.
The youth, who pitying, ſaw the frequent grief,
Thought pity blameful carrying no relief,
So generouſly curious ſought to know,
In hopes to eaſe the cauſe of ſo much woe,
And call'd him from his melancholy ſtand;
He came — and ſilent waited his command,
Thinking ſome erraud wou'd a mite afford,
Juſt to ſupport a being he abhor'd,
Which yet he durſt not of himſelf deſtroy,
Since heav'n might change his preſent grief to joy.
But other buſineſs fill'd *Cornaro's* breaſt,
And his kind ſuit in tend'reſt terms he preſt,
Wiſh'd that he wou'd his cauſe of grief impart
To one who lov'd to ſooth an aching heart;
And always thought, however low his ſphere,
The man, who felt affliction worth his care.
Yet here believ'd the ſtroke of fickle fate
Was fall'n on one had known a happier ſtate.
Then ſpeak he ſaid, nor let falſe ſhame conceal,
What e'er with truth a ſufferer may reveal;
And if my happier lot may eaſe thy woes,
Whate'er a ſtranger's ear may learn, diſcloſe.

The liſt'ning wretch each word with wonder heard,
Perceiv'd them virtue's dictates and was chear'd;
Ventur'd to throw his ſlaviſh badge aſide,
And thus with manly confidence reply'd.
I was not always what I now appear;
But truths, thy nobleneſs has challeng'd, hear.
Firſt, I'm a muſſleman, yet here confin'd
Muſt wiſh thee, as thy milder doctrines, kind:
O love thy faith, but hate not me for mine,
Which had, hadſt thou been born a turk, been thine.
Next know, e'er fall'n to this moſt abject ſtate,
Smyrna once ſaw me happy, tho' not great.
By merchandize with ſumptuous affluence bleſs'd,
And ſweet content, which great ones ſeldom taſte.
But oh! to have been bleſs'd brings no relief,
But adds a ſtronger bitterneſs to grief.
Forgive theſe tears, which utter, as they flow,
A ſon's, a father's, and a huſband's woe;
To ſwell each ſigh theſe diff'rent paſſions join,
For all thoſe dear relations once were mine.

Nor was it hopes of adding to my ſtore,
By lawleſs plunder, ſent me from my ſhore,
To gain in bleeding fields a cruel name,
Or wiſh on ſlaughter'd heaps to build my fame.
'Twas duty bad me catch the coming gale,
And filial love that hoiſted every ſail;
'Twas to a father's fond embrace I went,
E'er yet his lamp of life was wholly ſpent;
While ſtill a kneeling ſon might bleſs his eye,
And fill his aged heart with tender joy.
For *Cyprus* then I ſail'd, what ſince befell,
Let theſe hard chains, and this vile habit tell:
Which, with for ever growing grief, I bear,
And now the fourth ſad winter ſees me wear;
And years may roll on years, unſtop'd my grief,
Till welcome death ſhall bring his laſt relief,
In whoſe cold arms, by ſome dire chance betray'd,
My friends may long e'er this believe me laid:
My fond old ſire perhaps, my fate unknown,
Wailing my raviſh'd life, conſum'd his own;
And oh! what pangs my orphan children feel,
Haſt thou a tender parent, thou canſt tell.
He ceas'd, tears ſtopt his accents; and the reſt,
A ſilence far beyond all words expreſs'd.
Nor ſpoke *Cornaro* more; he too was mute,
Nor language found his fellow grief to ſuit;
But ſtruggling with a tear, a tender ſigh,
Juſt mutter'd out, friend, take this ſmall ſupply,
'Twill yield thee ſome relief — and, were it mine
To give, freedom and happineſs were thine.
He took the gold and bow'd, and ſlow return'd,
And, as was wont, in ſilent ſorrow mourn'd.
Cornaro ſee, in other guiſe appear,
Sudden he ſtopt the unavailing tear,
And be, ſaid he, my ſoul, thy joy expreſs'd;
Tis in thy power to make the wretched bleſs'd.
Now I am bleſs'd indeed! ſince on my wealth
Depends another's being, freedom, health.
Tis I can bid the ſun of mercy ſhine!
This man's life, health and liberty are mine.
Whate'er he has of joy, or may receive,
His country, children, wives, are mine to give.
Now *India's* lord amidſt his boundleſs ſtore,
And endleſs mines, compar'd with me, is poor.
Quick then *Cornaro* to his ranſom flee,
And let this morning's ſun behold him free.

Straight to the lordly governor he went,
His name, his rank, his cauſe of coming ſent;
Nor needed long to wait his errand told,
Bringing that ne'er refuſed credential, gold.
The price requir'd for liberty he gave
And quick return'd to find, the now but fancy'd ſlave,
And ſaid, be free — his tranſport who can tell?
Proſtrate before him in wild joy he fell,
Which only his, who caus'd it, cou'd excel.
Gladneſs and wonder in his boſom wrought,
With lab'ring gratitude his ſoul was fraught,
Nor had he power to utter half he thought,
Yet oh! my great deliverer, he cried,
Can ſuch amazing worth in man reſide!
Or can it be that chriſtian doctrines teach
Virtues beyond our ſacred prophet's reach?
Yet oh! whate'er the wond'rous cauſe, receive
As much of gratitude as words can give;
Nor let theſe burſting tears its force deſtroy
Slaves, late of grief, ſoft offspring now of joy.
And how my deeds ſhall with my words agree,
Let me once reach my country, thou ſhalt ſee.
And know thy generous bounty was not loſt,
I ſcorn to aſk thee what my freedom coſt:
That to my gratitude has no regard,
Up to thy worth I'll meaſure the reward:
But can that be? — Stop there, *Cornaro* ſaid,
If thou art happy, I am more than paid.
And that thy happineſs meet no delay,
Here's gold wherewith to ſpeed thee on thy way:
If grateful thou would'ſt be at thy return,
Amidſt thoſe ſlaves, which there in bondage mourn;
Search our ſome chriſtian from the wretched band,
Who beſt may merit freedom at thy hand;
Then think 'tis in thy power to pay my debt,
By ſhewing him the mercy thou haſt met.
He ſaid — And to his lodgings back return'd,
Honour's bright lamp within him gently burn'd;
Felt and enjoy'd the riot of his breaſt,
While conſcience furniſh'd out the noble feaſt.

As free as air from priſon juſt broke out,
The turk, with rapid ſpeed, the harbour ſought;
There found a ſhip all trim with ſwelling ſails,
And juſt prepar'd to catch the coming gales;
Smyrna her port — with proſp'rous wind ſhe flies,
And gives him to his home and former joys.

Livornia now, as his *Ferrara* known,
Where next, for knowledge, was *Cornaro* flown?
For a ſoul's banquet, far he need not fly,
Venice, old ocean's faireſt child, ſo nigh.
O'er the fam'd *Adriatic*, where ſhe ſtood,
That ſwells unenvious of the *Tuſcan* flood;
Though *Naples*, *Florence*, on its banks he names,
And to him *Tyber* pours from *Rome* its ſtreams.
When o'er the continent fell ſlav'ry flew,
Hither the goddeſs liberty withdrew;
Here plac'd her ſtaff, her cap, her armour, here,
And, as her own fierce *Sparta*, held it dear.
Each art and ſcience, this their dwelling own;
As guardians to their goddeſs, freedom's throne;
And as her hand maid, buſy commerce t
Her ſiſter goddeſs, plenty, cheartul ſmile
Here glad *Cornaro* fix'd, and hop'd to find
All that might pleaſe a knowledge loving mind;
Or where the columns roſe in beauteous wreathe,
Or ſculpture ſeem'd to ſpeak, or paint to breat
And little thought the hour was now ſo nigh,
When all theſe pleaſures of his mind ſhould die,
The beams of ſcience from his ſoul retire,
And fade, extinguiſh'd by a nobler fire:
As kindled wood, howe'er its flames may riſe,
When the bright ſun is ſeen, in embers dies;
Soon as his breaſt perceiv'd the pow'rful ray,
What e'er poſſeſs'd it inſtantly gave way.
As in the wood, beneath the light'ning's beam,
Periſh the leaves, and the whole tree is flame.
Minerva ſudden from his ſoul was fled,
And *Venus* reign'd ſucceſſive in her ſtead.
A thouſand fair ones of her frolic train,
Long at the youth had bent her ſhafts in vain;
Lanc'd from the wanton eye, they ſought his heart,
But virtue's temper ſtill repuls'd the dart,
Nor all their force or poiſon need he fear,
Virtue muſt tip the ſhaft that enters there;
As diamonds ſcorn the keeneſt powers of ſteel,
And touch'd alone by fellow gems can feel.
One glance at laſt an eaſy paſſage found,
And undirected made the deeper wound;
From modeſty's bright quiver it was ſent,
Nor knew its beauteous owner where it went;
From chaſte *Delphina's* pow'rful eye it came;
Malta to *Venice* lent the charming dame.

Malta

Malta, bleſs'd iſle! whoſe daughters all are fair,
Whoſe ſons to manly fortitude are dear.
So properly do love and glory meet,
And beauty ſtill with valour holds its ſeat.
To *Venice* by a noble father ſent,
Some pleaſing moons the fair one here had ſpent,
Beneath a tender uncle's careful eye;
Where but to him ſhould then *Cornaro* fly?
To him he did his cauſe of grief unfold,
His country, name, and parentage he told;
In ſhort, confeſs'd his honourable flame,
Begg'd his permiſſion to addreſs the dame;
And did his leave obtain — nor long he ſued,
E'er the coy maid was in her turn ſubdued;
Nor modeſty herſelf a bluſh put on,
To be by ſuch a lover quickly wone.
Smoothly thus far to happineſs he went,
Nought now was wanting but the ſire's conſent;
Which one endow'd as he was ſure to gain,
And needed only ſee him to obtain.
Th' obſerving uncle mark'd the wond'rous youth;
Fathom'd his love, his conſtancy and truth;
Said, to her father pleas'd he them would ſpeed,
He ſaid, and ſoon th' enamour'd youth agreed;
Lo! with its precious freight the veſſel ſtor'd,
Cornaro and his happineſs on board;
Bleſs'd with chaſte beauty he ſuch trifles ſcorn'd
As *Jaſon* ſtole or *Menelaus* mourn'd.
Can gold the heart like conqu'ring beauty move?
Or what is luſt compar'd with ſacred love?
And now for *Malta* with full ſails they ſtand,
Came, ſaw, and all but touch'd the promis'd land;
When oh! ſad ſcene of fortune's alt'ring brow,
Falſe as the ſkies above or ſeas below;
A Turkiſh galley mark'd them from a far,
Purſued the veſſel unprepar'd for war;
Reſiſtance vain, by numbers over bore,
And led them wretched ſlaves to *Smyrna's* ſhore.
Can words, what thought can ſcarce conceive epreſs,
The uncle's, virgin's, lover's, deep diſtreſs?
Compar'd with which the mangling knife wou'd pleaſe,
And the fierce rack's ſevereſt pain be eaſe.
And now expos'd to public ſale they ſtood,
Amidſt the chaff'ring Turk's inſulting croud.
Immortal ſoul's the property decreed
Of the beſt bidder, like the graſs-fed ſteed!

E'en this the lovers bore, each other near;
And yet unparted felt no full deſpair.
But ſee at length accompliſh'd woe arrive,
To deal the ſad laſt wound ſhe had to give.
Her ſable ſtore ſhe cull'd the dart to find;
Nor left one half ſo venom'd ſhaft behind.
Among the dealers in this cruel fair;
Traffick accurs'd that makes mankind its ware;
A youthful Turk paſs'd poor *Cornaro* by,
Health fluſh'd his cheek, and luſt inflam'd his eye,
And to the female ſlaves his way he bent;
Twas there his gold muſt have its wanton vent.
How ſhould *Delphina* then eſcape his ſight?
Too fatally, in ſpight of ſorrow, bright.
Her breaſt took beauty from the heaving ſigh;
Nor cou'd the tear that drown'd, eclipſe her eye.
But falling on her damaſk cheek it ſtood,
Like the pearl dew drop on the morning bud.
He quickly ſaw the too diſtinguiſh'd fair,
And thought his prophet's paradiſe was there.
Her price at once, unqueſtioning, he paid;
The fatal veil around her beauties ſpread,
And led exulting off, the ſwooning maid.
Twas then *Cornaro* felt diſtreſs compleat,
And knew the worſt extreme of tort'ring fate;
Furies to plague him now had ſtrove in vain,
And knawing vultures not expreſs'd his pain;
Too fierce for human nature to ſuſtain.
He ſunk beneath his ſorrow's dreadful load,
And ſenſeleſs from exceſs of pain he ſtood;
When lo! one graver Turk among the reſt,
And more diſtinguiſh'd by his richer veſt,
A nicer curioſity expreſt.
Each ſlave examin'd as he paſs'd along,
And on each circumſtance attentive hung.
He aſk'd their country, parentage, and name,
And how each mournful wretch a ſlave became.
Behold him to *Cornaro* then apply;
Full on his face he fix'd his ſtedfaſt eye;
Then aſk'd his ſoul if what he ſaw was true?
And that it was from ſure reflection knew.
To heav'n he ſtretch'd his hand, and rais'd his eyes;
His nerves all trembling with the glad ſurprize,
And then, "I thank thee, *Mahomet*," he ſaid,
"Hither by thy divine direction led."

Sounds ſtruck *Cornaro's* ear he ought to know,
And wak'd him from his diſmal trance of woe;
He ſaw the Turk prepar'd for his embrace,
Mark'd the glad tranſport ſparkling in his face;
Saw 'twas the very ſlave he once ſet free,
And cry'd aloud, great God of hoſts 'tis he!
Then, folded in each other's arms they ſtood,
And words were loſt in joy's o'er bearing flood.
The turk, at length recovering, rear'd his head,
And now, he ſaid, my mighty debt be paid;
Which, wer't not thou the ſlave I here ſurvey,
Peruvian mines were much too poor to pay.
To the man merchant then he ſtretch'd his hand
And take, he ſaid, whate'er thy wants demand;
Quick ſet my friend, and his companions free,
Name thou the price, unbart'ring I agree.
The ranſom'd home he led in bounteous ſtate,
His ſwelling ſoul with god-like joy elate;
Joy, ſuch as fill'd the great Creator's breaſt,
When *Adam* in his Paradiſe he plac'd.

His lofty hall, with richeſt ſophas, grac'd,
His wives, his children, in due order plac'd;
(Such was his will, tho' hidden his intent,)
Sat with mute wonder, waiting the event.
Amidſt them all he then *Cornaro* led,
And wip'd away a tear of joy, then ſaid —
You, of my licenc'd bed, the partners fair,
Who my divided love yet equal ſhare;
And you, the iſſue of our honeſt joys,
If aught my precepts did, ye gen'rous boys,
My children, and my wives, to whom I ne'er
But by my diſmal exile, caus'd a tear;
If in my abſence ye not falſely mourn'd,
If your vaſt joy was true, when I return'd;
If *Alha* knew ye without guile rejoice,
And our dread prophet heard your real voice,
Now more adore him, proſtrate praiſe his pow r,
Admire his bounty's unexhauſted ſtore.
But now from chains I freed the captives hands,
And here *Cornaro*, my deliv'rer ſtands!
All proſtrate, at that ſacred name they fell;
How tou h'd, great gratitude alone can tell;
Great gratitude, that dictated their joy,
Smil'd on each cheek, and ſpoke from ev'ry eye.
The Turk with rapture ſaw the pleaſing ſcene,
The home felt joy ran warm in every vein;

Their

Their gratitude his inmoſt ſoul approv'd,
That loudly told how much himſelf was lov'd.
Now haſte, he ſaid, the ſumptuous feaſt prepare,
My wives, to deck the banquet be your care,
As if great *Ottoman* himſelf was here:
For know, th' imperial creſcent's ſacred flame
Cannot more homage than *Cornaro* claim.
And you, my ſons, whate'er my wardrobes boaſt,
What crimſon, gold, or gems can have of coſt,
Bring forth — but oh! however rich the dreſs,
How poorly will it his ſoul's worth expreſs.
Come then, my friend; but why that downcaſt eye?
That cheek yet pale, and that ſtill heaving ſigh?
Freedom thou haſt, and what elſe wealth can give,
Is my bleſs'd taſk; thine only to receive.
Cornaro bluſh'd and ſigh'd, and would have ſpoke,
But as he ſtrove tears ſtill his accents broke.
The uncle ſaw, yet ſilent his diſtreſs,
And what he could not, ventured to expreſs;
Told the whole tale of love; the fair portray'd,
Pencil'd the ſemblance of the charming maid;
E'er that, perhaps, ſome Turk's abandon'd prey,
Torn from *Cornaro's* arms for e'er away:
Cornaro doom'd no other bliſs to prove,
But life, and freedom's ſlave, bereft of love.
The Turk with anguiſh heard the fatal tale,
Fearing his utmoſt bounty here muſt fail;
Fearing he never could the maid reſtore,
Already ſlave to ſome lewd tyrant's power:
Immers'd already in ſome fatal grove,
Where brutal luſt uſurps the name of love;
Some cloſe ſeraglio's gloom, from whoſe dark bourn
No maid did e'er inviolate return.
But as this thought perplex'd his labouring brain,
And ev'ry hope that roſe he ſtill found vain,
His ſon all ſudden ſmil'd, and rais'd his head,
The elder bleſſing of his fruitful bed,
Then bow'd again, and ſmote his breaſt, and ſaid,
Thee firſt, creator, *Alha*, I adore!
Untrac'd, myſterious, wonder-working pow'r,
How can thy loweſt ſervant's untry'd noon
Of uſeleſs life deſerve ſo vaſt a boon!
Be huſh'd all griefs, and open every ear,
My words, with rapture, let *Cornaro* hear;
And let my ſire his genuine offspring own,
While I, nor vainly, boaſt I am his ſon.

If my exulting ſoul aright divine,
To make *Cornaro* bleſs'd is only mine;
For know, theſe walls contain the pictur'd fair,
Chaſte yet as ſnow, and pure as noon-tide air.
Haſte then, he ſaid, ye ſlaves, and quick return
With the fair chriſtian, whom I bought this morn;
Return'd, *Delphina* bleſs'd their eager eyes,
And fill'd each gen'rous ſoul with ſweet ſurprize.
Then thus again, the Turk with graceful air,
As to her lord he led the bluſhing fair,
My friend, in this bleſs'd moment be it mine,
Taught by thyſelf, to ſhow a ſoul like thine,
Forgive a vaunt, 'tis virtue ſends it forth,
A ſoul that ſtrives with e'en *Cornaro's* worth:
In thy gay paradiſe, great prophet, hear,
By *Meccha's* ſacred Temple here I ſwear,
Were all the ſacred treaſure here before my ſight,
That fill'd *Damaſcus'* glittering plains with light,
When in full triumph furious *Caled* rode,
And drench'd the *Syrean* ſword in *Grecian* blood;
Should ſome great ſultan ſay, this maid reſign,
And the whole wealth of all the eaſt is thine,
From him, unheſitating, would I turn,
And look upon the trifling bribe with ſcorn:
Beauty like this, which wond'ring we ſurvey,
Tis virtue only in exchange can pay.
Tis thee, bright goddeſs, virtue I purſue,
To thy great ſelf I raiſe th' aſpiring view;
Thus proſtrate, thy almighty pow'r I own,
And ſacrifice my paſſion at thy throne:
So ſaying, with a ſmile their hands he join'd,
And his rich prize, without a ſigh, reſign'd.
Virtue was pleas'd, and own'd in heav'n above,
How deeds, like theſe, ev'n gods with pleaſure move:
Gentle compaſſion ſhed a tear of joy!
And gratitude loud ſhouted thro' the ſky.
What joy the raviſh'd lovers ſouls poſſeſs'd,
How all around their vaſt delight expreſs'd,
What conſcious pleaſure touch'd the father's breaſt,
Leſt in th' attempt the fault'ring muſe prove weak,
Let children, parents, lovers, virtue ſpeak.

The RAKE Described.

An open heart, a generous mind,
But paſſion's ſlave, and wild as wind:
In theory, a judge of right;
Though baniſh'd from its practice quite:
So looſe, ſo profligate of ſoul,
His nobler wit becomes the tool
Of every importuning fool:
A thouſand virtues miſapply'd;
While reaſon floats on paſſion's tide:
The ruin of the chaſte and fair;
The parent's curſe, the virgin's ſnare:
Whoſe falſe example leads aſtray
The young, the thoughtleſs, and the gay:
Yet, left alone to cooler thought,
He knows, he ſees, he feels, his fault;
He knows his fault, he feels, he views,
Deteſting what he moſt purſues:
His judgment tells him, all he gains
For fleeting joys, are laſting pains:
Reaſon with appetite contending,
Repenting ſtill, and ſtill offending:
Abuſer of the gifts of nature,
A wretched, ſelf-contemning creature.
He paſſes o'er life's ill trod ſtage;
And dies, in youth, the prey of age!
The ſcorn, the pity of the wiſe,
[illegible]ve, lament him — and deſpiſe.

EPIGRAMS

On A *Fan.*

Flavia the leaſt and ſlighteſt toy,
Can with reſiſtleſs art employ.
This *Fan* in meaner hands would prove
An engine of ſmall force in love:
Yet *ſhe*, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told or ſafely ſeen,
Directs its wanton motion ſo,
That it wounds more than *Cupid's* bow;
Gives coolneſs to the marchieſs dame,
To every other breaſt a flame.

To

To *Chloe* weeping.

See, whilſt thou weep'ſt, fair *Cloe*, ſee
The world in ſympathy with thee.
The chearful birds no longer ſing,
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their boſom lower,
And ſhed their ſorrow in a ſhow'r.
The brooks beyond their limits flow,
And louder murmurs ſpeak their woe:
The nymphs and ſwains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy ſighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantaſtic Nymph! that grief ſhould move
Thy heart obdurate againſt love.
Strange tears! whoſe pow'r can ſoften all,
But that dear breaſt on which they fall.

On *Narciſſa*.

In ſoft *Narciſſa's* form united ſhine
Such female eaſe, and majeſty divine,
That each beholder muſt with awe declare
Apelle's *Venus* was not half ſo fair:
But when the ſtores of judgment, wit, and ſenſe,
Her lips with graceful modeſty diſpenſe,
Each hearer owns, with pleaſure and ſurprize,
That Homer's Pallas was not half ſo wiſe.
Theſe different charms ſuch different paſſions move,
Who ſees muſt reverence, but who hears muſt love.

On the monumental buſt of *Butler*, the author of *Hudibras*.

While *Butler*, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him when ſtarv'd to death, and turn'd to duſt,
Preſented with a monumental buſt!
The poet's fate is here in emblem ſhown;
He aſk'd for *bread*, and he receiv'd a ſtone.

Epigram from *Martial*.

Paul ſo fond of the name of a Poet is grown,
With gold he buys verſes and calls them his *own*.
Go on, maſter *Paul*, nor mind what the world ſays.
They are ſurely his own for which a man pays.

Arethuſa.

Arethuſa. A *Cantata.*

Recitative.

How *Arethuſa* did firſt a fountain grow
Ceres once wiſh'd the wond'rous cauſe to know.
The ſtreams their murmurs huſh'd, and ſilent ſtood,
And the bright image iſſued from the flood.
Ceres ſurpriz'd, with charm'd attention waits,
When thus the *Nymph* her hapleſs tale relates:

Air.

Bounteous goddeſs of the plain,
While I vent my boſom'd pain
Let my tender plaint endear thee,
Kindly-pittying goddeſs hear me.

Recitative.

As from the woods of *Stymphalus* I came,
Hot with the chace, my ſpirits all in flame,
The placid river's gentle courſe I ſpy'd,
And, leap'd, all thoughtleſs, in th' flattering tide;
When from the bubbling ſtream, ſurpriz'd I hear
A hollow murmuring noiſe, and ſtruck with fear,
I ſhriek'd; and darting, reach'd the nearer ſide,
When riſing from the wave, *Alphoeus* cry'd:

Air.

Arethuſa, huntreſs, faireſt
Of the chaſte *Diana's* train;
Nymph of all her nymphs the deareſt
Muſt your lover ſigh in vain

Recitative

I frighted, fled, *Alphoeus* me purſu'd,
Nor could I gain the covert of the wood.
Spent with the labour of the flight, I ſaid,
„I'm caught, *Diana!* Oh! thy huntreſs aid!"

Air.

Aid, aid thy helpleſs nymph,
Who fain would be
Immortal, as thyſelf,
In chaſtity.

Recitative.

Recitative.

My pray'r the goddeſs heard, and deign'd to ſhroud,
My body mounting, in a miſty cloud;
Inſtant I vaniſh'd from *Alphoeus'* ſight:
The god aſtoniſh'd at my ſudden flight,
The warry column views with faſt fix'd eyes
And "*Arethuſa! Arethuſa!*" cries:

Air.

The hills, the dales, the woods,
Air, ſea, and ſtartled floods,
Alphoeus' plaints reſound:
Nymphs of the plain, and Naiads of the brook,
As liſt'ning to his moan, their haunts forſook,
And in ſoft ſoothing ſtrain
Of luckleſs love complain,
And, *Arethuſa*, ecchos all around.

Recitative.

Mad with deſpair, up in the clouds, he flew,
And found me, fear diſſolv'd into a dew;
The god enrag'd now quits his form divine,
And mingles all his river ſtreams with mine;
Down we together ſunk, together roſe,
Where *now*, behold, this limpid *fountain* flows.
Ceres laments the Nymphs impriſon'd ſtate,
And thus applies, to ſoothe her hapleſs fate:

Air.

Glory, Virtue, Honour, here
Crown for aye the circling year;
While the ſparkling ſtars ſhall ſhine,
Phoebus ever roll divine;
While the planets in their courſe,
(Sprung from the eternal ſource)
Dance harmonious in the ſkies,
Fame ſhall thee celeſtialiſe;
And (while told thy Virtue far)
Arethuſa ſhine a ſtar.

A deſcription of Winter, in one of the northern regions; in a Letter to the Earl of *Dorſet*. PHILIPS.

From frozen climes, and endleſs tracts of ſnow,
From ſtreams wh: h nor:hern winds forbid to flow,
What preſent ſhall the muſe to *Dorſet* bring,
Or how, ſo near the *pole*, attempt to ſing?
The hoary winter here conceals from ſight
All pleaſing objects which to verſe invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and ſilver-ſtreaming floods,
By ſnow diſguis'd, in bright confuſion lie,
And with one d:zzling waſte fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the ſpring,
No birds within the deſert region ſing:
The ſhips, unmov'd, the boiſt'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vaſt *Leviathan* wants room to play,
And ſpout his waters in the face of day;
The ſtarving wolves along the main ſea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a ſhining league the level main
Here ſpreads itſelf into a glaſſy plain:
There ſolid billows of enormous ſize,
Alps of green ice. in wild diſorder riſe.
And yet but lately have I ſeen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dreſs appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treaſur'd ſnow,
Or winds began thro' hazy ſkies to blow,
At evening a keen eaſtern breeze aroſe,
And the d:ſcending rain unſully'd froze.
Soon as the ſilent ſhades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn diſclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich diſguiſe,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For ev'ry ſhrub, and ev'ry blade of graſs,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, ſeem'd wrought in glaſs;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns ſhow,
While through the ice, the crimſo: berries glow.
The thick ſprung reeds, which watry marſhes yield,
Seem'd poliſh'd lances in a hoſtile field.
The ſtag in limpid currents, with ſurpriſe,
Sees cryſtal bran hes on his forehead riſe:
The ſpreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether ſhine.

The

The frighted birds the rattling branches ſhun,
Which wave and glitter in the diſtant ſun.
When if a ſudden guſt of wind ariſe,
The brittle foreſt into aroms flies,
The crackling woods beneath the tempeſt bends,
And in a ſp ngled ſhower the proſpect ends:
Or, if a ſouthern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country ſees,
And journies ſad beneath the dropping trees:
Like ſome deluded peaſant, *Merlin* leads
Through fragrant bow'rs, and through delicious meads;
While here inchanted gardens to him riſe,
And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,
His wandring feet the magic paths purſue,
And while he thinks the fair illuſion true,
The trackleſs ſcenes diſperſe in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the tranſient viſion mourns.

A Letter from *Italy* to *Lord* Halifax. ADDISON.

While you, my Lord, the rural ſhades admire,
And from *Britannia's* public poſts retire,
Nor longer her ungrateful ſons to pleaſe,
For their advantage ſacrifice your e ſe;
Me into fore gn realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the ſoft ſeaſon and inviting clime
Conſpire to trouble your repoſe with rhime.
For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe,
Poetic fields incompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground;
For here the Muſe ſo oft her harp has ſtrung,
That n t a mountain rears its head unſung,
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And ev'ry ſtream in heav'nly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods;
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth *Clitumnus* to his ſource,

To ſee the *Mincio* draw his watry ſtore,
Through the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
And hoary *Albula's* infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoking ſulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thouſand rapturers I ſurvey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that rolloing o'er the plains
The tow'ring *Alps* of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the muſe's ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
That deſtitute of ſtrength derives its courſe
From thirſty urns, and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the *Boyn*, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in *Hibernian* vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerv'd in wild Meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and *Naſſau's* ſword renown'd;
Its riſing billows through the world reſound.
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.
Oh cou'd the Muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhould ſhine,
And *Virgil's Italy* ſhould yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſts of *Britain's* ſtormy iſle,
Or when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtles bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome God, to *Baia's* gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride:

Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flowers together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When *Rome's* exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An Amphitheatre's amazing heighth
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public ſhows unpeopled *Rome*,
And held uncrowded nations in its wom:
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies:
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
Where the old *Romans* deathleſs acts diſplay'd,
Their baſe degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their heighth through airy channels flow.
Still to new ſcenes my wand'ring muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhow of breathing rocks admires;
Where the ſmooth chiſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone;
In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and gods, and *Roman* conſuls ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in *Parian* marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſu'd,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdu'd.
Fain would I *Raphael's* godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow h' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light,
A new creation riſes to my ſight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure loſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
And opening palaces invite my muſe.
How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppreſſion in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny uſurps her happy plains,

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning orange and the ſwelling grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines:
Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.

O liberty, thou goddeſs heav'nly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling plenty leads thy wanton train:
Eas'd of her load ſubjection grows more light,
And poverty looks chearful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.
Thee, Goddeſs, thee, *Britannia's* iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought;
On foreign mountains may the ſun refine
The grapes ſoft juice and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen pleiads ſhine:
'Tis liberty that crowns *Britannia's* iſle,
And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains ſmile.
Others with tow'ring piles may pleaſe the ſight,
And in their proud aſpiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the ſtretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,
And hold in balance each contending ſtate,
To threaten bold preſumptuous kings with war,
And anſwer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bleſs the wiſe conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terror ceaſe,
And all the northern world lies huſh'd in peace.
Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with ſecret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aſpiring head,
And fain her godlike ſons would diſunite
By foreign gold, or by domeſtic ſpite;
But ſtrives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom *Naſſau's* arms defend and counſels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I ſo oft have found
The diſtant climes and diff'rent tongues reſound,
I bridle in my ſtruggling muſe with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder ſtrain;
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous ſong;
My humble muſe demands a ſofter theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, ſhou'd praiſe.

SELECT MISCELLANEOUS PASSAGES.

ADVICE.

These few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that the oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit, as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true,
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

When things go ill, each fool preſumes to adviſe,
And if more happy, thinks himſelf more wiſe;
All wretchedly deplore the preſent ſtate,
And that advice ſeems beſt which comes too late.

Sedley.

AGE.

The ſoul's dark cottage batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new lights thro' chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

Waller.

Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;

Nor

Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility:
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly. *Shakeſp: As you like it.*

AMBITION.

The true ambition there alone reſides,
Where juſtice vindicates, and wiſdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward ſtate,
Our purpoſe good, as our atchievement great;
Where public bleſſings, public praiſe attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end. *Young.*

Ambition is the ſtamp, impreſs'd by heav'n,
To mark the nobleſt minds, with active heat,
Inform'd they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Graſp at command, and tow'r in queſt of empire;
While vulgar ſouls compaſſionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger. *Johnſon.*

From thirſt of rule what dire diſaſters flow,
How flames *that* guilt ambition taught to glow;
Wiſh gains on wiſh; deſire ſurmounts deſire;
Hope fans the blaze, and envy feeds the fire.
From crime to crime aſpires the madd'ning ſoul,
Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage controul:
Till heaven at length awakes ſupremely juſt,
And levels all its tow'ring ſchemes in duſt. *Smollet.*

APPLAUSE: Public.

O breath of public praiſe
Short liv'd and vain! oft gain'd without deſert,
As often loſt unmeritted: compoſed
But of extremes: thou firſt begin'ſt with love
Enthuſiaſtic, madneſs of affection: then,
Bounding o'er moderation and o'er reaſon,
Thou turn'ſt to hate as cauſeleſs, and as fierce. *Havard.*

BEAUTY.

Beauty! thou art a fair, but fading flower,
The tender prey of ev'ry coming hour.
In youth, thou, comet like, art gaz'd upon;
But art portentous to thyſelf alone;
Unpuniſh'd thou to few were ever given,
Nor art a bleſſing, but a mark from heaven. *Sedley.*

'Tis not a ſet of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin, that I admire:
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eyes, and palls upon the ſenſe. *Addiſon's Cato.*

My end is loſt in loving of a face,
An eye, lip, noſe, hand, foot, or other part,
Whoſe all is but a ſtatue, if the mind
Move not, which alone can make the return. *Ben: Johnſon*

BIRTH.

My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar, at your peril, give him room:
He ſtands for fame on his forefather's feet;
By heraldry, prov'd valiant or diſcreet:
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man, by three deſcents leſs wiſe!
If virtue at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raiſe his fathers from the grave;
Men ſhould preſs forward in fame's glorious chace,
Nobles look backward, and ſo loſe the race. *Young.*

Birth is a ſhadow. Courage, ſelf ſuſtain'd,
Outlords ſucceſſion's phlegm, and needs no anceſtors. *Hill.*

Didſt thou ne'er read in difference of gold,
'Tis more to ſhine in virtue than in blood. *Johnſon.*

CENSURE.

O that the too cenſorious world would learn,
This wholeſome rule, and with each other bear!
But man, as if a foe to his own ſpecies,
Takes pleaſure to report his neighbour's faults,
Judging with rigour every ſmall offence,
And prides himſelf in ſcandal. *Haywood.*

COMPETENCE.

If any aſk me what would ſatisfy,
To make life eaſy, I would thus reply;
As much as keeps out hunger, thirſt, and cold,
Or what contented *Socrates* of old;
As much as made wiſe Epicurus bleſt,
Who in ſmall gardens ſpacious realms poſſeſt.
This is what nature's wants may wel ſuffice,
He that would more is covetous not wiſe. *Dryden.*

CONSCIENCE. See page 96.

Conſcience! O! it is a dangerous
Thing; it makes a man a coward. A man
Cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot
Lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects
Him. 'Tis a bluſhing, ſhame-faced ſpirit, that
Mutinies in a man's boſom; it fills
One full of obſtacles. *Shakeſpear.*

CONTENT.

Since all great ſouls ſtill make their own conten-
We to ourſelves may all our wiſhes grant;
For, nothing coveting, we nothing want.

He that from duſt of worldly tumult flies,
May boldly open his undazzled eyes,
To read wiſe nature's books; and with delight
Survey the plants by day, the ſtars by night.
We need not trav-l, ſeeing ways to bliſs;
He that deſires contentment cannot miſs;
No garden walls this precious flow'r embrace,
It common grows in ev'ry deſert place.

COUNTRY SQUIRE.

In Eaſter term,
My young maſter's worſhip comes to town;
From pedagogue and mother juſt ſet free,
The hopeful heir of a great family;
That with ſtrong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever ſince the conqueſt have been fools.
And ſtill with careful proſpect to maintain
That character, leſt croſſing of the ſtrain
Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
A couſin of his own to be his bride.
And thus ſet out
With an eſtate, no wit, and a young wife,
The ſolid comforts of a coxcomb's life;
Dunghill and peaſe forſook, he comes to town,
Turns ſpark, learns to be lewd, and is undone. *Rocheſter.*

The SQUIRE drunk.

Methinks I ſee him in his hall appear
Where every table floats in clammy beer,
Midſt mugs and glaſſes ſhatter'd o'er the floor

Dead drunk his ſervile crew ſupinely ſnore;
Triumphant, o'er the proſtrate brutes he ſtands;
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands:
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious ſires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires. *Gay.*

Detraction.

Good name in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls;
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Shakeſp: Othello.*

Drunkenness.

Drunkenneſs! oh, 'tis a moſt fluent and
Swelling virtue, ſare the moſt juſt of all
Virtues; 'tis juſtice itſelf; for if it
Chance t'oppreſs and take too much, it preſently
Reſtores it again. It makes the king and
The peaſant equal; for if they are both
Drunk alike, they are both beaſts alike.
Drunkenneſs brings all out; for it brings all
The drink out of the pot, all the ſenſe out
Of the pate, and all the money out of the purſe.
Marſton's Faun.

I drank, I lik'd it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noiſe;
An airy ſcene of tranſitory joys.
In vain I truſted, that the flowing bowl
Would baniſh ſorrow, and enlarge the ſoul.
To the late revel, and diſtracted feaſt,
Wild dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd reſt.
——————— unnumber'd ills that lie unſeen
In the pernicious draught; the word obſcene,
Or harſh, which once elanc'd, muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of ſevere diſtruſt, and fierce debate:
What we ſhould ſhun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too the blood impoveriſh'd, and the courſe
Of health ſuppreſs'd, by wine's continual force.
Unhappy man! whom ſorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage.
Who drink, alas! but to forget; nor ſees
That melancholy ſloth, ſevere diſeaſe,

Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught:
And in the flow'rs that wreath the ſparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiſs, and pois'nous ſerpents roll. *Prior.*

EXAMPLE.

Example is a living law, whoſe ſway,
Men more than all the written laws obey. *Sedley.*

Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that's good, or bad to human nature,
By which the world's corrupted or reclaim'd,
Hopes to be ſav'd, or ſtudies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wiſdom fooliſhneſs, and folly wiſe. *Butler.*

FAME.

I courted fame but as a ſpur to brave
And honeſt deeds: who deſpiſes fame,
Will ſoon renounce the virtues that deſerve it. *Mallet.*

For fame the wretch, beneath the gallows lies,
Diſowning every crime for which he dies;
Of life profuſe, tenacious of a name,
Fearleſs of death, and yet afraid of ſhame.
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care of names we leave behind,
To extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earneſt of a life to come;
For, if when dead, we are but duſt or clay,
Why think of what poſterity ſhall ſay?
Her praiſe or cenſure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the ſilent urn. *Soame Jennyns.*

FATE.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyages of their life,
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries. *Shakeſpear.*

Heav'n has to all, allotted ſoon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate!
Whoſe motions if we watch and guide with ſkill
(For human good depends on human will)
Our fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
And from the firſt impreſſion takes its bent.

But if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind. *Dryden.*

How eaſy 'tis when deſtiny proves kind,
With full ſpread ſails to run before the wind;
But they who 'gainſt ſtiff gales laveering go,
Muſt be at once reſolv'd and ſkilful too. *Dryden.*

FORTUNE.

On high, where no horſe winds nor clouds reſort,
The hood-wink'd goddeſs keeps her partial court!
Upon a wheel of amethiſt ſhe ſits,
Gives, and reſumes, and ſmiles, and frowns by fits:
In this ſtill labyrinth around her lie
Spells, philtres, globes, and ſchemes of palmiſtry;
A ſigil in this hand the gypſey bears,
In t'other a prophetic ſieve and ſheers.

Fortune's the wretch's wiſh, the rogue's pretence,
The ſluggard's eaſe, the coxcomb's providence:
Soul's heav'nly born, her faithleſs boons defy;
The brave is to himſelf a deity. *Garth.*

Fate's dark receſſes we can never find,
But fortune at ſome hours to all is kind:
The lucky have whole days, which ſtill they chuſe,
Th'unlucky have but hours, and thoſe they loſe. *Dryden.*

FRIENDSHIP.

The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each unfledg'd unhatch'd comrade. *Shakeſpear.*

Friendſhips that are not founded upon virtue
Deſerve no better names than leagues in vice.
What ſeeks the drunkard in his beſt-lov'd friend?
A brain to bear, a thirſt by wine unſlak'd.
What he, who gives the rein to wanton joys?
Some wretch of morals diſs' lute as himſelf.
Thus our own appetites confirm the choice,
And when we think we ſeal a man our friend,
And moſt approve him, we approve ourſelves.

A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows;
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;

One

One ſhould our intereſt, and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.

Who ſhall compare love's mean and groſs deſire,
To the chaſte zeal of friendſhip's ſacred fire?
By whining love our weakneſs is confeſt,
But ſtronger friendſhip ſhews a virtuous breaſt.

In folly's heart a ſhort liv'd blaze may glow,
Wiſdom alone can purer friendſhip know.
Love is a ſudden blaze which ſoon decays,
Friendſhip is like the ſun's eternal rays:
Not daily benefits exhauſt the flame,
It ſtill is giving, and ſtill burns the ſame. *Gay.*

Marcus, the friendſhip's of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure:
Ours has ſevereſt virtue for its baſis;
And ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life. *Addiſon's Cato.*

GOLD.

Gold; yellow, glitt'ring, precious gold:
Gold that will make black white, foul fair, wrong right,
Baſe noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you Gods! why this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides,
Pluck ſtout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurs'd,
Make the hoar leproſy ador'd, place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the bench. *Shakeſpear.*

GUILT.

Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th'avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and ſtings. *Rowe.*

Let no man truſt the firſt falſe ſtep
Of guilt, it haugs upon a precipice,
Whoſe ſteep deſcent in laſt perdition ends. *Young.*

HAPPINESS. See p. 24.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies;

And they are fools who roam,
The world has nothing to beſtow,
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut our home. *Dr. Cotton.*

Far happieſt he, whoſe early days
Spent in the ſocial paths of praiſe,
Leave fairly printed on his mind,
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund the mem'ry draws
The laſting meed of ſelf applauſe.

Happy the man withour a wiſh for more,
Who quietly enjoys his little ſtore:
And knows to heav'n with gratitude to pay
Thanks for what's given and what's ta'en away.

HARMONY.

The Man that hath no muſic in his ear,
And is not mov'd with the concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſon, ſtratagems and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus*:
Let no ſuch man be truſted. *Shakeſpear.*

HEAVEN.

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzl'd in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;
Our underſtanding traces them in vain.
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends. *Addiſon.*

HONOUR.

True, conſcious honour, is to feel no ſin;
He's arm'd without, that's innocent within. *Pope.*

Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life. *Shakeſpear.*

Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection
That aids and ſtrengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where ſhe is not. *Addiſon.*

Honour! that ſpark of the celeſtial fire,
That above nature makes mankind aſpire,
Enobles the rude paſſions of our frame,
With thirſt of glory, and deſire of fame;
The richeſt treaſure of a gen'rous breaſt,
That gives the ſtamp and ſtandard to the reſt. *Lord Hallifax*

Honour's a miſtreſs all mankind purſue;
Yet moſt miſtake the falſe one for the true:
Lur'd by the trapping's, dazzled by the paint:
We worſhip oft the idol for the ſaint.
Courted by all, by few the fair is wone,
Thoſe loſe who ſeek her, and thoſe gain who ſhun:
Naked ſhe flies to merit in diſtreſs,
And leaves to courts the garniſh of her dreſs.
The million'd merchant ſeeks her in his gold;
In ſchools the pedant, and in camps the bold:
The courtier views her with admiring eyes,
Flutter in ribbons, or in titles riſe;
By various ways all woo the modeſt maid;
Yet looſe the ſubſtance, graſping at the ſhade.

HOPE.

Hope, with a goodly proſpect feeds the eye,
Shows from a riſing ground poſſeſſion nigh;
Shortens the diſtance, or o'erlooks it quite,
So eaſy 'tis to travel with the ſight. *Dryden.*

Hope is the fawning traitor of the mind,
Which, while it cozens with a colour'd friendſhip,
Robs us of our laſt virtue, reſolution. *Lee.*

True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Shakeſpear.

Hope, like a cordial, innocent tho' ſtrong,
Man's heart at once inſpirits, and ſerenes. *Young.*

JEALOUSY.

O, beware, of jealouſy!
It is a green eyed monſter, which doth make
The meer it feeds upon. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, knows not his wronger:
But, oh! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves:
Shakſpear's Othel.

Jealouſy! each other paſſion's calm
To thee; thou conflagration of the ſoul!
Thou king of torments! *Young's Revenge.*

If you are wiſe, and prize your peace of mind,
Believe me true, nor liſten to your jealouſy.
Let not that devil which undoes your ſex,
That curſed curioſity ſeduce you,
To hunt for needleſs ſecrets, which neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet, but once known,
Shall ſit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And baniſh ſweet ſleep for ever from you.
Rowe's Jane Shore

JUSTICE.

Of all the virtues juſtice is the beſt,
Valour without it is a common peſt:
Pyrates and thieves, too oft with courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that virtue may be plac'd:
'Tis our complexion makes us chaſte and brave:
Juſtice from reaſon and from heav'n we have:
All other virtues dwell but in the blood;
That's in the ſoul, and gives the name of good. *Waller.*

Be juſt in all thy actions; and if join'd
With thoſe that are not, never change thy mind:
If ought obſtruct thy courſe, yet ſtand not ſtill,
But wind about till thou haſt topp'd the hill,
To the ſame end men ſeveral paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the ſame hand into a fiſt may cloſe,
Which inſtantly a palm expanded ſhews. *Denham.*

LIFE.

When I conſider life, 'tis all a cheat:
Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Truſt on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falſer than the former day;
Lies more, and while it ſays we ſhall be bleſs'd
With ſome new joys, cuts off what we poſſeſs'd. *Dryden.*

Ah! what is life with ills incompaſs'd round?
Amidſt our hopes, fate ſtrikes the ſudden wound:
Who then would wiſh to ſtretch this narrow ſpan,
To ſuffer life beyond the date of man. *Gay.*

Like to the falling of a ſtar,
Or as the flight of eagles are;
Or like the freſh ſpring's gawdy hue,
Or ſilver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water ſtood;
Ev'n ſuch is man, whoſe borrow'd light
Is ſtraight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The ſpring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the ſtar is ſhot:
The flight is paſt; — and man forgot.

Out, out, brief candle;
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more. *Shakeſpear.*

Love.

Love the moſt generous paſſion of the mind,
The ſofteſt refuge innocence can find;
The ſafe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wiſhes, and ſecur'd by truth;
The cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down. *Rocheſter.*

Love's an heroic paſſion, which can find
No room in any baſe degenerate mind:
It kindles all the ſoul with honour's fire,
To make the lover worthy his deſire. *Dryden.*

Love is that paſſion which refines the ſoul;
Firſt made men heroes, and thoſe heroes gods:
Its genial fires inform the ſluggiſh maſs;
The rugged ſoften, and the tim'rous warm;
Gives wit to fools, and manners to the clown.

Mark this is held a principle in ſchools;
Love makes not fools wiſe men, but wiſe men fools.

Luxury.

O Luxury! thou curſt by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd is induſtry for thee!
How do thy potions, with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!

Kingdoms, by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own;
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unweildy woe;
Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and ev'ry part unſound,
Down down, they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round. *Goldſmith.*

It is a ſhame, that man, who has the ſeeds
Of virtue in him, ſpringing unto glory,
Should make his ſoul degenerate with ſin,
And ſlave to Luxury; to drown his ſpirits
In lees of ſloth; to yield up the weak day
To wine, to luſt, and riot.

NATURE.

Oh, Nature! wherefore, Nature, are we found
One contradiction? The continual ſport of
Fighting powers? Oh! wherefore haſt thou ſown
Such war within us; ſuch unequal conflict,
Between ſtern reaſon, and impetuous paſſion. *Thomſon.*

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the terras, or to ſink the grot,
In all, let nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds. *Pope.*

The liberal hand of Nature
Has not created us, nor any nation,
Beneath the bleſſed canopy of heav'n,
Of ſuch malignant clay, but each may boaſt
Their native virtues, and their maker's bounty. *Thomſon.*

Pain.

There was never yet Philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ in th' ſtile of gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance. *Shakeſpear.*

PASSION.

Paſſion's fierce elapſe
Rouſes the mind's whole fabric with ſupplies

Of

Of daily impulſe, keeps th'elaſtic pow'rs
Intenſely pois'd, and poliſhes anew,
By that colliſion, all the fine machine:
Elſe ruſt would riſe, and foulneſs by degrees
Incumb'ring choak at laſt what heav'n deſign'd
For ceaſeleſs motion, and a round of toil. *Akenſide.*

Search then the ruling paſſion; there alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known;
The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, princes, women, no diſſemblers here. *Pope.*

In men we various ruling paſſions find,
In women two almoſt divide the kind:
Thoſe only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The love of pleaſure, and the love of ſway. *Pope.*

PATIENCE.

How poor are they that have not patience;
What wound did ever heal but by degrees. *Shakeſpear.*

Patience in cowards, is tame hopeleſs fear,
But, in brave minds, a ſcorn of what they bear. *Dryden.*

No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure,
The like himſelf. *Shakeſpear.*

PLEASURE.

The youth, who bathes in pleaſure's limpid ſtream
At well judg'd intervals, feels all his ſoul
Nerv'd with recruited ſtrength; but if too oft
He ſwims in ſportive mazes thro' the flood,
It chills his languid virtue. *Maſon.*

Pleaſure, my friend! on this ſide folly lies;
It may be vig'rous, but it muſt be wiſe:
And when our organs once that end attain,
Each ſtep beyond it is a ſtep to pain. *Cawthorn.*

PRIDE.

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind;
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt byaſs rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools. *Pope.*

Pride where wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.

PROVIDENCE.

Submit thy fate to heav'n's indulgent care,
Tho' all ſeem loſt, 'tis impious to deſpair:
The tracks of providence, like rivers, wind,
Here runs before us, there retreat behind:
And tho' immerg'd in earth from human eyes,
Again break forth, and more conſpicuous riſe.

RAGE.

Oppoſe not rage, while rage is in its force;
But give it way awhile, and let it waſte:
The riſing deluge is not ſtopp'd with dams:
Thoſe it o'er bears, and drowns the hopes of harveſt;
But wiſely manag'd, its divided ſtrength
Is ſluiced in channels, and ſecurely drained;
And when its force is ſpent, and unſupply'd,
The reſidue with mounds may be reſtrain'd,
And dry ſhod we may paſs the naked ford. *Shakeſpear.*

How rath, how inconſiderate is rage:
How wretched, oh, how fatal is our error,
When to revenge precipitate we run!
Revenge, that ſtill with double force recoils
Back on itſelf, and is its own revenge.
While to the ſhort-lived momentary joy
Succeeds a train of woes, an age of torments. *Frowde*

RAILLERY.

But, above all things raillery decline;
Nature but few does for that taſk deſign:
'Tis in the ableſt hands a dang'rous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool;
For all muſt grant, it needs no common art
To keep men patient when we make them ſmart.

REASON.

Reaſon was given to curb our headſtrong will,
And yet but ſhews a weak phyſician's ſkill;
Gives nothing while the raging fit doth laſt,
But ſtays to cure it when the worſt is paſt. *Dryden.*

When

When reaſon, like a ſkilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery paſſions with the bit,
And, ſpite of their licentious ſallies, keep
The radiant tract of glory; paſſions then
Are aids and ornaments. *Young.*

Reputation.

Good name in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of our ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed. *Shakeſpear's Othello.*

O reputation! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balſam, lovely, ſweet of ſmell,
Whoſe cordial drops once ſpilt by ſome raſh hand,
Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude ſpiller ever can collect
To its firſt purity and native ſweetneſs.

Sin.

He that once ſins, like him that ſlides on ice,
Goes ſoftly down the ſlippery ways of vice:
Tho' conſcience checks, yet thoſe rubs once got o'er
He ſlides on ſmoothly and looks back no more.
Us'd to the road unknowing to return
Goes boldly on, and loves the path when worn. *Dryden*

Sincerity.

Sincerity has ſuch reſiſtleſs charms,
She oft the fierceſt of our foes diſarms:
No art ſhe knows, in native whiteneſs dreſs'd,
Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all expreſs'd:
She takes from error its deformity;
And without her all other virtues die.
Stillingfleet on Converſation.

Society.

What a helpleſs creature by himſelf
Is the proud lord of this inferior world,
Vain feeble man: the conquerors of nature.
Each wing that flies along the ſpacious ſky,
Is leſs dependent than their boaſting maſter.

Hail ſocial life! into thy pleaſing bounds
Again I come, to pay the common ſtock

My ſhare of ſervice, and in glad return.
To taſte thy comforts, thy protected joys.
Thomſon's Agamemnon.

SORROW.

Alas! how vain is happineſs below,
Man ſoon or late muſt have his ſhare of woe;
Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind,
His griefs wound home, and leave a ſting behind.
His lot diſtinguiſh'd, from the brute appears,
Leſs certain by his laughter than his tears;
For ignorance too oft our pleaſure breeds,
But ſorrow from the reas'ning ſoul proceeds. *Liſle.*

TEMPERANCE.

Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching ſlow
To diſtant fate by eaſy journeys go:
Gently they lay them down, as ev'ning ſheep
On their own wolly fleeces ſoftly ſleep.
So noiſeleſs would I live, ſuch death to find;
Like timely fruit, not ſhaken by the wind,
But ripely dropping from the ſapleſs bough,
And, dying, nothing to myſelf would owe. *Dryden.*

VIRTUE.

There breathes a felt divinity in virtue,
In candid, unaſſuming, generous virtue,
Whoſe very ſilence ſpeaks; and which inſpires
Without proud formal leſſons, a diſdain
Of mean injurious vice. *Thomſon.*

Be this thy guard, and this thy ſtrong defence,
A virtuous heart, and unſtain'd innocence:
Nor to be conſcious of a ſhameful ſin,
Nor yet look pale for ſcarlet crimes within. *Creech.*

Virtue may chuſe the high or low degree,
'Tis juſt alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's ſtill the ſame belov'd, contented thing. *Pope.*

Our life is ſhort; but to extend that ſpan
To vaſt eternity, is virtue's work. *Shakeſpear.*

WANT.

If we from wealth to poverty deſcend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.

Want

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Becauſe its virtues are not underſtood:
Yet many things, impoſſible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the ſoul proceeds from thence,
Sharpneſs of wit and active deligence:
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives:
And if in patience taken mends our lives. *Dryden.*

WIT.

True Wit is nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind. *Pope.*

The rays of Wit gild whereſoe'er they ſtrike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike,
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raiſe a foe as often as a friend. *Stillingfleet.*

What is this *Wit* which thus our cares employ?
The *owner's* wife, that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill, when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the *more* we give, the more requir'd:
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun.
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone. *Pope.*

WORLD.

What's this world? Thy ſchool, O miſery!
Our only leſſon is to learn to ſuffer,
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Young's Revenge.

A Catalogue of Words, alike or near alike in Sound, uſed as Rhymes in the compoſition of engliſh Verſe. *

Terminations.

A C E.

Brace
Chace
Face
Grace
Lace
Mace
Place
Race
Trace
Efface
Diſgrace
Miſplace
Embrace
Grimmace
Interlace
Baſe
Caſe
Abaſe

A C H.

Attach
Detach

A C K.

Back.
Black.
Crack.
Hack
Knack
Lack
Pack
Quack
Rack
Sack
Smack
Stack
Tack
Wrack
Attack

A C T

Act
Tract
Abſtract
Compact
Detract
Extract
Exact
Subſtract
Tranſact
Cataract

And the participles of the verbs in A C K.

A D.

Add
Bad
Clad
Had
Mad
Lad
Sad

A D E.

Fade
Glade
Blade
Jade
Made
Shade
Trade
Degrade
Evade
Perſuade
Blocade
Brigade
Serenade
Maſquerade
Ambuſcade
Cannonade

Aid
Maid
Afraid
Upbraid

And the Participiples of the verbs in A Y, E Y, and EIGH.

A F F.

Chaff.
Draff
Quaff
Staff
Epitaph
Paragraph
Laugh

A F T

Aft
Craft
Raft
Graft
Shaft
Draught
Ingraft

And the participles of the verbs in A F F. *and* AUGH.

A G.

Bag
Brag
Drag
Flag
Hag
Nag
Wag
Stag
Lag

A G E.

Age
Cage

* Byſshe's Art of Poetry.

Cage
Page
Rage
Sage
Stage
Gage
Engage
Enrage
Preſage
Heritage
Parentage
Perſonage
Pilgrimage
Equipage
Villanage

AID. *ſee* AID.
aight —— ATE.
aign —— ANE.

AIL.

Bail
Flail
Hail
Jail
Mail
Pail
Rail
Quail
Sail
Tail
Prevail
Retail
Ale
Bale
Male
Pale
Sale
Tale
Vale
Whale
Exhale
Veil

AIM. *ſee* AME.

AIN.

Brain
Chain
Drain
Gain
Main
Plain
Rain
Sprain
Vain
Again
Attain
Complain
Detain
Diſdain
Entertain
Explain
Obtain
Ordain
Remain

Daign
Arraign
Campaign
Sovereign

Feign
Reign
Vein

Bane
Cane
Fane
Lane
Mane
Plane
Vane
Profane

AINT.

Faint
Paint
Quaint
Saint
Taint
Acquaint
Complaint
Reſtraint

Feint
Teint

AIR. *ſee* ARE.
AISE. —— AZE.
AIT. —— ATE.
AITH. —— ATH.
AIZE. —— AZE.

AKE.

Bake
Cake
Drake
Lake
Make
Quake
Rake
Shake
Snake
Take
Awake
Forſake
Miſtake
Overtake

AL.

Cabal
Canal
Animal
Admiral
Capital
Cardinal
Comical
Conjugal
Corporal
Criminal
Feſtival
Funeral
General
Mineral
Muſical
Original
Perſonal
Phyſical
Rational
Tragical
Carnival
Arſenal

ALD.

Bald
Scald

And

And the participles of the verbs in A L L.

A L K.

Balk
Chalk
Stalk
Talk
Walk
Calk
Hawk

A L L.

Ball
Call
Fall
Gall
Hall
Pall
Shall
Small
Stall
Wall
Miſcall
Recall

Caul
Bawl
Brawl
Crawl
Scrawl
Sprawl
Squawl

A L M.

Calm
Balm
Pſalm
Palm
Qualm
Becalm
Embalm

A L T.

Halt
Malt
Salt
Exhalt

Fault
Vault
Aſſault
Default

A M.

Cram
Dam
Dram
Ham
Ram
Swam
Epigram
Flam
Lamb

A M E.

Blame
Came
Fame
Flame
Game
Name
Same
Shame
Tame
Defame
Inflame
Overcame

Aim
Claim
Declaim
Exclaim
Proclaim
Reclaim

A M P.

Camp
Damp
Stamp
Lamp
Decamp
Encamp

A N.

Bran
Can
Clan
Fan

Man
Plan
Scan
Span
Tan
Trepan
Unman
Partiſan
Artiſan
Caravan
Courteſan

A N C E.

Chance
Dance
Glance
Lance
Trance
Prance
Advance
Romance
Miſchance
Complaiſance

Circumſtance
Countenancc
Deliverance
Conſonance
Extravagance
Ignorance
Inheritance
Intemperance
Maintenance
Exorbitance
Ordinance
Concordance
Sufferance
Suſtenance
Temperance
Arrogance
Vigilance

A N C H.

Branch
Blanch
Hanch
Stanch

A N D.

Band

Band
Brand
Grand
Hand
Land
Sand
Stand
Strand
Diſband
Expand
Withſtand
Underſtand

Command
Demand
Reprimand

AN E. *See* AIN.

AN G.

Bang
Gang
Hang
Pang
Twang

ANGE.

Change
Range
Grange
Strange
Arrange
Exchange
Interchange

ANK.

Bank
Blank
Shank
Clank
Drank
Flank
Frank
Plank
Prank
Rank
Thank

ANSE. *See* ANCE.

Ant.

Chant
Grant
Pant
Plant
Slant

Enchant
Gallant
Supplant
Adamant
Arrogant
Combatant
Conſonant
Proteſtant
Viſitant
Covenant
Diſputant
Elegant
Elephant
Converſant
Extravagant
Ignorant
Inſignificant
Inhabitant
Predominant
Vigilant
Petulant

AP.

Cap
Clap
Flap
Gap
Hap
Lap
Map
Rap
Sap
Scrap
Snap
Tap
Wrap
Miſhap

APE.

Cape
Chape
Gape
Grape
Rape
Scrape
Shape
Eſcape

APH. *See* AFF

APSE.

Lapſe
Elapſe
Relapſe
Perhaps

And the Plural of the Nouns and third Perſon preſent of Verbs in AP.

APT.

Apt
Adapt

And the Participles of the Verbs in APT.

AR.

Bar
Car
Far
Mar
Scar
Star
Tar
Afar
Debar
Catarrh
Particular
Secular
Regular
Popular
Singular
Vinegar
Calendar

ARCH.

Arch
March
Parch
Starch

ARD.

Bard
Card

Guard

Guard
Hard
Lard
Yard
Bombard
Diſcard
Regard
Interlard

And the Participles of the Verbs in A R.

A R E.

Bare
Care
Dare
Fare
Glare
Hare
Mare
Rare
Scare
Share
Snare
Spare
Square
Stare
Ware
Aware
Compare
Declare
Enſnare
Prepare

Air
Chair
Fair
Hair
Pair
Stair
Affair
Deſpair
Impair
Repair

Bear
Pear

Swear
Tear
Wear
Forbear
Forſwear

There
Were
Where
E'er
Ne'er
Elſewhere
Whate'er
Howe'er
Whene'er
Where'er

Heir
Coheir
Their
Theirs
Unawares

Which rhyme to the Plurals of the Nouns and third perſons preſent of the Verbs of this Termination.

A R F.

Dwarf
Wharf

A R G E.

Barge
Charge
Large
Diſcharge
O'ereharge
Surcharge
Enlarge

A R K.

Bark
Clark
Dark
Lark
Mark
Park

Shark
Spark
Embark
Remark

A R L.

Gnarl
Snarl
Marl

A R M.

Arm
Barm
Charm
Farm
Harm
Alarm
Diſarm

Swarm
Warm

Theſe laſt Words rhyme to the Termination O R M.

A R N.

Barn
Yarn

Warn
Fore-warn

Theſe two rhyme to the Words in O R N.

A R P.

Carp
Harp
Sharp
Counterſcarp

A R S H.

Harſh
Marſh

A R T.

Cart
Dart
Hart
Mart
Part
Smart

Start

Start
Tart
Apart
Depart
Impart
Heart

Thwart
Athwart
These two rhyme to the words in ORT.

ARVE.

Carve
Starve

ASS.

Aſs
Braſs
Claſs
Glaſs
Graſs
Laſs
Maſs
Paſs
Alaſs
Amaſs
Repaſs
Surpaſs

ASE. *see* ACE. *and* AZE.

ASH.

Aſh
Caſh
Claſh
Craſh
Flaſh
Gnaſh
Haſh
Laſh
Plaſh
Raſh
Thraſh
Traſh
Quaſh
Abaſh

ASK.

Aſk
Baſk
Caſk
Flaſk
Maſk
Taſk

ASP.

Aſp
Claſp
Graſp
Haſp

AST.

Blaſt
Caſt
Laſt
Maſt
Paſt
Vaſt
Faſt
Avaſt
Forecaſt
Outcaſt
Repaſt

ASTE.

Baſte
Chaſte
Haſte
Paſte
Taſte
Waſte
Diſtaſte

AT.

Bat
Brat
Cat
Chat
Fat
Flat
Gnat
Hat
Mat
Pat
Rat
Sprat
That

Vat
Squat
What
These two may rhyme to the termination OT.

ATCH.

Catch
Hatch
Latch
Match
Patch
Scratch
Snatch
Thatch
Diſpatch

ATE.

Bate
Date
Fate
Gate
Grate
Hate
Late
Mate
Plate
Prate
Rate
Scate
Slate
State
Abate
Create
Debate
Dilate
Elate
Eſtate
Ingrate
Relate
Sedate
Tranſlate
Abdicate
Abominate
Abrogate
Accelerate
Accomodate

Accumulate

Accumulate
Accurate
Adequate
Affectionate
Advocate
Adulterate
Aggravate
Agitate
Animate
Annihilate
Anticipate
Arbitrate
Arrogate
Articulate
Assassinate
Calculate
Capitulate
Captivate
Celebrate
Circulate
Coagulate
Commiserate
Communicate
Confederate
Congratulate
Consecrate
Contaminate
Cultivate
Candidate
Cooperate
Considerate
Consulate
Capacitate
Debilitate
Dedicate
Degenerate
Deliberate
Denominate
Depopulate
Dislocate
Deprecate
Derogate
Dissipate
Delicate
Disconsolate
Desperate

Educate
Effeminate
Elevate
Emulate
Estimate
Equivocate
Eradicate
Evaporate
Exaggerate
Exasperate
Expostulate
Extricate
Facilitate
Fortunate
Generate
Hesitate
Illiterate
Illuminate
Imitate
Immoderate
Importunate
Imprecate
Innovate
Instigate
Intimate
Intoxicate
Intricate
Inveterate
Inviolate
Irritate
Legirimate
Magistrate
Medirate
Mitigate
Moderate
Necessitate
Nominate
Obstinate
Palliate
Penetrate
Perpetrate
Personate
Potentate
Participate
Passionate
Perpetrate

Precipitate
Predestinate
Predominate
Prevaricate
Procrastinate
Profligate
Promulgate
Regulate
Reprobate
Ruminate
Separate
Stipulate
Subjugate
Suffocate
Terminate
Tolerate
Temperate
Vindicate
Violate
Unfortunate

Bait
Plait
Strait
Wait
Await

Great
Freight
Eight
Streight
Weight

Conceit
Deceit
Receipt

ATH.

Bath
Path
Lath
Wrath

ATHE.

Bathe
Swathe

AUB

AUB. *see* OB.
AUCE. — AUSE.
AUCH. — OACH.

AUD.

Fraud
Laud
Applaud
Defraud

Bawd

Broad
Abroad

And the Participles of the Verbs in AW.

AVE.

Brave
Cave
Gave
Grave
Have
Knave
Lave
Nave
Pave
Rave
Save
Shave
Slave
Wave
Behave
Deprave
Engrave
Forgave

AUGH. *see* AFF.

AUGHT. *see* OUGHT.

AULT. see ALT.

AUNCH.

Launch
Paunch

AUNT.

Aunt
Gaunt
Flaunt
Jaunt
Haunt
Taunt
Vaunt
Avaunt

AUSE.

Cauſe
Clauſe
Pauſe
Applauſe
Becauſe

And the Plural of the Nouns and third perſon preſent of the Verbs in AW.

AUST. *see* OST.

AW.

Craw
Chaw
Claw
Draw
Flaw
Gnaw
Jaw
Law
Maw
Paw
Raw
Saw
Straw
Thaw
Withdraw

AWD. *see* AUD.
AWK — ALK.
AWL — ALL.

AWN.

Brawn
Dawn
Fawn
Pawn
Sawn
Yawn
Withdrawn
Lawn

AX.

Ax
Flax
Tax
Wax
Lax
Relax

And the Plural of the Nouns and third Perſon preſent of the Verbs in ACK.

AY.

Bay
Clay
Day
Flay
Fray
Gay
Hay
Lay
May
Pay
Pray
Ray
Say
Spray
Stay
Stray
Sway
Way
Affray
Allay
Array
Away
Betray
Decay
Defray
Diſplay
Diſmay
Eſſay

Neigh
Inveigh

Prey

Grey

Grey
They
Convey
Obey
Purvey
Survey

AZE.

Craze
Daze
Blaze
Gaze
Glaze
Maze
Raze
Amaze
Imblaze
Raiſe
Praiſe

And the Plural of the Nouns and third perſon preſent of the Verbs in AY, EIGH, *and* EY.

Terminations.

E *and* EA; *ſee* EE.
EACE *ſee* EASE.

EACH

Beach
Bleach
Breach
Each
Peach
Preach
Teach

Beech
Leech
Speech
Beſeech

EAD. *ſee* EDE. *and* EED.

EAF. *ſee* IEF.

EAGUE.

Col'eague
League

Intrigue
Fatigue

EAK.

Beak
Bleak
Break
Creak
Leak
Speak
Sneak
Squeak
Weak
Wreak
Beſpeak

Cheek
Creek
Meek
Reek
Seek
Pique
Screek
Sleek
Week
Shriek

EAL.

Deal
Heal
Meal
Peal
Seal
Steal
Teal
Veal
Weal
Zeal
Squeal
Conceal
Congeal
Repeal
Reveal

Eel
Heel
Feel
Keel
Kneel
Peel
Reel
Steel
Wheel

EALM *ſee* ELM.

EALTH.

Health
Stealth
Wealth

EAM.

Beam
Cream
Dream
Gleam
Seam
Steam
Stream
Team

Seem
Eſteem
Scheme
Blaſpheme
Extreme
Supreme

EAN.

Bean
Clean
Dean
Glean

Lean

Lean
Mean
Wean
Demean

Convene
Obſcene
Serene
Terrene
Intervene
Demeſne

Keen
Queen
Screen
Seen
Green
Spleen
Between
Mien
Machine

EARN. *ſee* ERN.
EARSE. — ERSE.
EART. — ART.

EARTH.

Earth
Dearth
Birth
Mirth

EASE.

Ceaſe
Leaſe
Greaſe
Deceaſe
Decreaſe
Encreaſe
Releaſe
Peace
Piece
Niece
Frontiſpiece
Fleece
Geeſe

EASH *ſee* ESH.

EAST.

Eaſt
Feaſt
Leaſt
Beaſt
Prieſt

EAT.

Beat
Bleat
Cheat
Eat
Feat
Heat

Meat
Neat
Seat
Pleat
Treat
Wheat
Compleat
Defeat
Intreat
Retreat

Feet
Fleet
Meet
Sheet
Sleet
Street
Sweet
Diſcreet

Obſolete
Replete
Concrete

EATH.

Breath
Death
Heath
Sheath
Teeth
Bequeath
Beneath
Underneath

Breathe
Sheathe
Wreathe

EAVE.

Cleave
Heave
Leave
Weave
Bereave
Interweave

Sleeve
Eve

Grieve
Thieve
Aggrieve
Atchieve
Believe
Relieve
Reprieve
Retrieve
Conceive
Deceive
Perceive
Receive

EB.

Ebb
Webb
Glebe

ECK.

Beck
Check
Deck
Neck
Peck
Fleck
Speck
Wreck

ECT.

Sect
Abject
Affect
Correct
Collect
Deject
Detect

Direct

Direct
Diffect
Effect
Elect
Eject
Erect
Expect
Infect
Inſpect
Neglect
Object
Project
Protect
Recollect
Reflect
Reject
Reſpect
Select
Subject
Suſpect
Dialect
Intellect

And the Participles of the Verbs in E C K.

E D.

Bed
Bled
Fed
Fled
Bred
Red
Shed
Sped
Wed
Miſled

Bread
Dread
Dead
Head
Lead
Stead
Spread
Thread
Tread

Behead
O'erſpread
Maidenhead

E D E. *ſee* E E D.

E D G E.

Edge
Fledge
Hedge
Ledge
Pledge
Sedge
Wedge
Alledge
Privilege
Sacrilege

E E.

Bee
Fee
Free
Glee
Knee
Lee
See
Three
Thee
Tree
Agree
Decree
Degree
Foreſee
Pedigree
Me
We
She
Be
Jubile
Key
Flea
Pea
Plea
Sea

E E C E. *ſee* E A S E.
E E C H — E A C H.

E E D.

Creed
Bleed
Breed
Deed
Feed
Heed
Meed
Need
Reed
Speed
Seed
Steed
Weed
Exceed
Proceed
Succeed
Indeed

Concede
Impede
Intercede
Precede
Recede
Supercede

Bead
Knead
Lead
Mead
Plead
Read
Miſlead

E E F. ſee I E F.
E E K. — E A K.
E E L. — E A L.
E E M. — E A M.
E E N — E A N.

E E P.

Creep
Deep
Keep
Peep
Sheep
Sleep
Steep
Sweep

Weep

Weep
Cheap
Heap

EER.

Beer
Deer
Geer
Peer
Meer
Rear
Leer
Sheer
Sneer
Veer
Domineer
Engineer
Mutineer
Privateer
Bier
Caſhier
Chear
Clear
Dear
Ear
Fear
Hear
Near
Smear
Spear
Year
Appear
Endear
Here
Sphere
Cohere
Interfere
Perſevere
Revere
Auſtere
Severe
Sincere
Hemiſphere

EESE. *ſee* EEZE.
EET. — EAT.

EETH. — EATH.
EEVE. — EAVE.

EEZE.

Breeze
Freeze
Sneeze
Squeeze
Eaſe
Greaſe
Pleaſe
Teaſe
Appeaſe
Diſpleaſe
Theſe
Seize

And the Plural of the Nouns and 3d. perſon preſent of the Verbs in EE.

EG.

Egg
Beg
Dreg
Leg
Peg

EIGH *ſee* AY.
EIGHT — ATE.
EIGN — AIN.
EIL — AIL.
EIN — AIN.
EINT. — AINT.
EIR — ARE.
EIT — ATE.
EIVE — EAVE.
EIZE — EEZE.

ELL.

Bell
Dwell
Ell
Fell
Hell
Quell
Sell
Shell
Smell
Spell
Swell
Tell
Well
Compel
Diſpel
Excel
Expel
Rebel
Repel
Infidel
Centinel

ELD.

Held
Geld
Upheld
Witheld
Beheld

And the Participles of the Verbs in EL.

ELF.

Elf
Pelf
Self
Shelf

ELM.

Elm
Helm
Realm

ELP.

Help
Whelp
Yelp.

ELT.

Belt
Dealt
Dwelt
Felt
Melt
Pelt

ELVE.

Delve
Helve
Twelve

ELVES.

Elves
Themſelves
And the Plural of the Nouns in ELF, *and 3d. perſon preſent of the Verbs in* ELVE.

EM.

Gem
Hem
Stem
Them
Diadem
Stratagem

EME. *ſee* EAM.

EMN.

Condemn
Contemn

EMPT.

Tempt
Attempt
Contempt
Exempt

EN.

Den
Hen
Fen
Ken
Men
Pen
Ten
Then
When

ENCE.

Fence
Hence
Thence
Whence
Defence
Expence
Offence
Pretence
Abſtinence
Conference
Confidence
Conſequence
Continence
Benevolence
Difference
Deligence
Eloquence
Eminence
Excellence
Impotence
Impudence
Indigence
Indolence
Intelligence
Innocence
Magnificence
Negligence
Omnipotence
Penitence
Providence
Reſidence
Reverence
Vehemence
Violence
Senſe
Denſe
Condence
Immenſe
Intenſe
Diſpenſe
Suſpenſe
Alſo the Plural of the Nouns and 3d. perſon preſent of the Verbs in EN.

ENCH.

Bench
Drench
Quench
Sench
Trench
Wrench
Retrench

END.

Bend
Blend
End
Lend
Mend
Rend
Send
Spend
Tend
Amend
Attend
Commend
Contend
Defend
Depend
Diſtend
Expend
Offend
Pretend
Suſpend
Apprehend
Comprehend
Recommend
Friend
Befriend
And the participles of the Verbs in EN.

ENDS.

Amends
To which rhyme the plurals of the Nouns, and third perſon preſent of the Verbs in END.

ENE. *ſee* EAN.

ENGE.

Avenge
Revenge

ENGTH.

Length
Strength

ENSE. *ſee* ENCE.

ENT.

Bent
Lent
Pent
Rent

Rent
Sent
Spent
Tent
Went
Aſcent
Aſſent
Augment
Conſent
Content
Deſcent
Diſſent
Event
Extent
Foment
Frequent
Invent
Lament
Miſpent
Preſent
Relent
Repent
Ferment
Diſcontent
Repreſent
Abſtinent
Accident
Accompliſhment
Acknowledgement
Argument
Baniſhment
Aſtoniſhment
Benevolent
Competent
Compliment
Corpulent
Detriment
Different
Diligent
Element
Eloquent
Eminent
Evident
Excellent
Firmament
Fraudulent
Government
Imminent
Implement
Impotent
Incontinent
Indigent
Innocent
Inſolent
Inſtrument
Management
Malecontent
Monument
Negligent
Nouriſhment
Nutriment
Omnipotent
Opulent
Ornament
Parliament
Penitent
Pertinent
Prevalent
Provident
Puniſhment
Regiment
Reſident
Sacrament
Sentiment
Settlement
Supplement
Tenement
Teſtament
Turbulent
Violent

ER.

Err
Her
Defer
Deter
Refer
Confer
Prefer
Adminiſter
Waggoner
Iſlander
Arbiter
Character
Villager
Cottager
Dowager
Forrager
Pillager
Voyager
Maſſacre
Slanderer
Flatterer
Theatre
Foreigner
Meſſenger
Officer
Miniſter
Regiſter
Sophiſter
Priſoner
Traveller
Murderer
Uſurer

ERCE. *ſee* ERSE.
ERE. — EER.

ERGE.

Verge
Emerge
Dirge

ERN.

Chern
Fern
Stern
Concern
Diſcern
Earn
Learn
Yearn

ERSE.

Herſe
Verſe
Averſe
Converſe
Diſperſe
Immerſe
Perverſe
Traverſe
Aſperſe

Aſperſe
Univerſe
Rehearſe
Amerce
Commerce
Fierce
Tierce
Pierce

ERT.

Advert
Aſſert
Concert
Convert
Deſert
Divert
Expert
Pervert

ERVE.

Serve
Nerve
Swerve
Conſerve
Deſerve
Obſerve
Preſerve

ESS.

Bleſs
Cheſs
Dreſs
Gueſs
Leſs
Preſs
Streſs
Addreſs
Compreſs
Careſs
Depreſs
Diſtreſs
Exceſs
Impreſs
Oppreſs
Poſſeſs
Profeſs
Redreſs
Tranſgreſs

Baſhfulneſs
Chearfulneſs
Comlineſs
Eagerneſs
Eaſyneſs
Emptineſs
Evenneſs
Fatherleſs
Fooliſhneſs
Fruitfulneſs
Fulſomeneſs
Giddineſs
Gentleneſs
Governeſs
Happineſs
Heavineſs
Heinouſneſs
Holineſs
Idleneſs
Lawfulneſs
Littleneſs
Loftineſs
Manlineſs
Mightineſs
Motionleſs
Nakedneſs
Numberleſs
Peeviſhneſs
Perfidiouſneſs
Pitileſs
Readineſs
Righteouſneſs
Sordidneſs
Spiritleſs
Stubborneſs
Steadineſs
Tenderneſs
Thoughtfulneſs
Ugline ſs
Uneaſineſs
Uſefulneſs
Wakefulneſs
Wantonneſs
Warineſs
Willingneſs
[illegible]rneſs

Wretchedneſs

ESE. *ſee* EEZE.

ESH.

Fleſh
Freſh
Threſh
Afreſh
Refreſh

ESK.

Deſk
Groteſque
Burleſque

EST.

Beſt
Cheſt
Dreſt
Gueſt
Jeſt
Neſt
Peſt
Reſt
Teſt
Weſt
Atteſt
Conteſt
Deteſt
Digeſt
Diveſt
Impreſt
Inveſt
Moleſt
Proteſt
Requeſt
Suggeſt
Interreſt
Manifeſt
Breaſt

And the Participles of the Verbs in ESS.

ET.

Bet
Get
Fret
Let

Net

Net
Set
Wet
Yet
Debt
Beget
Beſet
Forget
Regret
Cabinet
Parapet
Rivulet
Violet
Coronet
Sweat
Threat

E T C H.

Fetch
Stretch
Wretch
Sketch

E T E. *ſee* E A T.
E V E. — E A V E.
E U M. — U M E.

E W.

Blew
Brew
Chew
Drew
Flew
Grew
Knew
Hew
Jew
Mew
New
View
Crew
Anew
Bedew
Renew
Review
Interview
Withdrew
Clue
Due
Glue
Hue
Rue
True
Enſue
Imbue
Purſue
Subdue
Adieu
Purlieu
Reſidue

E W N. *ſee* U N E.

E X.

Sex
Vex
Perplex
Convex
Complex
Circumflex

And the plural number of the Nouns, and third perſon preſent of the Verbs in E C K.

E X T.

Next
Pretext

And the participles of the Verbs in E X.

E Y. ſee A Y.

Terminations.

I B.

Bib
Crib
Glib
Rib
Squib

I B E.

Bribe
Scribe
Tribe
Circumſcribe
Deſcribe
Imbibe
Inſcribe
Preſcribe
Tranſcribe

I C E.

Dice
Ice
Mice
Price
Rice
Slice
Spice
Thrice
Trice
Twice
Vice
Advice
Device
Entice
Artifice
Avarice
Benefice
Edifice
Precipice
Prejudice
Sacrifice

I C H. *ſee* I T C H

I C K.

Brick
Chick
Kick
Lick

Lick
Nick
Quick
Sick
Stick
Thick
Trick
Arithmetick
Cholerick
Chatholick
Flegmatick
Heretick
Splenetick
Lunatick
Politick

ICT.

Strict
Afflict
Convict
Contradict
Interdict

And the participles of the verbs in ICK.

ID.

Bid
Chid
Hid
Kid
Lid
Slid
Rid
Forbid
Pyramid

IDE.

Bide
Chide
Glide
Hide
Pride
Ride
Side
Slide
Stride
Tide
Wide
Bride
Guide
Aſtride
Beſide
Betide
Confide
Decide
Deride
Divide
Provide

IDES.

Ides
Beſides

Which rhyme to the plurals of the Nouns, and third perſons of the verbs of this Termination.

IDGE.

Bridge
Ridge
Abridge

IDST.

Midſt
Amidſt

IE. and Y.

By
Buy
Cry
Die
Dry
Eye
Fly
Fie
Hie
Pie
Ply
Rye
Shy
Sly
Spy
Sky
Sty
Tie
Try
Vie
Why
High
Nigh
Sigh
Thigh
Ally
Apply
Comply
Defy
Deny
Imply
Rely
Reply
Supply
Beautify
Certify
Crucify
Edify
Fortify
Glorify
Juſtify
Magnify
Mortify
Pacify
Purify
Putrify
Qalify
Rectify
Sanctify
Signify
Stupify
Terrify
Teſtify
Verify
Conſpiracy
Confed'racy
Extracy
Legacy
Lunacy
Privacy
Malady
Remedy
Tragedy
Comedy
Elegy

Certainty
Loyalty
Penalty
Infamy
Cavalry
Polygamy
Vacancy
Infancy
Company
Tyranny
Villainy
Monarchy
Library
Salary
Contrary
Urgency
Robery
Novelty
Sympathy
Idolatry
Cruelty
Prophecy
Decency
Regency
Energy
Poverty
Liberty
Property
Beggary
Bravery
Drudgery
Flattery
Lottery
Nurſery
Slavery
Treachery
Majeſty
Honeſty
Hereſy
Secrecy
Subſidy
Policy
Prodigy
Mutiny
Deſtiny
Family

Ability
Aſſiduity
Civility
Community
Conformity
Formality
Gratuity
Humility
Activity
Ambiguity
Calamity
Civility
Curioſity
Deformity
Deity
Dexterity
Dignity
Divinity
Enmity
Equity
Eternity
Extremity
Felicity
Fertility
Fidelity
Frugality
Futurity
Humanity
Humility
Immenſity
Immortality
Impetuoſity
Incapacity
Inequality
Indemnity
Infinity
Inſtability
Lenity
Magnanimity
Majority
Minority
Mutability
Perverſity
Perplexity
Perſpicuity
Poſterity

Probity
Rarity
Rapidity
Sagacity
Senſuality
Solidity
Temerity
Timidity
Virginity
Univerſity

Apology
Genealogy
Simony
Symphony
Soliloquy
Allegory
Factory
Pillory
Faculty
Treaſury
Uſury
Importunity
Impunity
Imparity
Indignity
Infedility
Infirmity
Iniquity
Integrity
Malignity
Maturity
Nativity
Neceſſity
Nobility
Obſcurity
Opportunity
Partiality
Poſterity
Prodigality
Proſperity
Purity
Quality
Quantity
Security
Severity

Simplicity

Simplicity
Sincerity
Solemnity
Stupidity
Validity
Vanity
Vivacity
Unity
Impiety
Sobriety
Society
Cuſtody
Melody
Aſtronomy
Anatomy
Gluttony
Agony
Gallantry
Hiſtory
Memory
Victory
Calumny
Injury
Luxury
Penury
Perjury
Uſury
Induſt y

IECE. *ſee* EASE.

IEF.

Chief
Grief
Thief
Belief
Relief
Brief
Beef
Leaf
Sheaf

IEGE.

Liege
Siege
Oblige
Aſſiege
Beſiege

IELD.

Field
Shield
Wield
Yield
Afield

And the participles of ſome of the Verbs in EAL.

IEN. *ſee* EAN.
IEND. — END.
IERCE. — ERSE.
IEST. — EAST.
IEVE. — EAVE.

IFE.

Fife
Knife
Life
Strife
Wife

IFF.

Cliff
Skiff
Stiff
Whiff

IFT.

Drift
Gift
Lift
Sift
Shift
Thrift

IG.

Big
Dig
Fig
Pig
Rig
Sprig
Twig

IGE. ſee IEGE.
IGH — IE
IGHT — ITE
IGN — INE
IGUE EAGUE.

IKE.

Dike
Like
Pike
Spike
Strike
Alike
Diſlike
Oblique

ILL.

Bill
Chill
Drill
Fill
Hill
Ill
Kill
Mill
Pill
Quill
Rill
Shrill
Skill
Spill
Still
Swill
Thrill
Till
Trill
Will
Diſtill
Fulfill
Volatil
Utenſil

ILD.

Child
Mild
Wild

And the participles of the Verbs in ILL.

ILE.

Bile
Chyle
Iſle
Mile

Pile

Pile
Smile
Style
Tile
Vile
While
Compile
Defile
Exile
Reconcile
Revile
Guile

I L K.

Milk
Silk

I L T.

Gilt
Jilt
Hilt
Quilt
Guilt
Spilt
Built
Tilt

I M.

Brim
Dim
Grim
Him
Rim
Skim
Swim
Trim
Limb

I M B. *see* I M.

I M E.

Chime
Clime
Climb
Crime
Lime
Prime
Rhyme
Time
Slime
Sublime

I M N.

Hymn
Limn

Which rhyme to words in I M.

I M P.

Imp
Limp
Pimp
Gimp

I N.

Chin
Din
Fin
Grin
Inn
Pin
Sin
Shin
Skin
Spin
Thin
Twin
Win
Begin
Within
Assassin

I N C E.

Mince
Prince
Quince
Rince
Since
Wince
Convince
Evince

I N C H.

Clinch
Flinch
Inch
Pinch
Winch

I N C T.

Distinct
Extinct
Instinct
Precinct
Succinct

I N D.

Bind
Blind
Find
Hind
Kind
Grind
Mind
Rind
Wind
Behind
Unkind
Remind

And the participles of the Verbs in I N E.

I N E.

Brine
Chine
Dine
Fine
Line
Mine
Nine
Pine
Shine
Shrine
Swine
Thine
Twine
Vine
Wine
Combine
Confine
Decline
Define
Divine
Incline
Entwine
Recline
Refine
Repine
Undermine

Sign
Assign
Consign
Design
Resign
Concubine
Discipline
Feminine
Masculine
Origine
Heroine

ING.

Bring
Cling
Fling
King
Ring
Sing
Spring
Sting
Swing
Wing
Thing

INGE.

Cringe
Fringe
Hinge
Singe
Swinge
Twinge
Infringe

INK.

Brink
Chink
Clink
Drink
Ink
Link
Pink
Sink
Shrink
Stink
Think

INT.

Dint
Flint
Hint
Lint
Mint
Print
Squint
Imprint

IP.

Chip
Clip
Dip
Hip
Lip
Nip
Ship
Sip
Skip
Slip
Trip
Whip
Equip
Fellowship
Workmanship
Rivalship

IPE.

Gripe
Pipe
Ripe
Snipe
Type
Stripe
Wipe

IR. *see* UR.

IRCH — URCH.

IRD — URD.

IRE.

Dire
Fire
Ire
Lyre
Mire
Quire
Sire
Spire
Squire
Hire
Wire
Attire
Acquire
Admire
Conspire
Desire
Enquire
Expire
Require
Retire
Nigher
Higher
Brier
Fryar

IRGE. *see* ERGE.

IRL.

Girl
Whirl
Twirl

IRM.

Firm
Affirm
Confirm
Infirm

IRST *see* URST.

IRT — URT.

Girt
Shirt
Skirt

IRTH. *see* EARTH.

Birth
Mirth

ISS.

Bliss
Hiss
Kiss
Miss
This
Abyss
Amiss
Dismiss
Remiss

ISE. *see* ICE. *and* IZE.

ISH.

Dish

Diſh
Fiſh
Wiſh
Piſh

ISK.

Briſk
Friſk
Riſk
Whiſk
Diſk

ISP.

Criſp
Liſp
Wiſp

IST.

Fiſt
Liſt
Miſt
Twiſt
Wriſt
Aſſiſt
Conſiſt
Deſiſt
Exiſt
Inſiſt
Perſiſt
Reſiſt
Subſiſt

And the participles of the verbs in ISS.

IT.

Bit
Fit
Hit
Knit
Pit
Quit
Slit
Spit
Twit
Wit
Admit
Acquit
Emit
Omit
Outwit
Permit
Remit
Submit
Tranſmit
Refit
Benefit
Perquiſite

ITCH.

Bitch
Ditch
Flitch
Hitch
Itch
Pitch
Stitch
Switch
Witch
Nitch
Which
Rich

ITE.

Bite
Kite
Mite
Quite
Rite
Smite
Spite
White
Write
Invite
Excite
Polite
Recite
Unite
Appetite
Hypocrite
Paraſite
Proſelyte
Blight
Bright
Fight
Fright
Knight
Light
Might
Plight
Tight
Sight
Spight
Spright
Affright
Delight
Upright
Overſight

ITH.

Frith
Pith
Smith

ITHE.

Hithe
Blithe
Scythe
Tithe

IVE.

Hive
Drive
Strive
Arrive
Connive
Contrive
Deprive
Alive
Revive
Survive
Derive
Give
Live
Sive
Forgive
Fugitive
Narrative
Prerogative
Primitive
Senſitive
Affirmative
Alternative
Demonſtrative
Diſtributive
Negative

Poſitive

Positive
Preparative
Restorative

I X.

Six
Fix
Mix
Prefix
Intermix
Crucifix

I S E. *and* I Z E.

Prize
Rise
Size
Wise
Guise
Disguise
Advise
Authorize
Chastise
Civilize
Criticise
Despise
Devise
Enterprize
Excise
Idolize
Immortalize
Premise
Revise
Signalize
Surprize
Surmize
Sympathize
Tyrannize

And the plural of the Nouns and 3d person present of the Verbs in I E *and* Y. *see also* I C E.

Terminations.

O. *see* O O. *and* O W.

O A C H.

Broach
Coach
Posch
Approach
Incroach
Reproach

O A D. *see* O D E.
O A F. — O F F.
O A K. — O K E
O A L. — O L E.
O A M. — O M E.
O A N. — O N E.
O A P. — O P E.
O A R. — O R E.
O A R D. — O R D.
O A S T. — O S T.
O A T. — O T E.
O A T H. — O T H.

O B.

Fob
Knob
Mob
Rob
Sob
Throb

O B E.

Globe
Lobe
Probe
Robe

O C E *see* O S E

O C K.

Block
Clock
Cock
Dock
Frock
Flock
Knock
Mock
Rock
Shock
Stock

O D.

Clod
God
Nod
Plod
Odd
Rod
Shod
Sod,
Trod

O D E.

Mode
Ode
Rode
Strode
Abode
Explode
Forebode
Incommode
Episode
Goad
Load
Road
Toad

O E. *see* O W.

O F F.

Scoff
Off
Trough
Cough

O F T.

Oft
Croft
Soft
Aloft

O G.

Bog

Bog
Clog
Dog
Fog
Frog
Hog
Jog
Log

OGUE.

Rogue
Vogue
Disembogue
Prorogue
Dialogue
Epilogue
Synagogue
Catalogue
Pedagogue

OICE.

Choice
Voice
Rejoice

OID.

Void
Avoid

And the participles of the Verbs in OY.

OIL.

Boil
Broil
Coil
Foil
Oil
Soil
Spoil
Despoil
Recoil

OIN.

Coin
Groin
Join
Loin
Disjoin
Injoin
Purloin
Subjoin

OINT.

Joint.
Oint
Point
Anoint
Appoint
Disappoint

OISE.

Noise
Poise

And the plurals of the Nouns and 3d person present of the Verbs in OY.

OIST.

Hoist
Moist

OIT.

Coit
Exploit

OKE.

Broke
Choke
Smoke
Spoke
Stroke
Yoke
Bespoke
Invoke
Provoke
Revoke
Cloak
Oak
Soak

OLL.

Loll
Extoll
Capitol

OLD.

Bold
Cold
Fold
Gold
Hold
Mold
Old
Scold
Sold
Told
Behold
Unfold

OLE.

Bole
Jole
Hole
Mole
Pole
Sole
Stole
Whole
Shole
Cajole
Condole
Patrole

Foal
Soal
Goal
Soul
Bowl
Droll
Roll
Scroll
Toll
Enroll

OLT.

Bolt
Colt
Holt
Molt
Jolt
Revolt
Thunderbolt

OLVE.

Solve
Absolve
Involve
Devolve
Dissolve
Revolve

Revolve

OM. *see* UM.

OME.

Dome
Home
Tome

Foam
Roam
Comb

OMB. *see* OOM.

OMPT. — OUNT.

ON *see* UN.

On
Conn
Anon
Upon
Gone
Amazon
Comparison
Garrison
Skeleton
Union

OND.

Bond
Fond
Pond
Beyond
Abscond
Correspond
Despond
Vagabond
Diamond

ONE.

Bone
Drone
Prone
Stone
Shone
Tone
Throne
Zone
Alone
Atone
Postpone
Groan
Loan
Moan

Own
Grown
Shown
Blown
Known
Flown
Thrown
O'erthrown

ONG.

Long
Prong
Song
Strong
Thong
Wrong
Along
Among
Belong
Prolong

ONGUE. *see* UNG.

ONK. — UNK.

OO.

Coo
Too
Woo
Do
Undo
Who
Thro'
You

OOD.

Brood
Food
Mood
Rood
Stood
Hood
Wood
Wou'd
Cou'd
Shou'd

OOF.

Hoof
Proof
Roof
Woof
Aloof

OOK.

Book
Crook
Hook
Rook
Shook
Took

OOL.

Cool
Fool
Pool
School
Stool
Tool
Befool

OOM.

Bloom
Broom
Doom
Gloom
Groom
Loom
Room
Whom

Tomb
Womb

OON.

Boon
Moon
Noon
Soon
Spoon
Swoon
Buffoon
Lampoon
Poltroon

OOP.

Coop
Hoop
Loop
Scoop

Stoop

Stoop
Troop
Whoop
Droop

OOR.

Boor
Poor
Moor
Tour
Your
Amour
Door
Floor

OOT.

Boot
Root
Shoot
Hoot
Foot
Soot

OOZE.

Ooze
Nooze
Whoſe
Chooſe
Loſe
To Uſe

OP.

Chop
Drop
Crop
Fop
Lop
Pop
Shop
Sop
Stop
Top

OPE.

Cope
Hope
Pope
Rope
Scope
Slope
Trope
Aſlope
Interlope
Teleſcope
Horoſcope
Moap
Soap

OR.

Abhor
Metaphor
Counſellor
Competitor
Emperor
Conſpirator
Orator
Senator
Conqueror
Governor
Ambaſſador

ORCH.

Scorch
Torch
Porch

ORCE.

Force
Corſe
Divorce
Inforce
Diſcourſe
Recourſe
Intercourſe
Coarſe
Hoarſe

ORD.

Cord
Lord
Accord
Abhord

And the participles of the Verbs in ORE.

ORE.

Bore
Core
Gore
Lore
More
O'er
Ore
Pore
Score
Shore
Snore
Tore
Adore
Aſhore
Deplore
Explore
Reſtore
Forbore
Forſwore
Boar
Goar
Oar
Roar
Soar
Four

ORK.

Cork
Fork
Stork

ORLD.

World

And the participles of the Verbs in URL.

ORM. *ſee* ARM.

Form
Storm
Deform
Inform
Perform
Reform
Miſinform
Transform
Worm

ORN. *ſee* ARN.

Born
Corn

Corn
Horn
Thorn
Adorn
Suborn
Forlorn
Shorn
Sworn
Worn
Forborn
Mourn

ORSE. see ORCE.

Horſe
Endorſe
Remorſe

ORST. *see* URST.

ORT. — ART.

Short
Sort
Conſort
Diſtort
Exhort
Reſort
Retort
Snort
Fort
Port
Comport
Effort
Export
Import
Report
Support
Tranſport
Court

ORTH.

Forth
Fourth
North
Worth

OSE.

Cloſe
Choſe
Noſe
Proſe
Thoſe
Roſe
Compoſe
Expoſe
Impoſe
Incloſe
Oppoſe
Propoſe
Repoſe
Suppoſe
Tranſpoſe
Aroſe

And the plural of the nouns and third perſon preſent of the Verbs of the termination OW.

OSS.

Croſs
Droſs
Loſs
Moſs
Toſs
Acroſs
Imboſs

OST.

Coſt
Froſt
Loſt
Toſt
Ghoſt
Hoſt
Moſt
Poſt
Coaſt
Boaſt
Toaſt

OT. *see* AT.

Cot
Got
Hot
Jot
Lot
Knot
Not
Plot
Pot
Scot
Spot
Trot
Rot
Blot
Grot
Allot
Beſot

OTCH.

Botch
Crotch
Notch
Watch

OTE.

Note
Mote
Quote
Rote
Vote
Smote
Wrote
Denote
Promote
Remote
Antidote

Bloat
Boat
Coat
Doat
Float
Gloat
Goat
Oat
Throat

OTH.

Broth
Cloth
Froth
Moth
Troth

Loathe
Cloathe

Sloth

Sloth
Oath
OU. *see* OO *and* OW.
OUBT. *see* OUT.

OUCH.

Couch
Pouch
Slouch
Vouch

OUD.

Cloud
Loud
Proud
Shroud
Aloud
O'ercloud
And the participles of several of the verbs in OW.

OVE.

Clove
Grove
Rove
Stove
Throve
Drove
Wove
Alcove
Dove
Glove
Shove
Love
Above
Move
Prove
Improve
Remove
Reprove

OUGH. *see* OFF *and* UFF.

OUGHT.

Bought
Brought
Fought
Nought
Ought
Sought
Thought
Wrought
Caught
Fraught
Taught

OUL. *see* OLF, *and* OWL.

OUNCE

Bounce
Flounce
Pounce
Ounce
Denounce
Pronounce
Renounce

OUND.

Bound
Found
Ground
Hound
Mound
Pound
Round
Sound
Wound
Abound
Confound
Compound
Expouud
Profound
Rebound
Resound
Surround
Renown'd
And the participles of some of the Verbs in OWN.

OUNG. *see* UNG.

OUNT.

Count
Fount
Mount
Dismount
Surmount
Account
Discount
Miscount

OUP. *see* OOP.

OUR

Lour
Four
Sour
Devour
Bow'r
Flow'r
Show'r
Tow'r

OURGE. *see* URGE.
OURN. — URN.
OURSE. — ORCE.
OURT. — ORT.
OURTH. — ORTH.
OUS. — US.

OUSE.

House
Mouse
Chowse
Sowse

OUT.

Rout
Flout
Out
Gout
Scout
Shout
Snout
Spout
Sprout
Trout
Devout
Without
Throughout
Doubt
Drought

OUTH.

Mouth
South

See

See OOTH *and* OTH.

OW.

Crow
Blow
Bow
Flow
Glow
Know
Low
Mow
Row
Show
Sow
Slow
Snow
Throw
Tow
Below
Beſtow
Outgrow
O'erflow
O'erthrow

Foe
Doe
Roe
Sloe
Toe
Dough
Bow
Cow
Now
How
Plow
Vow
Allow
Thou
Bough
Slough
OW... *ſee* OLE.
Cow...
Fowl
How
Growl
Owl
Prowl
OWN. *ſee* ONE.
Brown
Clown
Crown
Down
Frown
Town
Gown
Renown
OWSE. *ſee* OUSE.

OWZE.

Blowze
Browze
Carouze
Spouſe

OX.

Box
Fox
Ox
Equinox
Orthodox
Heterodox

And the Plural of the nouns and 3d perſon preſent of the Verbs in OCK.

OY.

Boy
Buoy
Cloy
Joy
Toy
Alloy
Annoy
Convoy
Decoy
Deſtroy
Employ
Injoy

OZE *ſee* OSE.

Terminations.

UB.

Club
Chub
Drub
Grub
Rub
Shrub
Tub

UCE.

Spruce
Truce

Conduce
Induce
Introduce
Produce
Reduce
Seduce
Juice
Uſe
Abuſe
Diſuſe
Excuſe
Profuſe
Recluſe

UCK.

Buck
Duck
Luck
Suck
Struck
Truck

UCT.

Conduct
Deduct
Inſtruct
Obſtruct

UB.

Bud
Cud
Scud
Stud
Mud
Flood
Blood

UDE.

Allude
Conclude
Delude
Elude
Exclude
Intrude
Prelude
Seclude
Forritude
Gratitude
Magnitude
Multitude
Solitude
Vicissitude
Aptitude
Habitude
Ingratitude
Inquietude
Servitude
Similitude
Solicitude
Lewd
Feud

And the participles of the Termination EW.

UDGE.

Drudge
Grudge
Judge
Trudge

UE. *see* EW.

UFF.

Buff
Cuff
Bluff
Huff
Gruff
Muf
Puff
Snuff
Stuff
Ruff
Rough
Tough
Enough

UG.

Bug
Dug
Hug
Lug
Rug
Snug
Sug
Nug
Snug

UICE. *see* USE.
UIDE. — IDE.
UILD. — ILD.
UILE. — ILE.
UILT. — ILT.
UINT. — INT.
UISE. — ise.
and USE.
UIE — IE.

ULL.

Cull
Dull
Gull
Hull
Lull
Trull
Scull
Bull
Full
Pull
Wool
Bountiful
Fanciful
Sorrowful
Dutiful
Merciful
Wonderful
Worshipful

ULE.

Mule
Rule
Ridicule
Overrule

ULGE

Bulge
Indulge
Divulge

ULK.

Hulk
Sculk

ULSE.

Pulse
Impulse
Expulse
Convulse
Repulse

And the plural of the nouns and 3d person present of the Verbs in ULL.

ULT.

Adult
Consult
Exult
Insult
Occult
Result
Difficult

UM.

Crum
Drum
Gum
Hum
Mum
Scum
Sum
Swum
Thrum
Benumn

Come
Burthenſome
Chriſtendome
Cumberſome
Frolickſome
Quarrelſome
Troubleſome
Martyrdome

UMB.

Dumb
Thumb

UME.

Fume
Plume
Aſſume
Conſume
Perfume
Preſume
Rheum

UMP.

Jump
Lump
Plump
Pump
Rump
Stump
Trump

UN.

Dun
Gun
Nun
Pun
Shun
Sun
Stun
Tun
Spun
Begun
Son
Wone
One
Done

UNCH.

Bunch.
Hunch
Punch
Munch

UND.

Fund

And the participles of the Verbs in UN.

UNE.

June
Prune
Tune
Importune
Jejune

UNG.

Clung
Dung
Flung
Hung
Stung
Sung
Sprung
Slung
Swung
Wrung
Young
Tongue

UNGE.

Plunge
Spunge
Expunge

UNK.

Drunk
Slunk
Shrunk
Stunk
Sunk
Trunk

UNT.

Brunt
Blunt
Hunt
Grunt

UP.

Cup
Sup
Up

UPT

Abrupt
Corrupt
Interrupt

And the participles of the verbs in UP.

UR.

Blur
Bur
Cur
Fur
Slur
Spur
Concur
Demur
Incur
Fir
Stir

URB.

Curb
Diſturbe

URCH.

Church
Lurch
Birch

URD.

Curd
Abſurd
Bird
Word

And the participles of the Verbs in UR.

URE.

Cure
Pure
Sure
Abjure
Allure
Aſſure
Demure
Conjure
Endure
Inſure
Manure

Mature

Mature
Obſcure
Procure
Secure
Adjure
Epicure
Inveſtiture
Forfeiture
Furniture
Miniature
Overture
Sculpture
Temp'rature

URF.

Turf
Scurf

URGE.

Purge
Surge
Urge
Scourge

URK.

Lurk
Work

URL. *ſee* IRL.

Churl
Curl
Furl
Hurl
Purl

URN.

Burn
Churn
Spurn
Turn
Urn
Return
Sojourn
Adjourn

URSE.

Curſe
Nurſe
Purſe
Accurſe
Diſburſe
Worſe

URST.

Curſt
Burſt
Durſt
Worſt
Firſt
Thirſt
Accurſt

URT.

Blurt
Flurt
Hurt
Spirt
Dirt
Squirt

US.

Thus
Truſs
Overplus
Us
Diſcuſs
Amorous
Boiſterous
Clamarous
Credulous
Dangerous
Emulous
Fabulous
Generous
Hazardous
Idolatrous
Infamous
Miraculous
Miſchievous
Mutinous
Neceſſitous
Numerous
Poiſonous
Populous
Proſperous
Riotous
Ruinous
Scandalous
Scrupulous
Scurrilous
Sedulous
Traiterous
Treacherous
Venomous
Vigorous
Villanous
Adulterous
Ambiguous
Blaſphemous
Gluttonous
Gratuitous
Incredulous
Leacherous
Magnanimous
Odoriferous
Ponderous
Ravenous
Rigorous
Slanderous
Solicitous
Timourous
Unanimous

USE.

Chuſe
Muſe
Uſe
Abuſe
Accuſe
Amuſe
Diffuſe
Excuſe
Infuſe
Miſuſe
Peruſe
Refuſe
Suffuſe
Transfuſe
Bruiſe

And the plural of the nouns and 3d perſon preſent of the Verbs in EW.

USH.

Bluſh
Bruſh

Bruſh
Cruſh
Huſh
Guſh
Fluſh
Ruſh

Buſh
Puſh

USK.

Buſk
Huſk
Muſk
Tuſk

UST.

Buſt
Cruſt
Duſt
Guſt
Juſt
Muſt
Luſt
Ruſt
Thruſt
Truſt
Disguſt
Robuſt
Unjuſt

And the participles of the Verbs in USS.

UT.

But
Cut
Glut
Gut
Hut
Nut
Put
Shut
Strut
Rut
Scut
Smut

UTCH.

Hutch
Crutch

Much
Such
Touch

UTE.

Brute
Flute
Lute
Mute
Acute
Confute
Depute
Diſpute
Impute
Pollute
Refute
Repute
Salute
Attribute
Conſtitute
Deſtitute
Diſſolute
Execute
Inſtitute;
Perſecute
Proſtitute.
Reſolute
Subſtitute

Fruit
Suit
Recruit

UX.

Flux
Reflux

And the plural of the nouns and 3d perſon preſent of the Verbs in UCK.

UZE. *See* USE.

Y. — IE.

Errata.

§. line 4. *Iambie.* read *Iambic.* p. 34. l. 19. liſe r. life. l. 23. foul. r. ſoul.

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MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Pepin, Philip,

The Strains of the British Muses

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